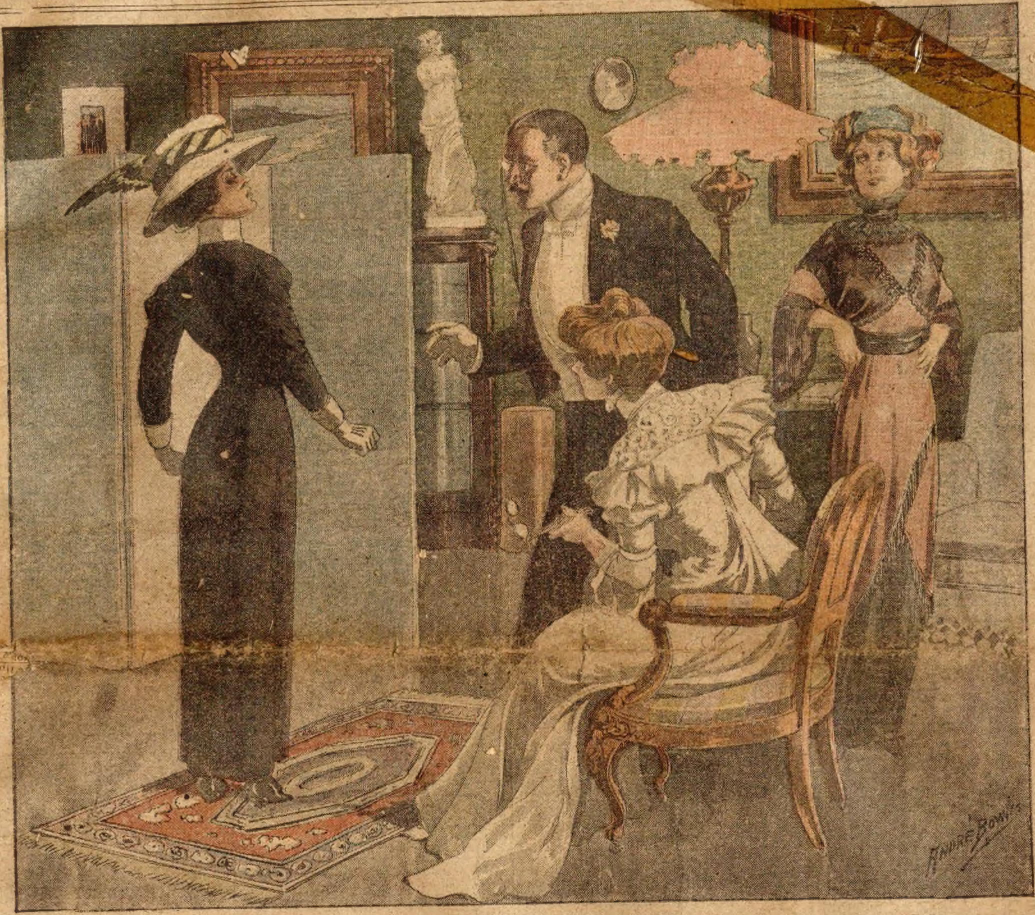
READ "DR. FLORESTINE'S GHOST" IN NEXT ISSUE OF THE CHICAGO LEDGER
DON'T LET YOUR SUBSCRIPTION LAPSE; A HOST OF GOOD THINGS TO COME

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 4. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1911. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.



The Baffled Detective;

Or, THE SUN SAPPHIRE MYSTERY

By T. C. Harbaugh

[Copyright, 1911, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

THE WONDERFUL GEM.

IF there was one thing that Cumberford Saddlestone valued above all his other earthly possessions it was the famous Saddlestone Sapphire. It was hinted that he would give up his wife, the splendid Eudosia, rather than lose the gem, and as for the elegant mansion he owned with the spacious grounds surrounding it, he would have surrendered the whole estate sooner than part with the stone. It was his god. He worshiped it by day and by night. His waking thoughts were on the priceless thing and his dreams danced it scintillating before him in the witching hours when he reclined on his silken couch.

It was, if history and legend were true, one of the greatest gems in the world. Legend had it that it once formed one of the stones in the breastplate of Aaron, and there was history enough to link it to a long line of illustrious owners. The "Sun Sapphire," as it was called, had come down to Saddlestone through a series of events which need not be related here, for they have no bearing on our story. It was a stone of wonderful light and deep in its heart was as complete a star as one can imagine. Its value? That were not estimated, for Saddlestone had been offered prices for the stone absolutely fabulous, and on one occasion a secret agent of one of the most brilliant thrones of Europe had visited him with an unlimited treasury at his command.

Saddlestone kept this wonderful gem in a steel safe, which was absolutely burglar proof. This treasure house, which was a triumph of the safe-maker's skill, stood in a room whose walls were iron and the door of this chamber yielded only to a secret combination known to no one but Saddlestone himself.

Few people had ever seen the Sun Sapphire. When it was exhibited it was guarded by secret plain clothes men, who watched it and its owner like hawks, for its fortunate possessor was a millionaire and cared for nothing but this one apple of his eye.

When it was announced that the elegant Miss Hobbs of Hobbs Castle was coming over to spend the summer with the Saddlestones, gossip had its inning. The Saddlestones had spoken often of this young lady, who was related to the famous Miss Hobbs, who had rejected half a dozen dukes and who was blue-blooded enough to share the throne of the most famous ruler of the Old World. She was distantly related to the Saddlestones, and Cumberford said with a good deal of grace, that it had been the hardest thing of his life to get her to cross the water. In fact, she would not think of coming but for a desire to see the world-famous gem, which he had promised she should wear at the grand reception he intended to give her.

You may imagine how society envied Miss Hobbs. Just think of it; the foremost stone of the breastplate of Aaron on the bosom of a modern beauty, for the elegant Miss Hobbs was accounted one of the handsomest women of Europe.

"Saddlestone will surround her with a ring charged with electricity," Madam Gossip said. "He'll have the best plain clothes men in the parlor and none will be permitted within twenty feet of the lucky Althea."

Thereupon, as the days waned, every one waited for the great Saddlestone party, and the fortunate few who received invitations inscribed on gold embossed cards considered themselves but a trifle lower than the angels.

Saddlestone's every movement was noted during the intervening days. If he went to the confectioner's it was to order the best things his genius could invent; if his wife sought the modiste it was to give her an order for the most sumptuous gowns, and if he dropped into No. 333 DeKalb street it was to employ the shrewdest sleuths for the all-important night.

Cumberford went more than once to the steel door of the treasure room each day. He tried the locks and saw that they were all right. Now and then he entered the chamber, locking the door behind him with the greatest care, and would take the magnificent sapphire from its nest behind the doors of triple steel and feast his eyes upon it.

When Miss Hobbs arrived the Saddlestone carriage was at the wharf to conve her to the beautiful mansion on Golde avenue. The prancing bays seemed to ta pride in drawing such an elegant pers as the fair Althea. She was a living p a tallish girl with the most elegant che nut hair that ever encircled the swan-like neck of any of Eve's daughters. She was the personification of grace, and no wonder. Was she not of splendid birth, a girl to be admired whenever seen, the wonder of the salons of London and the pet of royalty itself?

No wonder Golden Ease, as the Saddlestone mansion was called, was ablaze the night the elegant Miss Hobbs came. The whole city had been on the qui vive for a full fortnight. Her portrait had appeared in all the journals, her lineage had been given out for the delectation and envy of every one. The coming of the Begum of Parrapoor, or a visit from the Empress of the Russias would have created no more comment.

It was after the bountiful repast which gave Miss Hobbs an idea of the wealth of the Saddlestones, that Cumberford undertook to escort her through the great house with a floodtide of explanations on his tongue.

"It is in there," he said pompously to the beautiful guest as he paused with her at the steel door.

The little "it" could have but one meaning. It was as though the word had been coined by the lexicographer to designate the Sun Sapphire. The elegant Miss Hobbs clasped her hands and looked into Cumberford's radiant face.

"It?" she said, and was silent.

"Yes, my dear, the Saddlestone sapphire," was the response. "Tomorrow night it shall blaze on your bosom."

Miss Hobbs fell against the wall and lost color. The fact that she was so near this world-famous gem seemed to deprive her of speech. She looked as though she were about to swoon at Cumberford's feet, and he would have liked nothing better than to have caught such a magnificent bit of beauty in his arms.

"You keep it secure, I see," she said when she recovered her voice.

"Why should it not be well guarded? This door is burglar proof," was the response. "I had it made for the purpose it serves. This lock is the invention of the most ingenious lock-maker in the city, the renowned Lally. You may have heard of him?"

Miss Hobbs shook her head.

"I believe he is somewhere in Europe now," Saddlestone continued. "I paid him a good price to leave the country after he finished the lock. He can live five years on what I paid him, at any rate."

"How generous!" cried the young girl.

"How business-like, rather," replied Cumberford. "You see I was taking no chances, my dear child."

"It is really a great stone?"

"The greatest one in the world of gems. I will show you its entire history tonight. It is believed that it once shone on the breastplate of Aaron, who was the brother of Moses."

"Oh, how grand!"

"It lay for awhile among the royal regalia of Nana Sahib, the infamous potentate of India. But you shall read its splendid and romantic history for yourself."

"I shall be delighted, overwhelmed!" cried the English girl. "This is worth braving the dangers of the deep for. Do you ever intend to part with the sapphire?"

The look which the young lady received she never forgot.

"I'd lose my life first!" exclaimed Saddlestone. "Before I'd part with the sapphire I'd go out upon the street and beg my bread." He leaned forward and clutched Miss Hobbs' arm. "I'd sell Eudosia first, but for heaven's sake don't mention it to her."

"I shall not," exclaimed Miss Hobbs. "I know I shall not sleep tonight for dreaming of the Saddlestone sapphire," and she ran her hand over the steel door in an outburst of admiration.

When she had been conducted back to the great parlor she sank breathlessly into the velvet chair and closed her eyes.

"It must be a wonderful gem," she said, half above her breath.

"Did you let our guest see the sapphire?" asked Eudosia with a sidelong glance at her husband.

"No, but she touched the door," Cumberford replied. "She was at the gates of paradise."

Just then the door swung open and a maid entered with a silver tray in her hands. She was a pretty thing with a wealth of dark hair and lustrous eyes. Miss Hobbs fell to watching her sylph-like movements and did not let up till she had left the room.

"You have a pretty maid," she said with a glance at Eudosia, resplendent in a Parisian gown. "I have heard that American servants are pretty."

"Juliette is quite good looking," Mrs. Saddlestone answered. "I am rather taken with her."

"She has a lover, of course?"

"Oh, we could never think of such a thing on account of the sapphire. Lovers lead to temptation," and with this Mrs. Saddlestone pushed the delicately chased wine glass towards her guest.

"What shall the toast be?" cried Cumberford, and he poised the glass before his face.

"The sapphire, of course!" exclaimed the elegant Miss Hobbs.

"The stone without a peer, yes. Here we go!" and standing under the brilliant lights that transformed the parlor into a bower of kingly magnificence the three drank to the wonderful gem reposing in its nest of impenetrable steel.

CHAPTER II.

THE SAPPHIRE DISAPPEARS.

Of course, when the elegant Miss Hobbs retired to the sumptuous guest chamber that night she was supposed to dream of nothing but the Saddlestone sapphire. The very thought of it had overwhelmed her. And, then, she was to see it soon; not only this, but it was to blaze on her bosom in all its splendor and she was to be the envied one in the great American city. If she slept at all it was a wonder. How could one sleep when just beneath her room was that magnificent stone which was worth a kingdom's ransom?

The following day she was driven through the city behind the lordly bays which had cost Saddlestone a mint of money. She sat beside Mrs. Saddlestone and listened to the story of the family's wealth. But, as was natural, she thought of nothing but the treasure behind the burglar-proof steel door.

"I wonder," said she, turning to her hostess, "that you do not fear for the safety of the sapphire?"

"Why should we, my dear Althea?" was the response, spoken in tones of security. "Mr. Saddlestone had the prince of lock-makers, the great Lally, make that particular lock and he once came home with one of the most noted crooks in the country and offered him the sapphire if he would open the door."

"Was not that a little dangerous?"

"It showed Mr. Saddlestone's confidence in Lally's work."

"Did the crook try his skill on the lock?" asked the elegant Miss Hobbs.

"He worked two whole hours over it and was compelled at last to give it up."

"Then indeed the treasure must be secure."

"It certainly is. Long ago we gave up all fears of our gem. You shall see it tonight, my dear."

"I suppose you wear it occasionally?"

"Not often. My favorite gem is the ruby and I have some very fine pigeon bloods. What is your stone, may I ask?"

"I am partial to pearls," answered Miss Hobbs. "I have some rather nice ones. My relative, Miss Gordon-Neuilly, likes sapphires and when I return home I shall delight her with my description of the great Saddlestone gem."

The conversation drifted from the gem and when Miss Hobbs was again beyond the door of the mansion in Golden avenue she began to prepare for the reception.

Saddlestone kept an office down town, but it was merely for show. He did not have to deal in stocks to keep up his wealth. He had made enough without resorting to the schemes of the street, and although he had a seat on 'Change, he rarely put in an appearance.

With the coming of night the Saddlestone mansion became a paradise of glitter. It blazed out with lights that caused the whole place to swim in splendor; the grounds scintillated with dazzling flashes of electricity and soon the guests began to arrive. Saddlestone received all in the spacious parlors, that were like unto an Oriental garden. He was in his element, and when Cumberford set out to do the magnificent thing failure fled on the winds.

"Ah, yes, my dear Boswell," he exclaimed, taking the hand of an elegant gentleman whom he welcomed gleefully. "You shall see two wonderful things tonight—the Saddlestone sapphire and the beautiful Miss Althea Hobbs."

"Delighted, my dear Saddlestone," was the effusive reply. "You know I never had the pleasure of inspecting either."

"They have no rivals!" Cumberford went on, gushingly. "They are absolutely without a peer."

"May I ask if Miss Hobbs is engaged?"

"She told Eudosia last night that she is still heart whole and fancy free. A fresh English rose of exquisite beauty, a magnificent girl, who can trace her line back to the days of the Conqueror."

"I shall be enraptured, I'm sure."

"You will be dazed, Boswell. Of course, I set the sapphire above female beauty. That fades, you know, but the gem holds its luster through all time."

Saddlestone was everywhere. The finely gowned women who poured into the mansion wore gems that were the envy of society. There was the splendid Mrs. Grant Strickler, whose collection of diamonds had gained for her the title of the Diamond Lady, and not far behind her came Miss Jocylin, famous for her pearls, which had flashed at the courts of kings.

A catalogue of the guests that memorable night would be interminable. Never before that had society poured forth its celebrities in such profusion. Saddlestone himself was modest when it came to personal display. One lone gem flashed on his immaculate shirt front and but one ring adorned his hand. He was wont to say that the owner of the Saddlestone sapphire needed no shining forth. The sapphire itself did enough of that.

Miss Hobbs' maid at length announced that her charge was ready to be invested with the finishing adornment, and this could mean nothing else than the wonderful stone. This information was conveyed to Cumberford in a manner which sent a sudden thrill through every fiber.

He shot a pleased glance towards his [illegible] who rose and swept languorously across the carpet. Saddlestone beckoned to two plain clothes men who had come to the house at his bidding, and all four left the room.

Saddlestone walked in advance with the mien of a conquering hero.

His wife, with her head poised in the air, followed close behind, and the detectives brought up the rear. In this order the procession approached the steel door, and with an imperious gesture Saddlestone proceeded to manipulate the combination.

"The great and only Lally did his prescribed work well," he whispered, with a side-long glance at the detectives. "He has given me the only real burglar-proof compartment in the world."

"You are very fortunate, Mr. Saddlestone," was the reply.

Cumberford, with a quick movement, gave the knob another twist and slowly pushed the great door inward. The little room beyond swam in a dim light, but it was enough to show all the steel safe which stood exactly in the center of the place.

The distinguished Eudosia was fingering her rubies and tried to look inconsequential. The plain clothes men said nothing, but watched Saddlestone as he knelt before the safe door and began his task.

"Here we are, gentlemen," he exclaimed, as he opened the safe and gave vent to a little ejaculation of pleasure.

In another moment he had thrust his hand into the safe itself and then—

There was an agonizing cry that must have been heard in the street beyond. Saddlestone reeled to his feet and, throwing his hands to his forehead, staggered back to fall against the wall with another exclamation of horror.

"It is gone! gone! gone!" he wailed, with the despair of one suddenly shorn of every earthly hope. "The sapphire has been stolen! My God! the gem is missing! Lock the doors, every one of them. The thief may yet be in the house. Gone! gone!" and as there was no chair into which to sink Saddlestone fell to the floor and wailed out his loss in terrifying accents.

His cries rang through the whole house. There was a tramping of feet in the corridors, a swishing of skirts, and in a moment fifty white faces were struggling for a look at the open door.

"What's happened?" asked Boswell, as he pushed forward and gazed breathlessly at Saddlestone.

"Everything has happened!" groaned the millionaire. "It's gone, Boswell!"

"But what's gone?"

"The sapphire! the only thing I worshiped! Search every guest in the house! No, no! I don't mean that, ladies and gentlemen. It was taken in the night. Ah, I thought Lally did his job well. But look for yourselves. Its nest is empty!" and springing back, Cumberford plunged from the room with a wild cry and fled yelling down the corridor.

The two plain clothes men looked at each other and then cleared the treasure room of every person but themselves.

Crushed into a limp heap in the parlor, Saddlestone occupied a velvet chair. He seemed oblivious to everything. With his hands over his blanched face, he was groaning out his loss in accents that sent a chill to the hearts of the richly dressed but silent lookers on. Excitement ruled the hour.

"It is gone! utterly gone!" cried Cumberford. "In the name of heaven, how could it vanish? I inspected everything last night before I retired and all was safe. The combination was in trim, but now! The treasure room has no windows. It was built for the great sapphire. Gone! gone!"

The white-faced guests drew back and looked speechlessly on. What more could they do? They could suggest nothing. Even if so disposed they would not dare.

All at once a richly gowned figure came down the broad stairs.

The elegant Miss Hobbs, waiting in her room for the investiture of the sapphire, had heard the tumult below. In another minute she was in the parlor and the observed of all observers. Her face was the hue of ashes. Her lustrous eyes, and such brilliant orbs they were, seemed to swim in terror.

"What is it?" she cried, fixing her gaze on the half-demented man in the chair. "What has happened?"

"The sapphire! the sapphire!" groaned Saddlestone. "It is gone!"

Miss Hobbs gave a piercing cry and tottered away. She had swooned, and Boswell was the fortunate man who caught her in his arms.

CHAPTER III.

JULIETTE.

In the procession of fine turnouts that drove from the Saddlestone mansion on the memorable night of the 19th, there was more than one quiet laugh. The theft of the great sapphire disrupted the reception and turned everything into chaos. The brilliantly robed guests had not the heart to remain and be spectators of Cumberford's misery, and as the elegant Miss Hobbs, being of a somewhat nervous state, had gone into one swoon after another the fete was abandoned and the household, with the exception of the detectives, was left alone.

A sort of "third degree" was established by the sleuths, and every servant was subjected to a rigid examination. All were found but Juliette, the maid who had waited on the beautiful English guest. The girl had mysteriously disappeared, and Althea came out of one of her swoons long enough to say she had not seen the girl after attending upon her.

"The maid must have been in league with the thief!" roared Saddlestone. "I heard my wife say that she came in very late last night, for she met her in one of the halls after coming back from the opera, and the girl said she had been to see a sick relative."

"Juliette has no living relatives," put in another servant, a tall, Titian-haired girl with a look of anger. "She told me not later than last week that she was an orphan with no kith or kin in the world."

"Do you hear that?" cried Saddlestone, turning to the two detectives. "I never liked the girl, though Eudosia was taken with her."

"Juliette always seemed clever," put in Mrs. Saddlestone in the maid's behalf.

"Too devilish clever," exclaimed Saddlestone.

"She was always humble——"

"A female Uriah Heep for a purpose," was the interruption. "Don't talk to me about that girl's humbleness, Eudosia," and Mrs. S. gracefully retired and left the room to Saddlestone and the sleuths.

"Did we understand you to say," said one of the men, "that the lock on the steel door was made to order?"

"Yes, sir, by the great Lally. He told me that it was the crowning triumph of his profession, and I have had experienced lock-pickers try their skill on it."

"What has become of Lally?"

"The last I heard of him he was somewhere across the water. This country, he said, did not appreciate his genius and, after making my lock, he went away disgusted."

"He made the lock with the knowledge of what it was to protect?"

"Oh, yes. But you don't suspect Lally?"

"Certainly not," said one of the men with a swift glance at his colleague. "The lock, however, yielded to some one who knew the combination."

"How could that be when I change it every time I lock the steel door?"

"You did this the last time?"

"Heavens, yes!" cried Saddlestone, irritated.

"You don't talk in your sleep, Mr. Saddlestone?"

"I do all my talking in my waking hours. My wife talks in her slumbers, for I hear her across the room."

"It's a puzzling affair," commented the man. "We shall have to put Sharp on the case."

"Who's Sharp?"

"Captain Phineas, we sometimes call him," was the reply.

"Oh, I see; one of your kind?"

"And the master of us all. Everything yields to Sharp."

"Then you can't put him on the trail too soon. The sapphire's gone and my mind is following it," and Saddlestone snatched up the brandy bottle, which had been placed on the table, and helped himself with the zest of a dying man. "This thing will get into the papers," he went on. "I did not place the seal of silence on our disappointed guests. The whole city will know it before daylight. I shall offer a reward. I won't be niggardly in the matter, either. I shall offer ten thousand dollars for the return of the sapphire."

"And no questions asked, eh?"

"No, siree! I want the thief punished to the extent of the law. I wish there was a chance to hang the wretch!"

The two detectives retired and Saddlestone settled back into his chair.

"How is Miss Althea now?" he inquired of his wife as she ventured back into the parlor.

"I instructed Julia to give her a sleeping potion, and the dear child is now oblivious to the world. It is terrible to think that our fete should be broken up in this manner and when it was given in her honor!"

"It can't be helped. I have instructed the officers to find Juliette Drosser."

"Then you really suspect Juliette?"

"You know what Zaza said about what she told her concerning her orphanage? If she lied then she will do something else."

"But, Cumberford, Juliette could not have discovered the combination."

"No, but she could have admitted the man who did know it."

"Lally?"

"It wasn't Lally!" roared Cumberford Saddlestone.

"Who, then?"

"Find the lying girl and wrench her secret from her. They'll scour the city for her, that's what they'll do. I've already offered a reward of ten thousand for the sapphire and I'll increase it if n[illegible]"

Mrs. Saddlestone pursed her lips and looked away.

"My opinion is, Cumberford, that the sapphire is gone for good," she said, slowly turning her head. "All the wealth of the Indies will not bring it back."

"That's your opinion, and in my time I've found you to be totally unreliable as a prophet."

"And I have more than once admitted to myself that I married a fool."

With this shot the divine Eudosia whisked out of the room, her face the color of fire and her eyes snapping.

"That comes of linking oneself to Xantippe," growled Saddlestone, as the last sound of his wife's skirts died on his ears.

When the house was still he stole from the room and went staggering down the hall to the steel door. It had been left ajar and he entered the ravished nest.

Throwing up his hand he turned on the light and stood gasping before the plundered safe. He invariably used the same combination on both locks and he admitted that the person who forced the outer door could open the safe with ease.

He groaned when he swung wide the portal of the treasure house and examined its interior. Nothing but the gem had been taken. The villain could have helped himself to almost unlimited wealth, but the fact that nothing more than the gem had disappeared told him that it, and it alone, was the prize played for.

When he emerged from the room his face had not a vestige of color. He was shaking in every limb like one stricken with the ague and cold chills were chasing up and down his spine. He had to fortify himself from the brandy bottle before he came back to himself, and even then he was forced to admit that he was far from being the real and elegant Cumberford Saddlestone.

At last he leaned back in the velvet chair and stretched his legs across the carpet.

Utterly exhausted by the terrible catastrophe of the night, he passed into slum-

Without
a Cook?

Never mind—you can have a good breakfast if there's a package of

Post
Toasties

in the house.

This delicious food, ready to serve without cooking, is always welcome and makes

Breakfast
a Delight.

"The Memory Lingers."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Splendid for Old People.

When the human system declines the accumulated poisons in the blood cause rheumatic pains in the joints, muscles and back. These warnings should be promptly relieved and serious illness avoided by using the following prescription which shows wonderful results even after the first few doses. It will eventually restore physical vigor. "One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint of high grade whiskey. This to be mixed and used in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bed time. The bottle to be shaken each time." Any druggist has these ingredients or will quickly get them for you. Any one can mix them.

berland and the house became very quiet again. When day broke he was still in the chair sleeping heavily. Mrs. Saddlestone tripped to the door and gazed in silence for a few moments upon her husband, vanishing without rousing him.

The servants began to stir about the house. They moved on tiptoe, as though death had invaded the premises, and when they addressed one another it was in whispers.

The owner of the sapphire at last opened his eyes, for a sound had roused him, and to his amazement he beheld the elegant Miss Hobbs standing at the door.

There was no life hue on her beautiful face; her eyes showed that she had slept but little that night, and before she could speak Saddlestone called her by name.

"It is terrible, my dear Althea!" he exclaimed, and his voice was in the nature of a groan.

Miss Hobbs came forward and took a chair at his side.

"It is incomprehensible," she replied, in a sweet, low voice. "I never heard of such a terrible crime. I'm sure we don't have such people in England."

"It's a deuced pity we have them in America!" snapped Cumberford. "Just think of it, girl! After making such preparations to have you shine out in first circles, to lose the great sapphire, which was to blaze on your bosom—it is desolating!"

"You will set the detectives on the trail, I presume?"

"Yes, the best that money can buy. If necessary I shall cable to England for the best men of Scotland Yard. They shall have carte blanche. We must find Juliette."

"Why Juliette?" asked the elegant Miss Hobbs.

"Because she knows, that's why. We'll wring her secret from her."

At that moment the door opened and Eudosia flounced forward.

"You'll have to face her now, Cumberford," she exclaimed, reddening. "Juliette is here!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAID COMES BACK.

"Here? really here? Juliette?" stammered Saddlestone, coloring only to lose his redness again.

"She is present in the flesh," irritatingly answered his wife. "Come on, Juliette."

A pretty girl of one and twenty entered the room and stopped just across the threshold. Already the red eyes of Cumberford were fastened upon her and she underwent a scrutiny that would have done credit to the head of the Spanish inquisition.

"So you're back?" cried the owner of the sapphire. "No one told you to come, I suppose?"

"I came of my own free will," was the reply. "I have just seen the newspapers——"

"It's in print, then?" was the interjection. "I presume we will be besieged by the reporters now."

Juliette remained standing, waiting for Saddlestone to proceed with the ordeal which she saw by his mien was coming.

The elegant Miss Hobbs had taken a chair and crossed her hands. She was the picture of mingled composure and curiosity, and her eyes fell to watching the girl and then the roses in the luxurious carpet.

"Well," blurted Mr. Saddlestone, ruthlessly, "what have you to say?"

"What should I say?" asked Juliette.

"What do you know about the theft of the sapphire?"

The girl's cheeks reddened.

"You went away last night without permission? This is not in accordance with the rules of this house."

"I am perfectly aware of that," confessed Juliette.

"Why did you go?"

"I refuse to tell you."

If a thunderbolt had fallen that moment at Saddlestone's feet he would not have been more amazed. He looked from the girl to his wife and then stole a swift glance towards Miss Hobbs.

"You refuse to tell, eh?" he almost roared. "Don't you know that you can be made to tell?"

"Who can make me?"

"The authorities; the police!"

"I'd like to see them try!" flashed Juliette, with a display of more decision than one would have thought she possessed. "Why I went away last night is my own matter."

"It is, eh?" and Saddlestone was on his feet, the picture of insane rage, and he towered before the wonderfully calm girl like a Colossus of power. "It's your own business, you mean to say? You know who stole the sapphire."

There was no reply from the maid. Her face seemed to take on a look of defiance, and Saddlestone was nonplused.

"I think, Cumberford, you should have some reason for your words," ventured Mrs. Saddlestone. "It will not do to charge Juliette with wrong-doing without proof of some kind."

"I know what I'm talking about!" flashed Saddlestone. "The girl knows. Look at her face."

Surely there was no guilt in the clear blue eyes of the silent girl.

"Don't leave this room," cried Cumberford, striding across the room. "Stand where you are. I'll have the police here in a moment."

"You will do nothing of the kind," exclaimed Juliette, throwing out her hand and arresting Saddlestone's spring to the telephone. "I am not going to be grilled by those people."

"Then tell the truth."

"I will not if you mean why I went away last night."

"I mean whom you let into the house."

For a moment it seemed as though the girl would speak, but just then the voice of Miss Hobbs was heard.

"I sent Juliette out last night," she said.

"You?" and Saddlestone turned instantly upon his guest. "You, Miss Althea?"

"I sent her out. She went on an errand for me."

"Then why didn't she say so?"

"Probably because she didn't come back," answered Althea with a puzzling smile. "The girl played a little trick on me. I freely forgive her, though."

"But she may have come back after all," said Cumberford, turning again to Juliette. "Did you, girl?"

"I came back."

"And did not see Miss Hobbs?"

"I did not see her. I went to my room and got my things together."

"Well, after that, what?"

"I carried them out of the house by the back entrance."

"Intending to leave us, eh?"

"I intended to leave you," admitted Juliette.

"Ashamed of your crime, I supose? See here. You told Mrs. Saddlestone that you once went to visit your relatives, and Zaza says that you told her that you have neither kith nor kin. To whom did you lie?"

Again the face of the maid grew scarlet.

"Answer me!" flashed Cumberford, stamping the carpet in his passion. "Tell the truth now or it's the police and a cold cell."

"If you dare!" cried the girl. "I won't say another word. I am done."

She looked at Mrs. Saddlestone and drew back towards the hall.

"Don't leave the house," Cumberford exclaimed with threat in every intonation. "They'll be here in a jiffy."

He threw out his hands to seize the girl, but that moment the jeweled fingers of Miss Hobbs fell upon his arm.

"Don't be hasty, Mr. Saddlestone," said she as he whirled upon her and transfixed her with eyes of rage. "I think I could vouch for Juliette's innocence——"

"You? You, Althea?" cried Cumberford. "You don't know these American wenches. You haven't been here long enough. Our female prisons are full of them."

"Juliette doesn't look like one who would be concerned in the taking of a gem."

"She doesn't, eh?" grinned Cumberford Saddlestone, and then he laughed raucously. "She looks as innocent as a Borgia! Come, don't lose your head, my dear Althea, by vouching for this alley product."

"What's that?" came in stern tones from Juliette. "An alley product, am I? I'll admit that I wasn't born behind brownstone walls. Neither was there a silver spoon in my mouth when I was ushered into this world. My mother died giving me birth; my father was killed when I was three years old and before I knew him to love him. I have had to make my way in the world. I have a few relatives. My lineage is as good as yours, Cumberford Saddlestone. I wouldn't exchange a drop of my blood for all of yours. My parents left me the heritage of poverty, and if all accounts are true—— No, no, I will not say more."

"Go on, Juliette," said Mrs. Saddlestone, with a sharp glance at the pallid face of her husband.

"No, madam, not another word. I did not take the sapphire."

"But you know who did."

"I am going now. Miss Hobbs need not vouch for Juliette Drosser, for she is able to take care of herself!"

The maid once more went towards the open door, but with a curse and a bound Cumberford threw himself between her and the portal.

"You must wait till the police come!" he cried. "I will not let you off in this manner."

"Stand back, sir!" exclaimed Juliette. "I will not be detained by a human viper like yourself. Understand me, and tell your police if you will. I came back last night. I opened the back door of the house to some one——"

"I thought so," broke in Saddlestone with a look of triumph. "He entered by the back door, did he?"

"Yes, sir. I let him in."

"Who was he?"

"I refuse to tell," defiantly exclaimed Juliette. "It was my affair and his."

"Eh? Collusion, was it? Now that's a pretty confession. And you expect to go scot free while the man gets away with the sapphire? I'm no candidate for the

(Continued on page four.)

Eat and Get Thin.

This is turning an old phrase face about, but modern methods of reducing fat have made this revision possible.

If you are overfat and also averse to physical exertion and likewise fond of the table and still want to reduce your excess flesh several pounds, do this: Go to your druggist (or write the Marmola Co., 1238 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.) and give him (or send them) 75 cents. For this modest amount of money the druggist will put you in the way of satisfying your ambition for a nice, trim, slim figure. He will hand you a large case of Marmola Prescription Tablets (compounded in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription), one of which you must take after each meal and at bedtime until you begin to lose your fat at the rate of 12 to 16 ounces a day. That is all. Just go on eating what you like, leave exercise to the athletes, but take your little tablet faithfully and without a doubt that flabby flesh will quickly take unto itself wings, leaving behind it your natural self, neatly clothed in firm flesh and trim muscles.

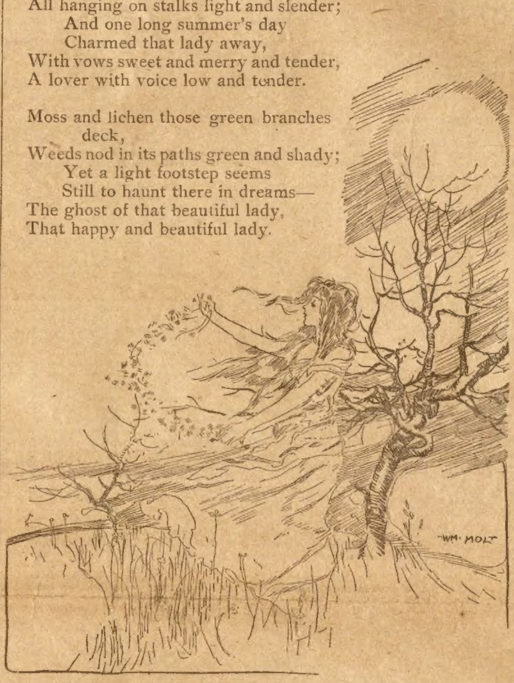
The Three Cherry Trees.

There were three cherry trees once
Grew in a garden all shady,
And there for delight
Of so gladsome a sight
Walked a most beautiful lady—
Dreamed a most beautiful lady.

Birds in its branches did sing,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet;
But she walking there
Was by far the most fair,
Lovelier than all else within it,
Blackbird and throstle and linnet.

But blossoms to berries do come,
All hanging on stalks light and slender;
And one long summer's day
Charmed that lady away,
With vows sweet and merry and tender,
A lover with voice low and tender.

Moss and lichen those green branches deck,
Weeds nod in its paths green and shady;
Yet a light footstep seems
Still to haunt there in dreams—
The ghost of that beautiful lady,
That happy and beautiful lady.



OVERLOADING THE STOMACH

Causes Incomplete Digestion, Weakens The System, and Breeds Dyspepsia.

Trial Package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Free.

Gluttony is as vile a sin as drunkenness and its evil results are more terrible and far more rapid. The human system turns into the stomach and alimentary canal from 7 to 35 pounds of digestive fluid every twenty-four hours. Cram your stomach with food and you exhaust these juices. If your stomach cannot digest the food because it lacks juices to do with, you should either eat less or make more gastric fluids.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain ingredients one grain of which will digest 3,000 grains of food. With Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in your stomach the evil effects of overeating are removed, for these little tablets when dissolved stick to the food and digest all the good from it. They won't abandon the stomach and leave a mass of decaying undigested food to putrify and irritate the mucous membrane lin- They give greater quantities of gastric fluids help the intestines enrich the blood, prevent constipation, and gluttony, while sinful, may yet be made less harmful by the use of these tablets.

Every druggist carries them in stock, price 50 cents per box, or send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package free by mail. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 320 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Tall One by the Colonel.

The colonel was telling his first fish story of the season.

"Yes, gentlemen," he related, as he lit a black cigar, "this particular day I had been sitting on the bank for four hours without a solitary nibble. Presently I waded out into the middle of the stream to seek better luck, and, would you believe it, a vast school of fish came up and began to feed right around my ankles without even noticing my presence. You may believe it or not, gentlemen, but all I had to do was dip down and pick them up like picking salmon out of a can."

The colonel paused for breath and his friends passed around incredulous winks.

"It may be true, colonel," ventured one, "but any one that knows anything about fish will tell you they have wonderful eyesight and are very timid. How is it these fish didn't see you?"

The colonel raised his chin to a dignified poise.

"I was fishing in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky," he said, "and the fish there have no eyes."

A GOOD COUGH MIXTURE.

Simple Home-Made Remedy Free From Opiates and Harmful Drugs.

An effective remedy, that will usually break up a cold in twenty-four hours and quickly relieve the most irritating cough, is easily made at home by mixing together in a large bottle, 2 ounces of glycerine, a ½ ounce of virgin oil of pine and 8 ounces of pure whisky. Shake well and take a teaspoonful every four hours. The necessary ingredients are inexpensive and can be bought in any good drug store.

This formula is the one used and recommended for many years by the late Dr. W. A. Leach, founder of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O., in whose laboratories the genuine virgin oil of pine is compounded.

Mrs. Jones Knew Why.

Mr. Smith was conversing with Mr. Jones.

"Say," said Smith, "do you know why it is you are like a donkey?"

"No," said Jones in surprise.

"Why, because your better half is stubbornness itself," said the brilliant Smith.

Jones thought over the matter all the way home, and on arriving he looked at Mrs. Jones with the expression of a man who is about to do himself proud, and said:

"Say, do you know why I am like a donkey?"

There was a long silence from Mrs. Jones, and then she smiled pityingly, and said:

"Why, I suppose it is because you were born that way."

HAVE YOU TRIED PAXTINE

The Great Toilet Germicide?

You don't have to pay 50c or $1.00 a pint for listerian antiseptics or peroxide. You can make 16 pints of a more cleansing, germicidal, healing and deodorizing antiseptic solution with one 25c box of Paxtine,—a soluble antiseptic powder, obtainable at any drug store.

Paxtine destroys germs that cause disease, decay and odors,—that is why it is the best mouth wash and gargle, and why it purifies the breath, cleanses and preserves the teeth better than ordinary dentifrices, and in sponge bathing it completely eradicates perspiration and other disagreeable body odors. Every dainty woman appreciates this and its many other toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine is splendid for sore throat, inflamed eyes and to purify mouth and breath after smoking. You can get Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic at any drug store, price 25c and 50c, or by mail postpa from The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass., who will send you a free sample if you would like to try it before buying

Cause for Anger.

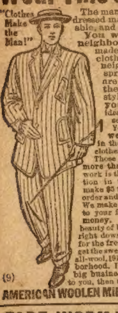
Manager—What's the leading lady i a tantrum about?

Press Agent—She only got nine b over the footlights tonight.

Manager—Great Scott! Ain't that eno

Press Agent—Nope, she paid for ten.

Wear This Stylish Suit!


"Clothes Make the Man!"

The man who is admired is the well-dressed man whose clothes are fashionable, and are 1911 styles.

You will be that man in your neighborhood! An all-wool, tailor-made suit of flashy 1911 Broadway clothes awaits the first man in your neighborhood who answers this spring announcement. 1911 styles are just in. You get this Suit—the swellest, classiest, snappiest style we ever created—and better your appearance! This is our idea: We want one man as our representative in your neighborhood. You've got a lot of friends. They wear clothes. It is the easiest thing in the world to get them to order their clothes from you. Prices, $7.50 and up. Those orders mean a big business that more than doubles your salary, and the work is the easiest, cleanest, nicest occupation in the world. New representatives make $5 to $10 a day. You simply take the order and measurements and mail them to us. We make the clothes, ship them on approval to your friend and hand you the profit-money. A Regular Cinch! That's the beauty of being in business for yourself. Sit right down now; write us a postal or a letter for the free outfit to representatives. And you get the swellest suit of fashionable tailor-made, all-wool, 1911 clothes ever worn in your neighborhood. If your personal appearance and a big business is worth a postal or a 2c stamp to you, then act now—write us today. Address

(9) AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO. Dept. 465 Chicago, Ill.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 182 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

A Secret for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, J. 60 Wabash, Chicago

PATENT secured or fee returned. Free examination. Booklet free. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Estab.'64. 809 14th Street, Washington; 857 Monadnock Block, Chicago

TEST PELVIC PINE CONES for all cases of rectal, prostatic or bladder disease and COMPLAINTS OF WOMEN. Box Free. Dr. Foote, 134 E. 28th St., New York **PILES**

BRACELET AND RING FREE

We positively give free a fine Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also a beautiful Stone Set Ring for selling 20 packs high-grade art post cards at 10c a pack. Order 20 packs, when sold send us $2, and we will positively send Bracelet and Ring. WELLS MFG. CO., Dept. A23, CHICAGO

WE WILL GIVE **These 4 RINGS** and a Secret Locket, set with a fiery brilliant Diamond, and a Neck Chain to anyone that will sell 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c each and send us the $1.20. We trust you and take back all not sold. Address E. W. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR ELDER'S TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elder's Sanitarium, Dept. B, St. Joseph, Mo.

STEM SET STEM WIND WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, PLATED WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring and Chain. PAULSON WATCH CO., Dept. 117 CHICAGO

PILES

Dr. Cunningham's Anti-Pile Toxine is a new two-fold treatment consisting of cones for use at night and Ointment for morning. Every box carries a broad, fair guarantee of quick results or money back. Easy way to escape the knife and costly treatments, pain and embarrassment.

Full treatment cones and ointment mailed direct for 50c, and your money back if you ask it

ANTI-TOXINE CHEMICAL CO., U. S. EXPRESS BLDG., CHICAGO

Don't Wear Trusses Like These

Get rid of Straps and Springs and be CURED

Our FREE BOOK tells you why Leg-strap appliances and Spring trusses like shown above CANNOT help you and how the Cluthe Ball-bearing Self-Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakened muscles while Holding with ease and CURES Rupture. Waterproof, durable; sent under Garantee Trial. Remember—NO body-spring, NO plaster, NO leg-strap to pull pad on pelvic bone. Write NOW for this helpful FREE BOOK with 3600 Public Endorsements on this safe and simple Home Cure. When writing, give our box number:—

Box 25—CLUTHE INSTITUTE,
125 East 23rd Street, New York City.

PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMON

The Famous Minister of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Speaks to the People Through the Ledger Each Week.

GET RID OF SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR, REPLACING IT WITH LOVE.

PASTOR RUSSELL

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 1.—Pastor Russell preached a New Year's sermon from Isaiah xliii, 1-9, "Oh, Israel, fear not." The speaker declared fear to be the bane of the world of mankind. It has much to do with sorrow, pain and death, he declared. Fear is the outgrowth of sin. The holy angels have no fear; their perfect confidence in God and his arrangements for them precludes fear. Similarly, father Adam, before he sinned, when he was in harmony with his Creator, knew no fear, but directly following his transgression we read that he was afraid and tried to hide himself from God. Likewise, fear has to do with the dread of God which is upon the world today. All who realize God's perfection, realize also their own imperfection and unworthiness of Divine favor. Then superstitious fears are developed. The loving sympathy of the infinite Creator for his fallen creatures is unrecognized. Fear paints phantoms and attributes to the Almighty the characteristics of a demon.

When the Great Teacher appeared amongst men he presented our Creator in the light of a gracious Father deeply interested in the welfare of his creatures depraved and burdened through sin. The Master invited all the fearful, weary and heavy laden, through faith in his teachings, to take rest of heart and mind. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed"—free from the power of the Adversary; free from the delusions and misunderstandings which he creates; free from the ignorance and the superstition of the world; free from slavish fear of God, and free from "the fear of man, which bringeth a snare"—hinders true joy, peace and liberty.

True, not many of the Jews really heard the Great Teacher—really comprehended his message, but those few who heard were greatly blessed. It is also true today, that, although the nominal followers of Jesus are counted as four hundred millions, only a mere handful of these know what it is to be made free from the superstition and fear common to the world of mankind.

The speaker said that a great falling away occurred shortly after the death of the Apostles. The dominant feature of that falling away was the falling into fear and superstitious dread. Some fell into a fear of Purgatorial suffering and sorrows of thousands of years, and others fell into the error and fear of eternal torture, sufferings without end. All claimed that only the merest handful escaped these horrors. All charged the Creator with responsibility for this provision and declared that God had thus purposed and arranged the matter by foreknowledge and intention, from before the foundation of the world.

Now we are seeing, said the speaker, that all this was a great mistake, that it is not the teaching of the Bible, rightly understood and properly translated. Now we see that these soul-distressing fears, which have burdened us for centuries, were a part of the great evil which St. Paul denominated "doctrines of demons"—by which these demons would alienate and separate man from faith and confidence and love toward his Maker.

God's provision for the future is that all mankind shall ultimately be set free from the bondage of superstition, sin and death, under the reign of Messiah's Kingdom, in which the church, consisting of the saintly few, glorified with their Lord to the spiritual plane, will be his associates. As that Kingdom shall uplift mankind from sin and death conditions and shall flood the world with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, the true Light, it will scatter the darkness which now rests upon the civilized world, and the still greater darkness upon the heathen world. Then the "Sun of Righteousness" shall shine into men's hearts with healing, restitution, and uplifting influences. Then "all the blind eyes shall be opened and all the deaf ears shall be unstopped" (Isaiah xxxv, 5).

All mankind, in proportion as they get rid of the incubus of fear and in proportion as they come to the true knowledge of God, reach possibilities of hope, faith, rest, peace, joy. Nevertheless, comparatively few attain God's highest provision in the present time. No royal road leads thereto, but a "narrow way" of faith obedience, self-sacrifice—following in the footsteps of the world's Redeemer. These who thus follow our Lord are accepted by him and by the Father as joint-heirs with Christ to the Kingdom glories. And even in the present life they are privileged to enjoy hopes, peace and fearlessness such as others, not specially taught and specially kept by the Great Teacher, cannot know. The steps necessary to this condition, Pastor Russell declared, were (1) a hearty renouncing of sin and turning from it; (2) the acceptance of the Redeemer by faith and also his ransom sacrifice for the sins of the whole world; (3) the full consecration of their all to the Lord—followed by the begetting of the Holy Spirit. These may have the fulness of joy possible now and absolute fulness of joy when they shall awake in the Redeemer's glorious likeness in the "first resurrection."

The Bible cannot be thoroughly understood except by those who recognize that God has two Israels—an earthly and a heavenly; and that the Scriptures frequently refer to both—"Jacob" always signifies natural Israel, as in Romans xi, 26, which foretells that as soon as spiritual Israel shall have been completed Divine mercy shall return to natural Israel and they will "obtain mercy through your mercy"—the mercy of the glorified Church.

As soon as the Gospel Age shall expire, with the completion of spiritual Israel, the return of natural Israel to Divine favor will be in order. Their Ancient Worthies will be resurrected as perfect men and be the "princes in all the earth," the representatives of Messiah's spiritual and invisible Kingdom. Ultimately, all nations will be privileged to come into fellowship with God through Israel's New Convenant, by becoming Israelites indeed.

Thus Abraham's Seed shall ultimately be "like the stars of Heaven," the Spiritual Seed, and "like the sands of the seashore," the natural seed. All of these, in proportion as they come into accord with the Redeemer and recognize their redemption and draw near to God in faith, obedience and prayer, will be liberated from the spirit of fear and bondage "into the glorious liberty of the children of God." First, their minds will be freed from superstition and gradually, through the blessings of restitution, all the willing and obedient will return to full harmony with the Creator and full perfection in the world-wide Eden.

"God's Message to the Jews" in next week's Ledger.

The Baffled Detective.

(Continued from page three.)

insane ward, not yet, my girl! How long did the man remain in the house?"

"I cannot say."

"Did you let him out?"

"I saw him depart."

"This is a confession, ladies," and Saddlestone turned upon his wife and the elegant Miss Hobbs. "You don't expect me to let the girl go?"

"I should if I were you," Althea said.

"Thank you, miss," said Juliette with a pretty curtsy to Althea. "I won't forget your confidence," and with this, and before Cumberford could detain her, she was in the hall and at the front door.

All three heard the closing of the heavy portal.

"She's gone!" cried Saddlestone, racing into the hall. "She won't get away, though."

As he jerked the door open he was confronted by a tall man on the upper step.

"Get the girl!" Cumberford exclaimed, clutching his arm and whirling him around.

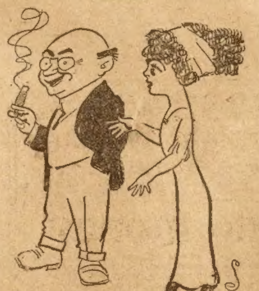
"What girl? I saw no one. I'm Captain Sharp——"

"And the girl who admitted the theft of the sapphire isn't ten rods away!"

"Fudge!" laughed Sharp in Cumberford's face. "I don't believe the stone has left the house."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this strange story. You will find it strong and captivating to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscriptions and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Unkind.



Wifey—I smell something like leather burning! Is it that cigar?

Hubby—No; but I wouldn't wonder if it's the crust of that pie you just put into the oven.

INSIDE HISTORY

Some Self-Explanatory Letters.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan'y 7, '11.

Dr. E. H. Pratt,
Suite 1202, 100 State St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Doctor:

"Owing to some disagreement with —— magazine several years ago they have become quite vituperative, and of late have publicly charged me with falsehoods in my statements that we have genuine testimonial letters.

"It has been our rule to refrain from publishing the names either of laymen or physicians who have written to us in a complimentary way, and we have declined to accede to the demands of attorneys that we turn these letters over to them.

"I am asking a few men whom I deem to be friends to permit me to reproduce some of their letters over their signatures in order to refute the falsehoods.

"We have hundreds of letters from physicians, but I esteem the one that you wrote to me in 1906 among the very best particularly in view of the fact that it recognizes the work I have been trying to do partly through the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'

"I do not sell or attempt to sell the higher thought which is more important than the kind of food, but I have taken considerable pains to extend to humanity such facts as may have come to me on this subject.

"In order that your mind may be refreshed I am herewith enclosing a copy of your good letter; also a copy of the little book, and if you will give me the privilege of printing this over your signature I will accompany the printing with an explanation as to why you permitted its use in publication in order to refute falsehoods, and under that method of treatment I feel, so far as I know, there would be no breach of the code of ethics.

"I trust this winter weather is finding you well, contented and enjoying the fruits that are yours by right.

"With all best wishes, I am,
"Yours very truly,
"C. W. POST."

Dr. Pratt, who is one of the most prominent and skilled surgeons in America, very kindly granted our request in the cause of truth and justice.

Chicago, Aug. 31, 1906.

Mr. C. W. Post,
Battle Creek, Mich.

My dear Sir:—

"I write to express my personal appreciation of one of your business methods, that of accompanying each package of your Grape-Nuts production with that little booklet 'The Road to Wellville.' A more appropriate, clear headed and effective presentation of health-giving auto-suggestions could scarcely be penned.

"Grape-Nuts is a good food in itself, but the food contained in this little article is still better stuff. I commend the practice because I know that the greed and strenuousness, the consequent graft and other types of thievery and malicious mischief generally can never be cured by legislative action.

"The only hope for the betterment of the race rests in individual soul culture.

"In taking a step in this direction, your process has been so original and unique that it must set a pace for other concerns until finally the whole country gets flavored with genuine, practical Christianity.

"I shall do all that lies in my power to aid in the appreciation of Grape-Nuts, not so much for the sake of the food itself as for the accompanying suggestions.

"Visiting Battle Creek the other day with a friend, Dr. Kelly of Evanston, Illinois, while I was consulting with Mr. Gregory, my friend visited your factories and came away greatly amazed, not only at the luxurious furnishings of the offices generally and the general equipment of the place, but with the sweet spirit of courtesy and kindness that seemed to fill the air with a spiritual ozone that was good to breathe.

"The principles expressed in the little booklet, 'The Road to Wellville,' I well know are practical and they work in business of all kinds, including sanitariums, as will be fairly tested before time is done.

"I know you will not regard this letter of appreciation as an intruding one. It is simply the salutation of good fellowship to you from a man who, although he has never seen you, feels drawn to you by the kinship of thought.

"The only thing that makes a man live forever in the hearts of his countrymen and his race is the good that he does. Your position in this respect is an enviable one and I wish to extend my congratulations.

"Yours respectfully,
"E. H. PRATT."

One Look Was Enough.

The life of the "back-door" pedler must be a varied, sometimes an exciting one. Tact is an essential quality if one wishes to stay in the business, and tact is what one of the guild who was infesting Walnut Hills lately eminently possessed.

He rapped timidly at a certain door one Monday. The domestic within, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him.

"Did yez want to see me?" she demanded, in threatening tones.

The pedler backed off a few steps.

"Vel, if I did," he assured her, with an apologetic grin, "I got my vish, thank you."

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (s)

Just as Easy!

John—One of your creditors wishes to speak to you, sir.

Master—Well, say I'm away from home.

John—All right, sir; and I'll just light one of your best cigars. He'll be more likely to believe me then.

About half the animals recorded in the herdbooks ought to have been consumed as veal.

Great MELLOW SPRINGS Offer

These Decanters Are Full Size for Family Use, Water, Wines and Beautiful Sideboard Decoration
PURITY GUARANTEED
AGED IN BOND
Trade Mark
Mellow Springs Whiskey Private Stock
Mayecliffe Distributing Co. St. Louis, Mo.
FREE
Beautiful Scroll Crystal Glass DECANTERS Filled to the Brim With Delicious Wines And Cordials
SHERRY PORT ANGELICA WINES MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

These Beautiful Decanters or Latest Pattern Scroll Glass With Scroll Glass Stopper To Match—Beautiful Sideboard Decoration

Free Decanter Filled With Wines and Cordials

Mellow Springs Whiskey is a pure Straight Whiskey of full strength and exquisite flavor—not a cheap, fiery blend, compound or mixture, so often sold as "whiskey." We guarantee it and you are at liberty to drink a full quart if necessary to test it. If you don't consider it the greatest whiskey bargain you ever had, return unused portion and we will instantly refund your money.

4 Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey $2.25
8 Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey 4.25
12 Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey 6.25
24 Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey 12.25

FREE! To induce more purchasers to try Mellow Springs whiskey, we will send FREE with each 4 quarts ordered, 1 Decanter filled with Sherry, Port, Angelica or Manhattan Cocktail.

Mellow Springs is the finest whiskey that ever went down your throat. It warms you up, hits the spot, tastes good, and is the best whiskey on earth for medicinal and home use. We sell direct to the consumer, instead of paying three or four profits to dealers' and salesmen's expenses.

Mayecliffe Dist. Co.,
Warehouse 38
St. Louis, Mo.

Gold tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Corkscrew Free with each order

The Beautiful Unknown;

Or, A WOOING POSTPONED

By Bertha Seavey Saunier.

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

AT LAST a farm house hove in sight. Maxwell gave a chastened "honk" of relief and cast a solicitous glimpse at his beautiful Burden, resting with her fair face pressed close to the red leather cushion of his auto. What her name was or where she was going he knew not, but he swept a look of defiance backward over the region that was barren of houses leading up to the road he had anxiously traversed, since stopping near the old slough.

The Burden half reclined in the cushioned corners of the tonneau, her eyes alert with a half wild appeal. She had fallen when the mischievous "honk" of warning he gave had sounded abruptly at her back, as if her physical endurance had snapped at a last straw thus suddenly laid upon her. Maxwell, instantly contrite, stopped his car and hastened to her aid.

"I pray you will pardon me," he began, noting the very respectable texture of her clothing—and her beauty; "I am afraid I have frightened you. Are you hurt?"

"No—oh, no," she answered, weakly trying to stand but glad of the strong arm quickly thrown about her.

"Let me assist you," he urged, for he saw that some strange power was in command of the young woman's mind. Something due to grief or shock, and so here was a mental disorder that deadened the faculty of self control. "Perhaps I can direct you," he continued, greatly perplexed over what course he should take. The spot was desolate, one of a few barren stretches along the old Milwaukee road, leading out from the great city, and giving a city man ample scope for scenery such as prosperous farm, flourishing town and contented humanity. A warm March sun cut the bleakness from the wind. Ice lingered in patches in the reedy ponds, and snow was hardening in the fence corners. There was a look of solitude on the

"Home—I'm going home—home!" the girl answered, half moaning her words. But her voice was musical even in its pathos.

She pointed along the road. "Home," she repeated with a fixed look that ignored her rescuer. So Maxwell put her into the car and drove on, intending to get other and more explicit directions as he proceeded. But he soon found that the girl had spent her forces and could give him no further assistance.

At one of the cross-roads he stopped but to his questions the girl answered in disjointed phrases complaining of the delay and entreating to be taken home. Something, whether of grief or horror, had make speech a labor, a consummate burden to her, had wiped it almost from her knowledge, so that she spoke with the hesitancy of infancy.

In such an emergency the big farmhouse was a welcome sign of human interest, and the young man saw that beyond it were other houses from which if need be, he could venture to ask aid. Maxwell hastened forward and halted before the gate, but, after arriving, sat perturbed, hesitating before unexplored problems, eyeing the house for some sign of hospitality. A wavering column of smoke from the chimney of the ell was scarcely sufficient guaranty—not when the face of the house was a blank. It was a large house, two stories and a half in the main part with gabled windows in the attic, a square ell at the back and a large woodshed half filled with tiers of stovewood at one side. The yard was well kept, its several trees offering shade in face of the leafless forest behind, and just here not a house or living creature could be seen. The girl was alone in a scene of solitude and had evidently traveled a long way and—yes, there was the pinched look of hunger in her face. Maxwell felt a distinct sense of pain in noting these points of distress.

"If you will tell me where you are going," he suggested, gently pressing her toward the car.
summer.

Maxwell stood up, still debating and hesitating, but none the less anxious to have advice in his dilemma.

"Is this the place you want?" he asked suddenly of his uncertain passenger. It was a venture before applying to the door of the house.

"Yes, yes—home!" was the answer, with the same appeal, the same inattention, as before. Which of course told nothing, answered nothing. And if Dick Maxwell, son of a wealthy auto manufacturer, city bred, and thus used to human tragedies, felt that here a crisis was upon him, one that touched his own life to the point of pain, an event in fact, such as might shape his own future, he was to be pardoned the flood of warmth that swept up to eyes that blurred, to ears that drummed with vibrations; and, surging upward fell back and settled in the grim lines of his face, roughened by much exposure to high winds. One might easily be twenty-four and never have happened upon such an appeal, such beauty, and so feel the rising thrill of strength as he felt it now.

Turning again toward the house, he saw that one of the ruffled curtains was pulled to one side and dimly a face was seen.

"There's discretion, at least," Maxwell muttered by way of appraisal, "and discretion is a virtue." He descended to the gate opened it and approached the door. To his knock a woman answered.

"Pardon me," he began, lifting his hat, his voice almost unmanageable with embarrassment, "pardon me, but I have a young lady in the car who has been taken ill——"

"Poor dear! bring her right in at once!" interrupted the woman, motherly wrinkles instantly appearing about her wearied eyes. Maxwell's own eyes widened at her readiness, aware that the woman supposed his passenger and himself in some way related. Aware, too, that it were better, far better for the girl, that she come with a protector than without one, a girl whose beauty was in itself a prayer for protection. He turned, thanking the woman warmly, and strode back to the car.

"Come," he said, "for the lady's heart is as big as her house. Come in and rest an hour or so and then you can go on, perhaps."

"She certainly can't travel a might farther," the farmer woman declared, as soon as he had brought her in and made her comfortable on the broad couch in the diningroom. "I do hope you didn't think of taking her any great distance, did you?"

"N-no," Maxwell answered, dubiously; "I didn't—that is, I couldn't see what the dickens I was to do with her——" he added truthfully.

"Your sister—isn't she?" the woman suggested.

"No, not exactly," Maxwell laughed.

"I see—a sweetheart, then," the woman replied obviously satisfied, and you may leave her with me and not worry a might. She must have a good rest before she travels a bit farther. You might get a doctor—I ain't so sure as I know what to do, and I'd hate to do the wrong thing—she needs rest more'n anything. I can see that. And I don't wonder if you've been spinning her along like a streak o' wind. I'd be done up myself if I traveled about in one of those autos."

The woman's candor was amusing. But her ministration was so gratifying that Maxwell could only smile and watch her, helping to remove the patient's wraps and feeding her sips of chicken broth which was quickly brought in. He drew her attention to himself as much as he could, giving his name and the city address, finding that by this means curiosity over the girl was diverted. He learned that the farm had lately been taken in exchange for city property and that his hostess' name was Jackson—Mrs. Willis Jackson. Her husband was in town for the day. She was a comfortable sort of person with a large faith in everything human, and took Maxwell and his passenger in on the broad lines of her confidence as if she had been his mother.

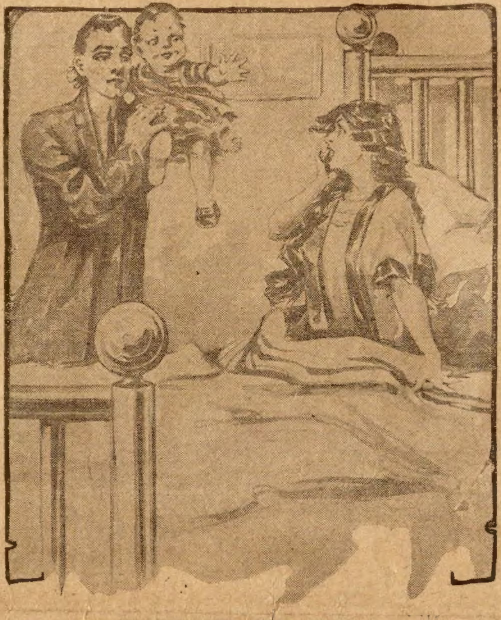
"You must leave her right here," was her refrain, "and I'll look after her. It's my opinion she can't travel for a week or so, and I presume to say she'll need a change of underwear, and maybe a kimono. You can bring them along when you come out again."

Maxwell, his face a study, nodded. He had never bought any underwear for ladies in his life. But now he must do it, he thought. For confession at this late moment was out of the question.

"I shall certainly come out every day and see how she is getting on," he said, determined to face the worst. "Still, a doctor may decide that an hour of rest will be sufficient."

"I don't believe it will," Mrs. Jackson declared. "But you go and call one and I'll abide by what he says. Call Dr. Branton—he's new but he's real good, they say."

So Maxwell stepped to the phone, that was in the little room beyond the diningroom, and summoned a physician for his charge.



He held the child up that she might see.

He was persuaded that his duty as assumed lover and betrothed of the girl would call for no stint of care to make her comfortable and to provide every necessity, even to underwear and kimono. To thrust the girl upon strangers by declaring his ignorance of her history became more and more a deed of blackness, more and more an impossibility. He waited for the doctor, a man newly come to the community, who confirmed Mrs. Jackson's opinion and forbade that the girl be moved for several days, at least. He said that she was suffering from shock, or else it was a nervous breakdown due to overwork. Here he eyed Maxwell with suspicion.

"Too many social duties," he said; "too much social swim. She's been going too fast—or else she has seen some horror that has brought this about."

"I am sure," Maxwell declared with some warmth, "that I do not know what shock or horror she could have experienced." He agreed to leave her at the farmhouse, promising to drive out every day and see how she was getting along. He was apparently as much mystified over the attack as any one present, and all this time the girl lay half conscious, with a fixed inattention, offering no speech because speech was now quite out of range. She knew that she was among strangers, but as to explaining herself memory utterly failed her, strive as she might to command it. Her efforts in this direction proved so futile and so wearisome that she dropped asleep in the effort of securing a certain elusive fact in which a little child with sunny curls prominently figured. Maxwell left her sleeping peacefully. The farmhouse was a haven of peace. It breathed rest and solicitude and motherliness such as he had not known in all his young life, and his motorcar turned instinctively toward it each day, as if it had been a creature of life loving the sun, the farmhouse representing that luminary.

The distraught lady was at "home" there. She settled into the hearts of the two elderly people, who received her as if she were a long lost daughter. She was in no pain. She made no further entreaty, no complaint over delay in completing the journey she had undertaken. And gradually a little color came into her cheeks. But her memory failed her when she tried to place properly the events leading up to her acquaintance with Maxwell, who came so frequently, bringing flowers and fruit.

When he stood at the foot of her couch she had a strange fancy that a little child peered at her from over his shoulder, now from the right side, now from the left, and if he still held his gift of flowers in his hand she asked if it was Easter time dimly aware that the season was close at hand. The little child she tried vainly to place in what seemed a misty past. When her

GREAT Order FULTON by Mail UNEQUALED
Kentucky's Straight Whiskey
Express Prepaid from Distiller to You
2 Gallons for $5. 3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need
send no money
We ship on 30 day's credit, if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. Full Quart Bottles of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3, 8 for $6, or 12 for $9.
FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 6 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by first mail.
IN A PLAIN BOX. FULTON STRAIGHT WHISKEY. 2 Gallons IN DEMIJOHNS $5 Or 4 Full QUARTS $3. MYERS PATENT
ADDRESS MYERS & COMPANY, Warehouse No. 172 COVINGTON, KY.
SOLE OWNERS U. S. REG. DIST'Y No. 22, 6TH DIST., KY. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof, must call for either 30 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.
Write for our book, "A Fair Customer," and price list—sealed

DEAFNESS TREATMENTS FREE
Read This Great Offer
Here's the best offer ever made to sufferers from Deafness — the great and generous offer of Deafness Specialist Sproule, the eminent authority on Deafness and Ear Troubles, who is giving away ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE, *500 of his famous Deafness treatments.*
This offer is absolutely honest and sincere.
Deafness Specialist Sproule has always had the deepest sympathy for the deaf, and he is now devoting his wealth as well as his knowledge to the aid of his fellowmen. His experience of nearly 25 years has shown that thousands of the very cases of Deafness—thought to be incurable, can be easily and completely cured by the proper methods, and the valuable Deafness treatments he is now giving away free will help many, many sufferers from Deafness to regain clear and perfect hearing.
If you are Deaf—if your hearing is troubling you in any way—write to him at once and get one of his great Deafness treatments right away.
No matter how discouraged you are over your trouble—no matter if other treatments and other specialists have failed to cure you—accept this wonderful offer of Deafness Specialist Sproule and *let him prove to you that there is indeed a cure for the deaf.* You run no risk whatever, for he will send you the treatment
ABSOLUTELY FREE
and you do not have to put out a cent. Don't miss this great opportunity—don't wait until the treatments are all gone, but send a postcard or write a letter today, for this generous gift, and you will receive a Free Treatment for Deafness by return mail.
Address Deafness Specialist Sproule, 306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

150 PARLOR GAMES - 83 TRICKS IN PARLOR MAGIC, 51 Amusing Experiments, 85 Puzzles, Rebuses, etc. A grand collection and our charming paper one year, all for 30c. EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept 35 Chicago

FREE EMBROIDERY CATALOG No. 10 Shows most complete and up to date line of Embroidery Designs, Supplies, Handkerchiefs, Household Linens, Etc.—over 2000 illustrations. It's FREE. Write today.
F. HERRSCHNER 6469 Marshfield Ave., CHICAGO.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT
You Can Easily Own a Diamond or Watch. Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write today.
LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. A784, 92 State St, Chicago, Ill.

20 BEAUTIFUL POSTCARDS 10c
No Two Alike—Latest Designs
Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Easter, Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cts. If you answer this ad immediately.
J. H. Seymour, 202 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

Mount Beautiful Birds
We can teach you by mail to mount and stuff Birds, Animals, Game Heads, Fishes, Tan Skins, etc. Just what every sportsman and hunter needs. Quickly, easily learned by men, women and boys. Cost very low. *Success guaranteed, big profits.* Free—New catalog and Taxidermy Magazine. Write today. Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 4151 Elwood B'dg., Omaha, Neb.

STEM WIND & SET Watch RING and CHAIN Free
Warranted Am. Movement Watch, engr'd case. Chain and Ring with Sparkling Gem, all free for selling 20 pkgs. Art Post Cards at 10 cents pkg. Other premiums if desired. We trust you. Write today for 20 packages. Address
REGAL MFG. CO., Dept. W-141, Battle Creek, Mich.

Join a Brass Band Everybody Invited
Here is the opportunity now for everybody who wishes to get ahead—to enjoy life and make money. We will give you inside pointers on how to join a brass band. Send today for Band Catalog, "Tale of Two Towns," information blanks about brass bands and the Whistle-o-phone, ALL FREE. Write today.
LYON & HEALY, 28-37 Wabash Ave. and Adams St., Chicago

125 Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For $10
If ordered together we send both for $10. Freight paid east of Rockies. Hot water, copper tanks, double walls, double glass doors. Free catalog describes them. Send for it today.
Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 128, Racine, Wis.

BOOKKEEPING IN TEN LESSONS
TAUGHT BY MAIL
At Home During Spare Time
PLEASANT WORK—SHORT HOURS
EARN $75 TO $150 PER MONTH
Few hours each week completes course. Diploma given. Free Scholarship to one student in each town who will represent our school. Send for booklet, "Key to Success"
LINCOLN COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, 634 NASBY BLDG., TOLEDO, O.

TAILORING Salesmen who are willing to accept $200 a month showing our big samples and taking measurements for the finest made-to-order suits and overcoats at the lowest prices. No experience needed. Our new plan gets the money. Big clear profit on every sale. Send today for big outfit and new money getting plan.
WARRINGTON WOOLEN AND WORSTED MILLS
173 Adams Street, Dept. 445, Chicago.

Pile Sufferers
MY FREE BOOK WILL HELP YO
No matter what disappointments you have had book explains thoroughly the successful treat various kinds of piles by the greatest Pile Remedy world, Dr. Hume's Home Treatment. complete cure without pain or operation and a guarantee is given in every case or money refunded. For 26 years this home treatment wonderful work, conquering the most stu Highest references on request. Write at *Free Booklet*, L, "Modern Methods," and
Dr. Chas. Hume, 17-21 Quinc
ESTABLISHED

speech came back as it did in momentary lapses of returning strength she told Maxwell of this strange little visionary visitor.

"It's a very pretty child," she said. "with yellow, curly hair and brown eyes, and sometimes when I am alone in the room the little fellow plays 'Kitty' with me and shows up first in one corner and then in another. Wouldn't you long to hold it in your arms, Mr. Maxwell? Such a sweet, dear little child—wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Maxwell owned, coming close to her couch and taking her hands gravely. He was thinking, now that the girl was so firmly ensconced in the hearts of her hosts, that he might safely make a clean breast of his secret and confess to good Mrs. Jackson that he really knew nothing about this beautiful woman, that he had traded on the good will of her faith for the sake of giving the girl the proper care and protection that her case demanded. He had fancied that the good woman of the house had greeted him rather gravely today, as if her suspicions as he guiltily believed, were already aroused.

"I do long to hold him so much," the sick lady continued; "I long to reach the child and take him in my arms, but he is so very elusive, just like a pleasant dream, and I am in a dream myself, so what can one do?"

Maxwell sat down and held her hands closely, warmly. His clasp so strong so firm sustained her wavering nerves and comforted her.

"I suppose," she smiled gratefully, "there is no lady to care if you do that. And tomorrow I am to be up and walk around—I am getting well, you see. Then I shall have no visions to tease me."

"Yes," soothed Maxwell, playfully slipping his own signet ring upon her finger and holding it up for her inspection.

At sight of it she smiled wanly. "Once—" she began, some memory haunting her, "there was a man—oh, there it is, the child, the pretty child!" she broke off eagerly, pointing to the vacant space just over his right shoulder. Maxwell did not turn. He soothed her with a cool left hand on her brow, with words of tender assurance, and presently she dropped asleep.

Mrs. Jackson met him outside of the door and beckoned. Into the shaded parlor he followed, and when she motioned to a chair he sat in it with a premonition that his sin was about to overtake him. His confession was uppermost in his thoughts, but confession was literally routed when she made a plaintive protest that amazed him.

"Mr. Maxwell," she said, "why didn't you tell me that this young woman is your wife? Why have you kept the truth from us and led us to believe you were only betrothed?"

"My w-wife?" he asked, amazed, "did she say that?"

"She has said nothing of the sort—poor girl—nothing of the sort," defended Mrs. Jackson with emphasis. Her severity was growing with advancing wonder. Was Mr. Maxwell to deny what she knew to be true, she wondered?

"Then why——" he floundered.

"The reason why I thought she was your wife is because she has been a mother."

This was a blow so sudden, so unexpected, that Maxwell could not suppress a start, however quickly he made effort to cover it with a cough and with starting to walk about the room.

"Didn't you know it, Mr. Maxwell?" she demanded sternly.

"No—no, I didn't. But I know—I almost know—that she has been married—she talks so much about a child." He glanced at the distrait face and stiffening manner of his companion and sat down again, adding contritely, "Fact is, Mrs. Jackson, I don't know the girl—but I do know that I love her. I think I must have begun to love her that first day I brought her here."

"The first day—then you are not married?" gasped Mrs. Jackson, bewildered.

"No, nor even engaged—I hope to be forgiven; I let you think she was my betrothed; I'm willing to pay you any price for all that you have most kindly done for her. I appreciate it more than I can tell you—and I will have a nurse out to attend her, or will take her away——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. Jackson, "I did not mean to suggest such an idea to you. But I am certainly going insane with this mystery, and I want to know, if she isn't married to you, then who is it—and where's the child?"

To which Maxwell, stricken with this amazing turn of affairs, could only shake his head. "I don't know," he said, "I don't know—I only know I love her."

Mrs. Jackson regarded him with eyes whose sternness seemed shaken with somethink like amusement.

"This is not the time for love, Mr. Maxwell," she declared, "for if you know nothing of her what right has love to rule your thoughts? If she has a husband, and a child, what utter folly is this you are talking?"

Maxwell owned to his weakness, as any big boy might to his mother, and then went on to tell how he had first come upon the girl on the public road, leading far out from Chicago in one of the loneliest places, and how he had frightened her by stealing upon her heels unawares. He explained his reluctance to leave her unprotected after he had failed to learn her destination. And how he happened to yield to the temptation of assuming to be her protector. Mrs. Jackson listened breathlessly, but was fast becoming greatly mollified at the certain touch of Maxwell's eloquence.

"Well, well," she said, "well—well! I never in my life was so taken in—never. But I can't say I blame you a might. You say you love her. That is absurd, of course, seeing she has been married. It is still Lent, Mr. Maxwell, and here is something for you to deny—something to give up. You will have her husband to reckon with—and where is he—and where the child?"

"Yes," repeatedly Maxwell bitterly, "where is he? I say he is no sort of a man to take care of a woman—to let her wander away in such a mental state. He doesn't deserve her!" he declared hotly.

"How can we tell? We must not judge him," Mrs. Jackson answered; "who knows but he is simply gone distracted over her absence and the child crying for its mother. One strange thing is, she has said twenty times how glad she is to be at home again, as if she really knew the place or had lived in it before. Could such a thing have been, do you think?"

Maxwell's face answered blankly. No one could do more than conjecture over the strange affair and await as patiently as might be the ultimate return of strength, for with that would come a memory that would set everything right. Meantime he feared his own part in the case would appear inexcusable when once it became public property. Still, he said that he cared little for public opinion.

"I'll tell you what we might try," he said after a thoughtful silence, "before disclosing this matter, for such a case will naturally create a whole lot of vulgar curiosity, don't you know—we might bring a little child to see her—some one from the town, or from one of the neighbors. This might serve to awaken the poor girl's memory—might strengthen it, don't you see?"

"Yes?" queried Mrs. Jackson, "then what?"

"If she could remember her name, or where she belongs," Maxwell suggested.

"You think the sight of a child would clear up that poor brain?" was the doubtful question.

"It might wipe out some of the tangles, I think. Whose child could we get, though?"

"It is doubtful—but we will try it anyway," Mrs. Jackson hesitated; "just step in and phone the doctor that you wish to try the experiment and see what he thinks about it."

The doctor approved the proposed plan and agreed to bring a Mrs. Jamison, with whom he boarded, and her small son, John Lincoln Jamison, when he came to make his next call. This would be on the following day and Maxwell arranged to be present at the hour designated.

Impatient to get direct results, Maxwell called the next day with his motor car, loaded them both in and drove out to the Jackson farm. Little John Lincoln was a sunny-haired child of two-and-a-half years, and his mother was able to give some interesting facts about the Jackson place—had visited there a great deal before her marriage, used to know the young folks who lived there, Molly and Edwin McNab. It was known then as the McNab farm. Edwin died of typhoid fever before the mother did. The father went West soon after Molly was married, leaving his farm in the hands of city agents to dispose of. He wanted to trade it for city property. And it seems that he did do it, too, for the Jacksons are from the city. No, she did not know the Jacksons. No, she did not know where Molly was living—her husband was a building contractor, she had heard, in Chicago, and lived on the North Side. But she knew nothing more definite about her. All of which did not affect Maxwell as specially related to the case he had in hand, but it served to pass the time as they motored back to the farm.

Arriving at the farm, they gathered in the parlor while the doctor went in to the patient. They heard him joking with her, praising her improved appearance, and presently he called to Maxwell to come and confirm what he was saying. This was the signal they waited for. So Maxwell, his heart thumping loudly at his ribs, arose with small John perched on his shoulder and obeyed the summons, while the others excitedly waited and listened in the parlor.

The patient lay smiling among several white pillows, her beautiful hair, brown and rippling, hovering close to her face, which was flushed lightly with the pleasure of seeing some one whom she liked, and Maxwell came in slowly, dreading he knew not what, the child laughing and struggling to get to the floor. At sight of the little fellow the girl's eyes widened to a frenzied stare.

"His name's John Lincoln Jamison," Maxwell said, setting him down close to the couch. At which the sick lady sat up and touched little John's face.

"John Lincoln—Lincoln——" she repeated, whispering huskily, as she caressed him; "Lincoln—Lincoln—oh, now I remember! I was in Lincoln Park—yes, yes—and I left my baby to go after something—I asked some one to mind him—I gave him away! Oh God, I gave my baby away—he's lost—lost—in Lincoln Park! Go, please go quickly and bring him back, Mr. Maxwell. Doctor, dear, please get my poor baby—I didn't mean to forget him—I was crazed—crazed with grief! Oh, doctor, won't you go and find my poor baby?"

Her suffering was pitiful, and her cries brought the others to the door and instantly Mrs. Jamison exclaimed:

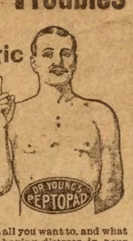
"Why, it's Molly—Molly McNab! Dear, don't you remember me?" She was kneeling and holding both hands of the sick lady, who, at the sight of a girlhood friend shed tears. They were good for her—tears of self pity, of grief, deep and painful, the first she had known for many a day.

"I must go back," she said, struggling up, while detaining hands fell gently upon her, but could not keep her from searching wildly about for her wraps until from very weakness she fell into Maxwell's arms. He held her then, thinking to quiet her.

"His father—the child's father—where is he?" he asked.

"He was killed—dead, dead—he fell in a building, fell from the fifth story in a building he was putting up, and he died instantly. That crazed me. They never even brought him home—they said he wasn't fit to be moved so far, but I went to see him. I didn't know what I was about that day in the park—we live close to the park, and we own our home, but I couldn't bear the sight of it. So went out—oh, John, little John Lincoln!"

In her kimono and bedroom slippers, that Maxwell had provided for her, she moved about, but stopped to caress the child in



Stomach Troubles Vanish Like Magic

FREE to Every Man or Woman

Would you like to eat all you want to, and what you want to without having distress in your stomach?

Would you like to say **farewell to Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache and Constipation?**

Then send us 10 cents to cover cost of packing and we will mail you absolutely free one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts. They relieve the bowels, remove soreness, strengthen the nerves and muscles of the stomach, and soon make you feel like a new man or woman. Suffer no longer but write today enclosing 10 cents for postage, etc., and get one of Dr. Young's Peptopads that **are celebrated** because **they have cured** where medicines alone failed. Write Dr. G. C. Young Co., 626 National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

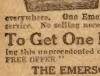
HEIRS Wanted at once. 50,000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Facts in Booklet 7. Send 2c stamp. Address INTERNATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY, Pittsburg, Pa.

MONEY IN POULTRY AND SQUABS **FOY'S BIG BOOK** tells how to start small and grow big. Describes World's Largest Pure-bred Poultry Farm; gives great mass of poultry information. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed 4c. in stamps. F. FOY - BOX 16 - DES MOINES, IOWA.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME. $1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. Ontario Veterinary Correspondence School, London, Can.

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it, tells the time on watch through cloth. Apparently see your fellow, best girl or any object through cloth, wood or stone, any distance, all climates; lasts lifetime; always ready for use. Price 25c, stamps or silver. L. KATHO CO., Box 2005, Philadelphia, Pa.

Watch, Chain and Ring FREE German Silver Mesh Bag, Camera, Skates, Bracelets, and many other useful presents given FREE for selling 20 packages of beautiful post cards at 10 cents per package. Order 20 packages today. **WE TRUST YOU.** When sold send us the money and select your presents from our big catalogue. COOK WATCH CO., Dept. 108, Chicago, Ill.



10 CENTS A DAY buys the Emerson Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Woodstock, Ill. $50 now—later the price will be $100. The best typewriter made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Emerson machine free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter, "Mail your FREE OFFER."

THE EMERSON TYPEWRITER CO.,
Box 20, ... Woodstock, Illinois.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

OLD COINS

$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Dept. 10, Le Roy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks; City Carriers; Postoffice; Customs; Internal Revenue Employees. Average salary about $1100. Short hours; annual vacations. Common education sufficient. Send your name immediately for schedule showing places of coming examinations. Free coaching. Franklin Institute, Dep't F 81, Rochester, N. Y.

CURE-ETTO

The powerful Anti-Pile Agent, quickly relieves and cures

PILES

You should not suffer longer when this new Absorbent process is guaranteed a sure method. We mean this and furnish proof and best references. Send today for **FREE** Medical Book and $1 Treatment sent **FREE** on trial, charges paid. After benefited pay $1.00, if convenient, otherwise pay nothing.

Nature's Most Powerful Absorbent.

HOME TREATMENT ASSOCIATION. Dept. C 35 INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

100 Proof
STRAIGHT
WHISKEY
Aged in
Bond

100 Proof
STRAIGHT
WHISKEY
Aged in
Bond

This Is The Biggest Whiskey Offer Ever Made

2 Full Jugs, 100 Proof $2.48

(FULL 128 OUNCES)

Straight Whiskey Aged In Bond

We absolutely guarantee these goods to be 100 proof, straight whiskey, aged in bond, so pure and mellow and of such high quality that you cannot duplicate it in the regular way for less than $3 to $3.50 per jug. Send us $2.48, Express or P. O. Money Order, registered currency or K. C. Exchange and we will ship you 2 full jugs, containing full 128 ounces, of this superior, 100 proof, straight whiskey, aged in bond. After receiving them, test these goods in any way you like—drink a part of it and if not entirely satisfactory, do not hesitate to return it and get your money back at once. Send your order today.

Martin Dist. Co., Dept. 100, Kansas City, Mo.

can save you half on your purchases. Write today for our latest price list.

$10.00 A Day Salary

is good enough for any man, isn't it? Yet hundreds of our live wire agents are making this much and more with our **new plan of taking orders for positively the highest grade strictly made-to-order men's suits and overcoats,** sold at one-third less than others charge. We can show any man who will work how to

Make Big Money

Our new plan brings orders quick. No waiting around. You get the orders every time—right off, no man on earth has this plan—that's why our agents make the big money every day.

We Supply Everything Free needed to start you right and make money right from the jump. You need no experience or capital. Exclusive territory. We send free our new outfit of samples, fashion plates, complete instructions and details of our **new plan that makes more money for agents than any one ever dreamed possible in the business.** Write now.

The Direct Tailoring Company
541 Schiller Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

P. S. Ask about our special offer which enables you to get all your own clothes for nothing.

How to Entertain Book with 250 Jokes and Riddles, 73 Toasts, 67 Parlor Tricks, 8 Fortune-telling Secrets, 52 Money-Making Secrets, 22 Funny Readings. All 10c Postpaid. J. C. DORN, 417 Dearborn St., Chicago, Dept. 17.

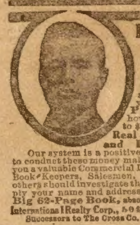
6 GREAT NOVELS FREE 1, Lady Gwendoline's Dream, 2, On Her Wedding Morn, by Charlotte M. Braeme, 3 The Refugee, 4, The Phantom Wedding, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, 5, Glen's Creek, 6, Ada Harcourt, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. These are six corking good love stories by these great novelists. They are six separate books. A whole season's reading. You get all six by sending 25c for a year's subscription to Everyday Life, our big illustrated monthly and 5c extra to help pay postage, etc., or 30c. EVERYDAY LIFE, DEPT 607 CHICAGO.

CORNET FREE! We guarantee to teach you to play by mail and will give you a Beautiful **Cornet** or any Band Instrument absolutely FREE. You pay weekly as lessons are taken. Instrument is sent with first lesson. Write to-day for our booklet and wonderful tuition offer. INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL 444 Musical Hall, Boston, Mass.

LAWN FENCE Many Styles. Sold on trial at wholesale prices. Save 20 to 30 per cent. Illustrated Catalogue free. Write today. KITSELMAN BROS. Box 429 Muncie, Indiana.

ALL FOUR RINGS given to anyone who sells 12 pieces of jewelry, at 10c each and when sold sends us the money $1.20. Send back any not sold. We trust you. CARTER CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH Hunting case, beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set, fitted with ruby jeweled movement. GUARANTEED 20 YEARS; with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. $3.95 20 Year Guarantee IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it without expense to you C. O. D. express charges paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Mention if you want LADIES', MEN'S or BOYS' Size. Address M. C. FARBER, B27, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.



I Can Increase Your Earnings

If you want an independent business of your own requiring no capital, mail your name and address and let me send you our **Big Free 62-Page Book** showing how you may earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year in the **Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business**

Our system is a positive success. It equips you to conduct these money making branches, and gives you a valuable Commercial Law Course Free. Clerks, Book-Keepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others should investigate this. Send no money, simply your name and address and I will mail you our **Big 62-Page Book, absolutely free.** Write today. International Realty Corp., 504 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago Successors to The Cross Co. and H. W. Cross & Co

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE

IMPORTED
MACHINE
WITH
63 VIEWS

Wonderful Moving Picture Machine with 2 films with 63 views. All Given Free for selling 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Get this fine outfit and earn lots of money. Write for jewelry. When sold return $2.40 and we send Moving Picture Machine and films with 63 views. Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 375, East Boston, Mass.

Remoh Gems

Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace — a marvelously reconstructed gem. *Looks* like a *diamond*—*wears* like a *diamond*—brilliancy guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid gold mountings. 1-30th., the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—*will cut glass.* Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—its free for the asking. Address—

Remoh Jewelry Co.
421 N. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

his mother's arms. She was herself again to all appearances, but suffered intense anxiety. Her sanity, however, might be temporary, and the doctor watched her gravely, fearing that at any moment the atrophy of speech she had when Maxwell found her, would again return. They promised her that the child should be found and restored to her, but begged that she go back to bed and keep quiet while they laid their plans, and no one noticed that Mr. Jackson, who had been a silent witness of all that was said, beckoned to the doctor and led him from the room. In the kitchen he began fumbling over a file of daily papers and finally produced those of a week or ten days ago.

"It strikes me," he said, as he separated these from the rest, "that I have read something—let's see—a week ago, was it, she came here, eh?" His wife had followed them and said it was eight days ago. So they searched eagerly through the columns, breathlessly and half faithlessly, doubting if such good luck as an early trace of the child could thus be found. Twice did Mr. Jackson go over the news columns of the issue they had selected and found nothing. Then he began again with greater care.

"Ah, yes, here it is! 'Woman Abandons Child in the Park.'"

"Read it—read it!" they urged, with hushed voices.

"A strange woman, evidently refined, and well dressed, wheeling an 18-months-old baby in a go-cart, requested two school girls to mind the child while she went back to her home, for her purse, which she had forgotten. Saying her home was but half a block away she left. After waiting until dark the girls notified the park police and the child was taken to St. Vincent's half-orphan asylum."

"That," said the doctor, "must be the child we want. There should be no difficulty in locating him—just let me have your telephone for a few moments. We can ascertain if the child is still there——"

By this time Maxwell and little John had come out to learn what was going on, and they, too, listened with the others while the doctor made tedious but necessary explanations and inquiry. Then with waves of hope and dobut surging over them they crowded around the receiver and each heard distinctly the voice in reply over the long distance line:

"Yes, we have such a child—brown-eyes, light curly hair, a year-and-a-half old, wore a white bear-skin coat and hood."

"Yes, yes!" a voice cried close to them, and looking up they saw the sick lady, her face radiant with happiness, standing in the doorway, "that is my precious child—my own baby!"

"Deary!" began Mrs. Jackson going to her.

"Will some one go for my baby—with me? I am to go, I must," pleaded the mother. Her eyes were on Maxwell.

"Dear heart," protested Mrs. Jackson, putting an arm about her, "you shall have the child as soon as ever we can get him. He is perfectly safe—you need have no fears or doubts. But you are not ready to go after him. Tomorrow you will be stronger. Wait until tomorrow."

"Yes, Molly dear, tomorrow—we will all drive into the city with you and bring the child away," Mrs. Jamison promised her, looking to the others for assent. They joined her in this, and in the end overruled the mother's wishes and led her back to the couch, while Maxwell made ready to take the doctor and Mrs. Jamison and little John back to town.

"What they determined to do once they were outside of the house was a different matter? It was Saturday afternoon and the city was twenty miles away but what was that length of good highway to a first grade motor car able to eat up miles as a cow eats buttercups? They set off therefore at a tearing speed to seek the child and to bring it home to its mother, and succeeded in their errand so well that, saying nothing of the rapture of the first meeting, Maxwell had the pleasure of knowing that on the morning of Easter Sunday mother and child were re-united and a new life had begun for both. He drove out in the afternoon to feast his eyes on the pretty sight, and was greeted with so much elation, so sane a happiness that he felt all danger was past, that there would be no more loss of mind and speech, no dangerous relapse, as they had all feared.

"This," said the sick lady, pressing the child into his arms, "is Edward Gordon. You see I have found out my own name, at last."

Maxwell laughed. "I liked you without a name," he said, lightly.

He was planning many other visits in the near future, but as for speaking of his love, he deferred it until the following Easter season.

WRITE TO THIS WOMAN

If You Want to Stop a Man From Drink.

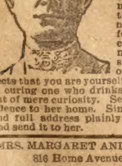
She cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors, and now she generously offers to tell you of the simple, inexpensive remedy that she so successfully used. The remedy can be given to the patient unnoticed so there is no publicity of your private affairs. She is anxious to help others so we earnestly advise every one of our readers who has a dear one who drinks to drop her a line today. She makes no charge for this help, she has nothing to sell (she asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. Of course, she expects that you are yourself personally interested in curing one who drinks, and are not writing out of mere curiosity. Send your letter in confidence to her home. Simply write your name and full address plainly in the coupon below and send it to her.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON,
816 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.

Name..

Address.......................................



BUCKWHEAT VS. PIE.

Bertha awaited the coming of her caller without much animation.

"He won't come many times," she said to her mother. "The other girls will get to inviting him, and they will feed him with layer cakes and pies and ice cream. The boys say it's just like a poorhouse here. We never give them a thing to eat.

"Well, if that's all they come for, I'd be mighty glad to have them stay away. Pie and cake and ice cream is unhealthy stuff, and I ain't going to have any in my house. This is no eating house."

Mrs. Willets snapped out this declaration and went upstairs to bed at her usual early hour. She relented enough to caution the two young boys, Richard and Bert, not to go into the sittingroom.

"Bertha's going to have a beau," she informed, "and you can sit in the kitchen and study your lessons."

They obediently went to the kitchen, but did not study.

"Who's coming to see Bertha?" asked Bert.

"Red Reymond. He's been out west for four years, you know. Been a cowboy and shot Indians."

"O, I hope Bertha keeps him for a steady."

"She won't," replied Richard, who had been eavesdropping, "because ma won't let her make any pies and cake and stuff for to eat."

"Huh!" commented Bert. "'Tain't likely he's anything like these farmers around here. He won't care for pie and cake."

"Bertha don't seem to keep a fellow long," lamented Richard. "Ned Price only kept company a month. He says he likes fat girls with red cheeks. Bertha's pale and thin, you know."

"That's not a cowboy's style," remarked Bert, who had taken to drawing books from a circulating library. "They like the delicate kind."

"O, yes," said the more material Richard, "look at that pancake batter once! It's more than slopping over."

"Well, you can't stop it, can you?"

"No; but it's a pity to waste it. Say, Bert, let's bake some cakes. I didn't have half enough supper."

"All right, and we'll make some coffee, too, and set the table and ask Bertha to have her beau out."

The boys immediately set to work and when things were ready they marched into the sittingroom where Bertha, distrait from her mortification at not being able to offer Red cake and pie, was ill at ease and inattentive. She welcomed the diversion of the entrance of the boys.

"Say," said Bert, "Richard and I got hungry and we are going to have a spread in the kitchen. Don't you folks want to come out?"

"Sure we do," responded Red promptly, rising from his chair with alacrity and following the boys.

Bertha obeyed with some trepidation.

"O Lord!" ejaculated Red when he came into the big, warm kitchen and smelled the coffee. "I do believe that's a stack of buckwheats. I used to dream about them when I was down in New Mexico."

Bertha's spirits arose. The boys had set the table nicely. The coffee smelled promising. There were a pitcher of cream and a jug of sirup on the table.

"Sit down," urged Bert. "I'll bake the cakes and Rich will serve you. Pour the coffee, Bertha."

"Say," inquired Richard, as he laid a golden-brown cake on Red's plate, "what did you call these? A what of buckwheats?"

"Stack," said Red, pouring about a pint of sirup over the cakes. "That's what they call them out West. Wheat cakes is a stack of whites. Poached eggs on toast is Adam and Eve on a raft—"

"Go on, tell more!" applauded Bert, waving a pancake turner excitedly in the air.

Red laughed and between cakes he related western tales to the boys' content.

"Say, these are the best cakes I ever ate, but I've just about reached my limit. Coffee's bully, too. It's cheered you up," said Red glancing keenly at the girl's bright eyes. "I was afraid I was boring you."

"No," explained Bert earnestly. "She's been feeling bad all day cause she couldn't give you pie and cake and ice cream. Ma won't let us have them."

"Good thing she don't. They aren't fit stuff for anyone to eat," declared Red as he went back into the sitting room with the light-hearted Bertha, while the boys ate their cakes, washed the dishes, added more buckwheat to the depleted jar and set things to rights.

"We've go to keep him. He's too good to lose," said Bert soberly.

"Is he coming again tomorrow night, Bertha?" whispered Richard from his bedroom as his sister came upstairs at a late hour.

"Yes," she answered happily. "It was just lovely of you boys, to think of the cakes. He's going to bring you each a present tomorrow."

"It'll be all right for him," prophesied Bert. "You leave the feeding part to us."

The next night the little brothers again ushered themselves into the sittingroom.

"We got some Adams and Eves on rafts," grinned Richard.

"Well, you are the best chefs I know," said Red approvingly, "and you bet you'll get a tip." He handed them each an Indian bow and arrows.

The menu consisted of a big platter of poached eggs on toast. It was Richard's duty to gather eggs and he had hidden a dozen of the day's find. The coffee Red pronounced to be a dream.

"Are you coming to tomorrow night?" asked Bert anxiously.

"If your sister will let me," laughed Red.

The next night the young cooks invaded a pot of Boston baked beans that was simmering on the stove, but on the occasion of the next call from their sister's beau the boys were at a loss for something to prepare.

"Talk about Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard," said Bert, dejectedly. "There ain't even pancake batter."

"Well, I just took a turn at the providin' today," announced Richard. "I split some wood for old man Lukes and he paid me with two quarts of cider that's just on the turn. It's hid out in the corn crib. And I was down to take Mrs. Dunn her mail and she told me to go to the doughnut jar and help myself. I got six."

"Bully for you, Rich. We'll dip the fried cakes in that dust sugar on the top shelf."

"They all grew hilarious together over the cider. Bertha's color rose as did Red's courage.

The next night as sister's beau came up the lane he was met by Bert. "Say," said the boy doggedly, "before you come in there's something I want to tell you."

"All right, my boy. Fire away."

"You see there ain't anything to eat tonight and we've run out of coffee, and I thought it only fair to tell you before you came in, so you could turn back if you wanted to. But it ain't Bertha's fault. It's ma that's stingy."

Red stared a moment and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"See here, Bert! You didn't think I came to your house to eat, did you? I came here because I love your sister.

"The first time I set eyes on her I said, 'There's the girl for me.' When I called that first night she was so quiet I thought she didn't like me. I was clean discouraged till you boys broke the ice with your stack of buckwheats."

"Does Bertha know?"

"Well, I reckon she does unless she's a mighty poor guesser, but I am going to ask her plumb out tonight, and I hope I'll be too happy to eat."

The Best Man.

The best man at a wedding, in the eye of the common law, is a sort of combination of agent and bondsman, and it is assumed that he is personally responsible for all of the arrangements, down to the smallest detail. In consequence, it has been held (Snodgrass vs Mulcahy, 33 Mass., 256) not only that he must pay "a decent and reasonable fee or honorarium" to the officiating clergyman, in case the bridegroom himself gets away before the reverend gentleman can snare him, but also that he is under a similar liability to the organist, the sexton and the caterer of the wedding feast.

If the church is too small to hold the crowd, and a horde of old maids fight for places on the sidewalk, he may be indicted for obstructing the highway (37 Ala., 17). Again, if he seeks to enliven the ceremony itself by unseemly buffoonery during the retreat down the Aisle of Sighs he may be indicted as a common rogue and jailed during the pleasure of the court. Yet again, he is liable by civil process for any damages that a guest may suffer by eating vulcanized chicken salad or any other deleterious victual at the wedding breakfast. (Moore vs Jackson, 72 N. Y.)

But this is not all, for the courts, with grim humor, have often held that the best man is actually a sort of surety or hostage for the bridegroom's good faith and intent. In other words, if the latter should, perchance, lose heart at the last moment and flee the sacred edifice, leaving his baffled bride sobbing at the altar, she may turn to the best man and demand that he marry her on the spot in place of the fugitive. (Magoon on Hymeneal Hazards.) Any constable or other officer of the peace may come to her aid, using physical force if necessary. And if, in the face of the bride herself, her incandescent mother and the allied gendarmerie, the best man still refuses to change his role, the bride may mulct him in heavy damages. (Thompson vs Sweeney, 56 Conn. 536.)

Such are some of the best man's liabilities. Let it be made clear, however, that even liabilities have their limits. It has been held by the courts, for example, that the best man cannot be forced to pay for the bridegroom's trousseau; nor is he required to kiss the bride's mother, nor even to notice her presence; nor yet to marry the maid of honor. Every normal maid of honor, true enough, assumes that the best man is her legitimate prize, but there is no warrant in jurisprudence for that assumption. Thousands of decisions are against it.

The Wit of Babes.

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what made the tower of Pisa lean?

Harold—I guess there must have been a famine in the land.

Liitle Eva—Mamma, didn't you say that if my new dolly got broke somebody would have to be spanked?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Little Eva—Well, she broke her arm today. Spank her, please.

Thelma, while visiting her grandmother, discovered a marble-top table in the parlor—the first she had ever seen. Running to her mother she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! Grandma has a table in the front room with a tombstone on it!

Three-year-old Mary had slipped on a rug, fallen and cut her forehead on the leg of an iron bed. The wound had been dressed by the doctor, who had used adhesive plaster plentifully, and Mary was sitting on her Aunt Mary's lap when suddenly she exclaimed:

"God made this head," pointing, "and I bwoaked it. I wonder what God thinks now?"

While the minister was preaching in a Western village a stranger with a big ear-trumpet entered the church, sat down on the pulpit steps and turned the big end of his trumpet upward. The minister's four-year-old daughter, who was present, kept her eye on the stranger until the congregation was dismissed. On the way home she said: "Papa, do you think that was Gabriel?"

Aids to the Sky Pilot.

"I've lost my way. Can you direct me to Newport?"

"See that purple cloud about ten miles east?"

"Yes."

"See that flock of geese about five miles south of the cloud?"

"Yes."

"Well, Newport is about ten miles below where those geese were when I first pointed them out."

Gains 30 Pounds In 30 Days

50c Package of Remarkable Flesh Builder, Protone, Sent Free To Prove What It Will Do.

It is astonishing to see the effects produced by the new flesh-increaser Protone. To put on real, solid, healthy flesh, at the rate of a pound a day, is not at all remarkable with this new wonder.

THE START
END OF SECOND MONTH

Protone Will Make You Nice and Plump.

Protone induces nutrition, increases cell-growth, makes perfect the assimilation of food, strengthens nerves, increases blood corpuscles, builds up, safely and quickly, muscles and solid, healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

For women who never appear stylish in anything because of thinness, Protone, may prove a revelation.

It costs you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of Protone. It is non-injurious to the most delicate system. The Protone Company, 3196 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich., will send you on receipt of your name and address, a free 50c package of Protone, with full instructions, to prove that it does the work; also their book on "Why Are You Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. Send coupon below today with your name and address.

FREE PROTONE COUPON,

This coupon is good for a free 50c package (all charges prepaid) of Protone, the remarkable scientific discovery for building up thin people, together with our free book telling why you are thin, if sent with ten cents in silver or stamps to help cover postage and packing, and as evidence of good faith, to
The Protone Co., 3196 Protone Bldg.,
Detroit, Mich.

Name..

Street..

City..............................State..............

NEW 1911 PATTERN

Signet Rings, just like illustration, warranted to wear. Initial engraved FREE. One sample ring by mail, postpaid, 10c.
BEST RING CO., Dept. B. Y.
83 Chambers St., New York City.

When a boy does go back to the farm he is usually accompanied by a wife and several children.

Be A Photographer

Earn big, easy money; no experience necessary—No dark room required. Brand new invention! Camera and complete outfit only one dollar. Send 2 cent stamp for sample and booklet. Address,
Irwin Camera Co., 105 E Water St., New York.

Watch, Ring AND CHAIN GIVEN FOR SELLING THIMBLES AND NEEDLES

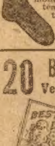
We positively give a genuine American Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 5-YEAR GUARANTEE, Sparkling Set or Plain Ring, all for selling 20 Silver-Aluminum Thimbles at 10c each, Paper of Gold-Eye Needles Free with each Thimble. Easy to sell. Write for them. When sold return the $2.00 and we will send the watch and Ring. Ladies' or Gent's style Chain.

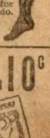
HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 100, CHICAGO

AGENTS $30 A WEEK

Selling our guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. A fast seller and good repeater. Four pair guaranteed to last four months without holes in heels or toes. Worn goods replaced free. Comer sold 36 boxes in two days—profit $12.60. Biggest snap ever offered to Agents. You can't help but make big money—no experience needed. We teach you everything. Write to-day for terms of free outfit. A postal will do.

THE THOMAS MFG. CO.
1917 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio





20 Beautiful Post Cards 10c
Very Choicest Gold Embossed

BEST LOVE
LOVE TO YOU
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Our prize collection of 20 most beautiful Sou-
venir Post Cards, in lovely colors and exquisite gold
embossed designs, all different, extra fine quality
and the prettiest collection ever offered: to intr
duce our cards quickly we send these cards and l
est catalogue prepaid for only 10cts; 5 pkgs
Seymour Card Co., Dept. 62, Topeka, K

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order- payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50, a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.85 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

875,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Beware of virtue that needs a press agent.

A stitch today may save a patch tomorrow.

If you must bet, let the cook hold the steaks.

Love laughs at locksmiths and frowns on the jokesmith.

The grave digger frequently finds himself in a hole.

Domestic troubles should be bottled for home use only.

Avoid pushing to the front by going back on your friends.

The theory that the good die young seldom worries a man.

Ever notice what poor care other people take of their health?

Even the temperance advocate is apt to kick about watered stock.

Most men prefer a well-formed woman to one who is well informed.

When a woman has an eye for the beautiful she hunts up a mirror.

The man who lives twice as fast as he ought to is apt to see double.

A man's word may be as good as his bond—and still be worthless.

People write a lot of things in a letter they wouldn't say to your face.

Lot's wife may have looked back—and then again she may have talked back.

And sometimes a girl thinks she has lost her heart when it is only her appetite.

You can't always measure a man's liberality by the length of the feathers in his wife's hat.

Then pen may be mightier than the sword, but both are capable of putting up a pointed argument.

A man can always find an excuse for doing things he wants to do that he knows he shouldn't do.

It may not be so bad if your views are one-sided—providing you always look upon the bright side.

A college education enables many a young man to refer to the allowance from his father as his income.

Many a woman who is ashamed of the kind of husband she has would be more ashamed not to have any.

Sometimes a girl gets even with a man for not asking her to marry him by telling her friends she turned him down.

The mothers of some girls must have short memories, or else they were so good when young that they didn't need watching.

The woman who spends more of her husband's money with the grocer than she does with the milliner isn't the worst kind of a wife.

A woman's fingers are all thumbs when attempts to get money out of her purse he purpose of paying another woman's are.

Three thousand actors are said to be out work, but there are still a few Pittsburg lionaires left to buy suppers for the [illegible]

The Runaway Wife;

Or, The Trail of Vengeance

(A Story of the Panama Canal and a Long Chase Through South America)

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, January 7. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

"THE SANTA MARIA."

AS the Santa Maria steamed into the port of Guayaquil, a tall, dark man standing at the stern turned to another who stood beside him, saying:

"Harkless, I wish you to send Smith to land tonight and see if Martin has left any message. Their steamer must have surely stopped at Guayaquil for some hours at least."

"I will do so," answered the detective, "though it is not likely Smith can locate Martin's messenger at night."

"Have him try, anyway," ordered Dioneza, for it was he.

Harkless hastened to join Smith, who was lounging in a steamer chair, an excellent cigar between his teeth, a discontented look on his face. He was somewhat disconsolate at having had to leave in such abrupt manner the dashing Inez. Harkless broke in on his musing with the order:

"Smith, the senor wants you to land at once and see if you can locate any messenger Martin may have left behind."

Smith rose, stretched himself lazily and asked:

"If I don't locate him tonight, what then?"

"Stay in Guayaquil until you do. I have the impression, however, that you will locate him tonight. With the name of the vessel on your cap, you will advertise everywhere you go that the Santa Maria has anchored, and any one on the lookout will have you spotted at once."

"Which means that I must make a tour of all the resorts frequented by sailors?"

"That's it. As soon as you get Martin's message, no matter at what hour of the night, return to the launch and wake me up if I have retired."

"Very well," and Smith departed.

Harkless, returning to Dioneza, announced that his order was being carried out, to which the Spaniard replied grimly:

"All right. I will give my orders to the captain."

Greeting the captain with his usual abrupt manner, Dioneza ordered:

"I want the vessel to be in shape to start at a moment's notice. Then I shall expect you to make good your boast that the Santa Maria is a record-breaker in speed."

"I shall make good," replied the captain, proudly, and he went to give his orders to his mate.

Soon the whole ship was on the alert. A feeling of expectation and excitement reigned everywhere.

Toward midnight Smith returned. He had finally located Martin's messenger in a third-class gambling hall, where he was trying his luck at roulette. The minute the man saw Smith and read the name Santa Maria on the cap, he quit play and advanced to the newcomer with the question:

"Has the Santa Maria anchored?"

"Yes," answered Smith. "Were you waiting for her?"

"I guess I was, mate."

"Then let's step out and talk it over," and Smith led the way from the close, ill-smelling room. Once without he asked, "Were you given a message for the owner of the launch?"

"Yes. Here's the letter, but I was told I'd get ten dollars in exchange."

"So you will," and Smith gave the promised money and took the letter, asking, "Is that all?"

"Yes, mate. The young gentleman who gave me the letter said he was very much disappointed he could not wait for his friend as he had promised."

"I'm not surprised, but business before pleasure every time. So long, mate. Hope you'll have luck and play the right color," and Smith hastened away.

As soon as he appeared on deck, Dioneza ordered of the captain:

"Lift anchor and make for mid-ocean. I will give you further instructions later." Then to Harkless and Smith, "Come to my cabin."

When they were alone with door locked upon them, Dioneza asked:

"Was there a letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give it to me."

Smith gave him the letter and Dioneza, though it was addressed to Harkless, tore it open and read with a frown of disappointment:

"Dear Friend:—I am sorry, but I cannot wait your coming. Much as I would like to finish the trip with you, I cannot neglect the business on hand. I must be in Tumbrez on a certain day, and in Paita at another fixed date, and could not have made it if I had waited your coming. I wish you could be with me of an evening. A newly married couple in the cabin adjoining mine furnish me with limitless amusement and entertainment. There must be some hole in the wall between the two cabins, for I can hear everything they say. The woman is called Anita, and the man's name is Ricardo. In spite of the fact that they are newly married, they quarrel frequently, the woman always being the first to make up. They only go on deck at night, spending the rest of the time in close confinement in the cabin. I will try to meet them at the very first opportunity, as I believe I would enjoy their company. They are going as far as Valparaiso with the steamer, then by rail to Buenos Aires, where they intend to locate, having sent the bulk of their money to that place. This assures me of continued entertainment for a part of the voyage, for having nothing else to do, I spend most of my time listening to their talk. I will tell you more about them when we meet. If it were possible, I would like my friend Smith to meet me before we reach Valparaiso, as I may decide to stop there for a few days and would like company, and I am sure Smith would enjoy the outing. So long, for the present. Your friend, MARTIN."

Then in pencil, hurriedly scribbled:

"P. S.—I met the turtle doves this morning, as they came on deck for the first time in broad daylight. Their names are Senor and Senora Giberza. The little bride is a very charming blonde with an extremely dark skin and fiery black eyes. One would almost think she was wearing a wig, so great is the contrast between the eyes and the hair. He is a middle-aged man with a clean shaven face and closely cut hair. I spoke to them and we are now in a fair way of getting very well acquainted. The Senora has asked me to bring her the latest papers from Panama. I shall do so if they are to be had. M."

Dioneza, after reading the letter over a second time, handed it to Harkless, saying impatiently:

"What does he mean?"

Harkless took the letter, read it and turned smilingly to the Spaniard:

"The meaning is very clear, señor. His next stop will be at Tumbrez, the next at Paita. The newly married couple of which he speaks are the fugitives themselves, as he later tells you that the woman's name is Anita and the man is called Ricardo. He has made an opening between his cabin and theirs, and in that way can hear everything they say. They quarrel frequently and only go on deck after dark. Their destination is Valparaiso, after which they go by rail to Buenos Aires, where they intend to locate. He thinks he will need assistance on reaching Valparaiso, and would like us to send him Smith, as he knows we can travel much faster than those who stop at nearly every port to load or unload merchandise. In the postscript he announces that he is on speaking terms with the pair, that the woman is wearing a blonde wig, and the man has shaved his beard and cut his hair and that they have asked for the Panama papers."

"Let me see that letter again," ordered Dioneza.

He read it over once more, nodding approval. Then throwing it on the table, he said:

"You are right. What we now need is to reach Tumbrez or Paita before they do and leave Smith there, then go on ahead to Valparaiso. I will give orders to that effect," and Dioneza rose and walked to the door.

"Wait a minute, please," said Harkless, taking up the letter again and scanning it closely, after which he added: "It's at Paita he wants us to leave Smith."

"How can you guess that?" Dioneza returned to Harkless.

"See, he has placed a small 's' beneath Paita. This indicates his wishes."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain."

"So much the better; it will give us more time. They will stop at Tumbrez; we will go directly on to Paita. I will tell the captain," and Dioneza left the cabin to give his orders.

"The excitement will soon begin," remarked Smith, when they were alone, to which Harkless replied thoughtfully.

"Yes. I only wish I knew how it will end."

"Bah! That's not our business," answered his companion, lighting a fresh cigar. "If we are paid for our work, that is all we need care about."

Harkless looked at Smith for a second without speaking, then he said:

"You will be more successful than I, Smith, in this work. I can safely predict a great future for you as a detective."

Smith felt complimented, though Harkless' real meaning was not lost upon him. He did not pretend to have a conscience or an oversensitive heart.

The captain of the Santa Maria made good his word, and the launch reached Paita almost a day ahead of the other vessel. Smith was put ashore and left there, the Santa Maria continuing its course without further stops to Valparaiso, there to lie in wait for the incoming steamer and further developments of the strange pursuit. Dioneza used the few days before him to further perfect his plans, Smith having been given private instructions of which Harkless was ignorant, but which Dioneza was sure the man would carry out, having correctly judged his real character.

CHAPTER XI.

STARTING THE BREACH.

Harkless had guessed rightly; Martin did not expect Smith at Tumbrez. He had landed as a mere matter of form, telling the Cabrenozas as he left them that he wanted to have a better look at the city

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

50 Assorted, High Grade Sample Post Cards 20c
B. Fitzgerald, 110 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Asthma REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 970 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

OUR LEADER Send 12 CENTS for a Dollar Pattern Ring. Rolled Gold Shell Signet, warranted for years, with raised scrolls on sides. Any initial engraved FREE. Pass for a $5 ring and all the rage. RINES CO., 48 W. B'way, N. Y.

Cancer How to treat cancer or goitre by a new home treatment mailed free to all sending address. Cedar Hill Sanitarium, 254 No. Broadway, Lebanon, O. We refer to any bank or business firm in Lebanon.

BOYS VIOLIN FREE! This fine, sweet-toned violin also white horse hair bow and box sent free for selling 20 pkgs. Art Post Cards at 10c per pkge. Send for cards— When sold, send $2.00 and Violin and Complete Outfit will be sent promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 1 Chicago

Greider's Fine Catalogue of pure bred poultry, for 1911, over 200 pages, 57 colored pictures of fowls, calendar for each month, illustrations, descriptions, photos, incubators, brooders, and all details concerning the business, where and how to buy fine poultry, eggs for hatching, supplies, etc., at lowest cost. Send 15c. B. H. GREIDER, BOX 34 RHEEMS, PA.

MORPHINE and other drug habits are successfully treated by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue Free by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00.
DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY,
1107 Holland Building. St. Louis, Mo.

FREE A WATCH RING AND CHAIN We give a genuine American Movement Watch Stem Wind & Set, Factory Tested, Guaranteed 5 years; also chain and a beautiful Signet Ring. All are free for selling 20 packages easy selling Post Cards at 10c a package. When sold send us the $2.00 and we will send you by return mail Watch, Ring and Chain absolutely FREE for your trouble. CRESCENT CARD CO., Dept. 211 CHICAGO, ILL.

Certain coins, stamps and paper money of recent issues bring enormous prices. A New York collector paid $10,000 each for certain coins of 1877, and others brought $100 to $6,200. Mr. Castle paid $4,400 for a stamp, and Mr. Ayer got $250,000 for his collection. If interested in large legitimate profits send a stamp for an illustrated circular. Address: VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. B BOSTON, MASS.
$10,000 FOR A COIN

A BEAUTIFUL 31-PIECE DINNER SET FOR A FEW HOURS WORK

Do You Want This Beautiful Dinner Set? Simply send us your name and address and we will send you one dozen boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE, in handsome tin boxes, also one dozen Beautiful Art Pictures (no two alike), stores usually charge $1.00 each for them. Sell the salve at 25c per box and give one picture free. When you have sold all, send us the $3.00 and we will send you this beautiful 31 piece dinner set. Every piece full size handsomely decorated with violets and gold border. WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE has been used by millions for over 15 years and is the best remedy known for cuts sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, colds, etc. This is an opportunity you should not miss. Write to-day.
Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 155, Tyrone, Pa.

made historical because, somewhere among the mangrove trees, Pizarro and his hardy followers had one day penetrated with their boat and begun the wonderful march known as the Conquest of Peru. As he had expected, he found no message awaiting him and no Smith. Then thinking that the Santa Maria, to make better time to reach Paita, would not stop at Tumbrez, he did not leave any message himself. Returning aboard, he assured Anita in his usual gay banter, that he had been disappointed because he had failed to encounter or even feel the presence of the shades of Pizarro or of any of his followers, having found a town much like all other towns of the coast.

They steamed on, the coast chains of the Andes, showing the sublimity of nature at rest, frowning but majestic, greeting their eyes and bringing to the sensitive Anita a feeling of oppression and dread she could not understand. When she spoke of this to her husband, he answered somewhat roughly:

"I hope you are not going to develop nerves, for, believe me, there is nothing more trying to a man than a visionary woman who is always full of presentiments and hunches. I will admit I was worried when we left Panama. Now I know that my fears were groundless, and I, therefore, intend to be as happy as an exile can be."

Anita said no more, keeping her feelings to herself, while becoming sadder and more depressed as they neared Paita. In vain she tried to chase away her haunting fears; they always returned more powerful, more precise than before. Being more intuitive than her companion, who was of the grossly animal type, having very little of the divine in his material and selfish nature, she sensed long before he did the impending danger. Only brutal facts could reach him; the more subtle language of the soul was a dead tongue to him.

The view of Paita, after entering the extensive bay, is a vision of barren sand hills, the town itself hanging over the water-edge like a weeping willow tree. The lack of verdure, the sameness of the cream-colored buildings were not conducive to relieve Anita of her depressed feelings. Later, however, in the harbor, full of life and bustle, she found momentary relief from her oppressive thoughts. The captain of the port, in his brilliant uniform, came out with his crew in their white caps, blue blouses and red trousers, to meet and receive the vessel, the whole brilliant array giving a dash of color and joy to the scene. Then over forty rowboats made for the vessel, the boatmen boarded it, crying in shrill tones:

"A tierra! A tierra, senor!"

"Shall we land, Anita?" asked Ricardo, moved in spite of himself by her sad, wistful eyes. "You might like to make a few purchases."

"I don't think it will be necessary for the senora to land for that," hastened to break in Martin, who this time did not want company at the landing. "You can get all you want from the women vendors who will soon invade the ship."

Even while he spoke they swarmed on the deck, clamoring out their wares, clay drinking cups, Panama hats, knick-knacks, limes and other fruit. In a few seconds Anita was excitedly driving bargains with a half dozen of them. Cabrenoza turned to the waiting Martin, saying:

"Useless to wait for us, Martin, the senora is too busy to think of landing."

Martin hastened away. The first person he met on the docks was Smith. They shook hands, pleased with the meeting. Then Martin asked:

"How long have you been here?"

"Almost two days."

"Where are the others?"

"On their way to Valparaiso. No change in the turtle-doves' plans, I hope?"

"None, though for the last few days the senora has seemed more worried and less gay than usual."

"Well, she'll be more so later on if we carry out her former husband's wishes. If I ever want to arrange a cruel little vengeance I'll call on him for suggestions. He is a past master in the art, and I judge he's just starting, too. The little Anita will regret she forgot her marriage vows."

"I must confess I'm almost sorry for the woman. That Cabrenoza is a tough old cuss or I don't know the breed."

"See here, Martin," broke in Smith, "in our business one can't afford to have an overstock of heart sentiment. My idea is that, after this affair, Harkless will quit the work and I shall take his place. I may want a partner, but I warn you right here that he will not be of the chicken-hearted sort; no wishy-washy fellow for me. That's what has stopped Harkless from becoming a millionaire."

"I understand what you mean perfectly, and I can assure you that one can be sorry even when obeying orders."

"That's better," replied Smith, relieved. "I was beginning to fear that the charm of a pretty face would make a fool of you. You are still young, you know."

"No danger," laughed Martin. "She's not my style. I like real blondes, not bewigged ones."

"That's better still."

"What are we supposed to do?" next asked Martin, for I judge from your remarks that we are to do something not altogether conducive to the senora's happiness and peace of mind?"

"You have partly guessed. We are to pave the way for his satanic majesty, Senora Dioneza, to get in his little work when we reach Valparaiso."

"I see. What is expected of us?"

"Of you, nothing. All you need do for the present is to introduce me as a millionaire American miner on his way to the Cape Horn gold fields; a man having money to burn and only two failings, love of drink and of gambling. You know me in a business way but not intimately, for to the end, no matter what I do, you must appear well in the eyes of the Senora Anita and you must keep her friendship at any cost, even if you must quarrel with me and even with her husband."

"I understand. What is the name of the millionaire miner?"

"My own. There are enough Smiths in the United States to make the name a disguising nom de plume, or rather, in this case a nom de guerre, for it is war on the happiness and peace of mind of the Cabrenozas on which we are now engaged. Now, come to the hotel and help me carry the suit cases, which are loaded with ammunition in the form of the best of champagne, the finest of brandies, the most expensive of liquors."

"I understand," cried Martin, pausing suddenly, then resuming his walk, he added: "I believe you will find the soil specially prepared for the seeds you intend sowing: the Senor Cabrenoza is never backward about taking a drink."

"Glad to hear it. How about cards?"

"I don't know. The subject has never come up, but he's a Spaniard, that is to say a lover of games of chance. I don't think you will have much difficulty in either direction."

That afternoon Smith was introduced to the Cabrenozas, and, in the evening which followed, he sought to create a favorable impression on both husband and wife. Anita, who in the excitement of her purchases had found a healthy diversion to her gloomy thoughts, laughed heartily at his witty remarks about the dryness of the country around Paita, where, it is falsely claimed, it only rains every seven years, for which reason the inhabitants, having no hopes of growing living palms, have painted a post to imitate one and have planted it on the hillside to give themselves the illusion of living verdure.

The next evening Smith invited Cabrenoza, Martin and another American on board to join him in an informal "smoker" in his cabin. Cabrenoza accepted with pleasure, glad of an evening away from Anita, the woman's clinging ways tiring him, now that he was thrown in constant companionship with her. She loved him too much, and was foolish enough to let him see it.

The "smoker" was a success, as was proved by the guests' staggering steps as they returned to their respective cabins. Martin, less drunk than he pretended, got close to the hole he had bored between his cabin and that occupied by the Cabrenozas, and listened to what Anita would say to her returning husband.

"Oh, Ricardo!" was all he heard from the young woman, but the pained accents of the voice struck home to his heart and he shook his head in silent pity.

"Now you shut up!" cried Cabrenoza, in thick tones of anger. "I will not take your reproaches or reprimands. You haven't the right to comment on the conduct of others, you who haven't at all times been above reproach."

The woman did not answer, but Martin felt that the words must have struck her like a lash.

"Poor thing, she'll surely pay high for her one moment of folly. That Cabrenoza is a brute and a cur and if I'm ever called upon to make him suffer I'll do the work with pleasure."

The scene was repeated night after night during the rest of the trip, but the second time the woman did not even utter a cry of reproach, sure as she was that it would only serve to call on her head a grosser insult than the one of the preceding night. If she did not reproach her husband, she suffered all the more cruelly, and her suffering, with the sleepless nights and the haunted days soon told on her face and form, the one becoming more sallow, the other less rounded, until Cabrenoza began to wonder, first to himself, then to his boon companion, Smith, how he could have ever loved that woman. The breach between the two was well started, and Dioneza would have but little to do to finish the work of destruction.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEETING.

At Pacasmayo, Anita, tempted by the apparent danger of the heavy surf, expressed

We never had a chance like this to furnish our home

The Old Folks Never Had Your Chance to own the things that go to make life worth living. Possibly you can remember how your mother had to skimp and save to get the money for the new parlor carpet—how she dearly longed for that beautiful bookcase that she had so set her heart on—but possibly never could afford. The purchase of a dining-room table, the parlor lamp, the piano or sewing machine, was a big event in her life. How many sacrifices she had to make to make home more cheerful, to brighten it up and make it attractive as the young folks grew older and began to have company.

In your father's and mother's time, the Spiegel, May, Stern Co. was in its infancy; today this same concern—with its combined capital of $7,000,000—with its 600,000 satisfied customers—with its mail order buildings alone covering over six acres of ground—with its 27 mammoth retail stores, stretching like a great chain across the continent—stands without a rival in its field—head and shoulders above all competitors.

We Trust Anybody, Anywhere, for Anything

WE SELL ON CREDIT EVERYWHERE—Wherever there breathes the love of home, in village, town or city. We sell everything for the home—furniture, carpets, rugs, refrigerators, baby carriages, sewing machines, or pianos. Three thousand tremendous bargains on credit at lower prices than ever were quoted for cash. You can have these home comforts now and begin at once to enjoy them. No need to wait for the money, simply pay us as you can—we charge no interest and ask no security. There are no collectors to annoy. Our dealings are confidential—no burden, no hardship, no drain on the pocket book. We take absolutely all the risk. We only want the chance to prove to you that we can sell on credit at a lower price than you can buy anywhere else for cash.

30 Days' Free Trial

Our plan of sale binds you to nothing. Whatever you select can be used for one month before you decide to buy it. Every article is sent on approval. You not only see it, but use it. Think of the advantage of having the new stove, the couch, the rug or the bed, for a whole month's free use, while you decide whether or not you want to buy them. No one to bother you, no one trying to sell them to you, no hurried examination in a crowded store while an impatient clerk waits for your order, no tiresome shopping or snap judgment—but in the quiet of your own home with your family and friends to consult, you can make up your mind by actual test and use. If the article for any reason is unsatisfactory simply send it back. Compare the price anywhere you please and if ours is not 20 to 50 per cent lower, don't keep the articles at all. You are under no obligation—the month's use will not cost you one penny—we leave the whole thing in your hands.

Cash Factory Prices on Credit

We guarantee on every article a saving of 20 per cent to 50 per cent. This means that we undersell mail order houses selling for cash—your local stores cannot be compared at all, because they are enormously high. Our tremendous buying power gives us the control of the world's markets in our line. We buy the entire output of scores of factories, and by doing this, we are practically able to dictate our own prices and fix our own costs. It would bankrupt any lesser concern to even attempt to meet our prices, and our cast iron guarantee stands back of every claim we make.

References. The name Spiegel, May, Stern Co. has become a household word. But for the benefit of those people who are not acquainted with us, we give as references the following:

National Bank of the Republic, Chicago; National City Bank of New York; First National Bank, Kansas City; National Bank of Commerce, St. Louis, and Atlas National Bank, Cincinnati.

Best of all, ask any of our 600,000 customers.

SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO.
1209 35TH STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE—NEW $17,000 BOOK

SEND NO MONEY—NO STAMPS. Simply mail us the coupon printed below. We will then mail you our great big portfolio fresh from the presses, picturing over 3,000 bargains for the home. This book is something more than a mere catalog. It is full to the brim of ideas and suggestions that any housewife will appreciate—economies in buying and arrangement—pictured true to life; numerous full page illustrations in twelve colors.

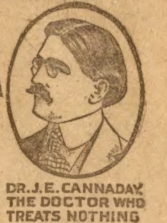
We have a separate book showing seventy styles of stoves and ranges from 89c up. If you want this stove book also, let us know.

Cut Out This Coupon

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1209 35th Street, Chicago

☐ Mail me Free of Cost your new Spring House-furnishings Book.
☐ Mail me your stove book.

Name____________________
Post Office____________________
State____________________



I Guarantee to Cure ECZEMA TO STAY CURED!

It is also called SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRURITUS—these are different names, but all mean one thing—ECZEMA.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, THE DOCTOR WHO TREATS NOTHING BUT ECZEMA.

I prove every word that I have said—I give to every sufferer

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do: I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

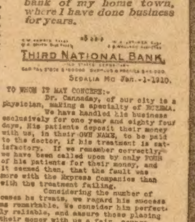
MY BOOK

In the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
911 Park Square
Sedalia, Mo.

Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.



THIRD NATIONAL BANK,
SEDALIA MO Jan.-1-1910.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:-

Dr. Cannaday, of our city is a physician, making a specialty of ECZEMA.

We have handled his business exclusively for one year and eighty four days. His patients deposit their money with us, in their OWN NAME, to be paid to the doctor, if his treatment is satisfactory. If we remember correctly, we have been called upon by only FOUR of his patients for their money, and it seemed then, that the fault was more with the Express Companies than with the treatment failing.

Considering the number of cases he treats, we regard his success as remarkable. We consider him perfectly reliable, and assure those placing their money with us a fair, square, business deal.

Yours truly,

FREE OFFER—CUT HERE

Dr. J. E. Cannaday,
911 Park Square
Sedalia, - Mo.:

Please send without cost to me prepaid Free trial treatment, also copy of your Free Book.

Name.................................
Address.................................
....

Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

Does the Washing all by Itself

YOU can sweep or dust or do up the breakfast dishes while the Nuway Washer does the washing for you. The work is done—not by your arms and back—but by the steam in the wash boiler.

In about 20 minutes you take the clothes out of the boiler, rinse and blue and hang up to dry.

That's all there is to this wonderful new way of washing.

No rubbing.

No turning of any crank or handle.

No swinging a heavy tub back and forth.

No work at all. No time taken up.

Just put in the clothes.

The Nuway Washer does the rest—all by itself. And your clothes will be whiter—more snowy—less "yellowish" than by any other way of washing.

PLACE the washer in your boiler and put the clothes in around it. As soon as the water boils the steam forces the hot, soapy water up through the opening at the top and the force of suction then keeps the water circulating.

If all this isn't true, YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

This startling discovery is so simple that it costs less to make and less to buy than any other washer.

It's all in one piece. No springs, wheels, cogs or levers. No moving parts. Nothing to break or get out of order. It lasts forever.

Here's How It Works

See the picture

It keeps the boiling suds and water rushing and sucking through the clothes—through and through again—at the rate of FIVE GALLONS PER MINUTE. No dirt or impurity or discoloration can stay in your clothes against pressure like this. YOUR MONEY BACK. A signed Guarantee goes with each Nuway Washer to refund your money if you are not pleased.

THE NUWAY WASHER
Price $5.00.

You will find a great deal of help in our famous book, "Wash Day Hints." A postal will bring it. If wash day bothers you, send the postal today. Be sure to get this book. Send today to Dept. H

T. H. E. SALES COMPANY, 71-73 W. Broadway, New York

STAMP PHOTOS

We will put your name on them free. The greatest novelty of the novelty age.

Have you a Cabinet Photo or a postcard? If so why not have some Stamp Photos made. They will be perfect reproductions of the photo you send. They are also perforated and gummed, just like a postage stamp. We will offer them to you to introduce them at

One Cent Each
IN LOTS OF 100 ONLY.

Send us your photo and one dollar bill and we will make them up immediately. Try them, you'll like them. Your money back if not satisfied. Your photograph positively returned uninjured. We will put your name on them Free of charge.

W. C. Watkins & Co., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

Callous the bowels with harsh cathartics, and you'll need physic always. Help them gently, with candy Cascarets, and you'll need them rarely. Once learn the difference and you'll never take a harsher laxative than these. 856

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores.
Each tablet of the genuine is marked C C C.

Medicinally Pure and Wholesome

Catalog On Request

Been At It 20 Years

Over 125,000 People

Are regular and satisfied customers for Rieger's Pure Old Monogram Whiskey—there couldn't possibly be a better testimonial to its exquisite smoothness, mellow flavor and absolute purity. Only purity and age is a guarantee of *good whiskey* for medicinal purposes—the purity of Rieger's Monogram is guaranteed by us under the Pure Food Law while its age is guaranteed by our twenty years in business. You can buy

RIEGER'S PURE OLD MONOGRAM WHISKEY

At Wholesale Prices

Send us an order for Rieger's Monogram—test it for flavor, smoothness, and all the essentials of *good whiskey*—use half of it and satisfy yourself. If you are not thoroughly convinced that it is the finest whiskey you ever used, return the balance at our expense—your money will be refunded without question.

J. Rieger & Co.,
1508 Genesee Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

We Prepay The Express

8 Qts Rieger's Monogram Private Stock $5

4 Qts. Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine $3

FREE With Each Order :: ::

Two sample bottles of Rieger's Fine Monogram Whiskey, Gold tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Corkscrew.

RIEGER'S Monogram EXTRA FINE Whiskey BOTTLED BY J. RIEGER & CO

Dr. Rainey Gives You A $1.00 Bottle of His Vitality Tablets FREE

The Best Remedy Known for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.

Dr. Rainey says: *"I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weaknesses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."*

STOMACH TROUBLES—Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Lost Appetite, Bad Taste or Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Gnawing, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, Food Disagree, Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets**, and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD—Pimples, Blackheads, Sores, Blotches, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Lips Blue, Specific Blood Poison, Eczema, Malaria, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chilly, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated? You surely need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets**. They restore strength and fibre to the blood, so it will furnish nourishment to the whole body.

THE NERVES—Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling When Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Melancholy, Despondent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Weak Trembles, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Neuralgia, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets**. They restore nerve tissue to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you feel full of life, vigor, ambition, and many years younger.

HEART—Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma? Get **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.**

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Watery Discharge from Stomach, Spit up Slime, Nose Runs, Sneeze, Bad Odor, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Loins or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Get **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets** at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS—Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scrawny Neck, Dyspepsia, Thin Blood? **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets** build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you gain 5 to 25 lbs. Will greatly improve your appearance.

NO SECRET FORMULA—The days of secret preparations are numbered. I give the formula of my Vitality Tablets on each bottle. Nothing to hide.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the stomach, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system; generate vitality, create nerve force, restore full strength and vigor, so you can enjoy life's pleasures to the fullest. Contain no injurious drugs. **Guaranteed under U. S. Food & Drugs Law (Serial No. 21066.)**

I not only send you a Free Dollar Bottle of Vitality Tablets, which contains 120 tablets, **but also a Free box of my Laxatives, Improved Formula.** I ask only that you send 10c, stamps or coin, to partially defray cost of postage and packing on the 2 medicines. Don't delay writing. **Send today.**

This Bottle is Absolutely Free! I will never ask you to pay for it. Nor are you under any obligation to buy more tablets. After you have tried this thoroughly, if you are satisfied the medicine is all I claim, I know you will be only too happy to continue until health, strength and vigor are completely restored.

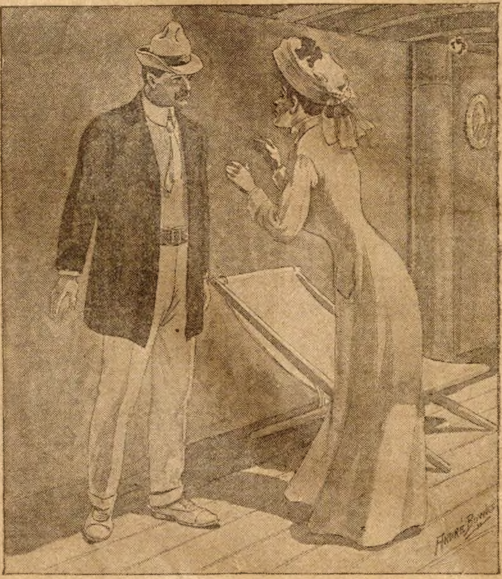
DR. RAINEY'S Vitality Tablets IMPROVED FORMULA BRING VITALITY STRENGTH VIGOR. CURE STOMACH, BLOOD AND NERVOUS DISORDERS PRICE $1.00

COUPON FOR FREE FULL $1.00 BOTTLE—Sign and Mail At Once!

Dr. James M. Rainey, (Inc.), Dept.16 , 152 La [illegible] street, Chicago, Ill.: I enclose 10 cts. for post-
e and packing. Send at once by mail, in plain package, $1.00 bottle of DR. RAINEY'S VITAL-
Y TABLETS, IMPROVED FORMULA, also FREE BOX OF DR. RAINEY'S LAXATIVES,
ROVED FORMULA, without cost or obligation to me. Also your FREE HEALTH BOOK.

E ....

SS ....



"You are taking my husband from me."

the desire to land, to which her husband answered:

"Are you mad? Of all the ports we have thus far visited this is the least inviting, because of the raging surf."

"That's just the reason I want to land," replied Anita. "I want excitement and those tumbling waves seem to promise it."

"If that's the case suit yourself, but if you find a grave beneath those tumbling waves don't blame me, as I neither suggested nor approve of the trip," and he turned his back on her, addressing Smith, who stood nearby.

Hot tears came to the young woman's eyes, his heartless indifference cutting her to the heart, but pride came to her rescue and the tears were bravely forced back as she said, trying to smile:

"Then I have your permission to land?"

"Certainly: if you can stand it I can," replied Cabrenoza without turning around.

Martin, overhearing the conversation and knowing he was supposed to follow Anita wherever she went, said to the young woman who was biting her lips to conceal the quiver of pain caused by the man's brutal answer.

"I also long for excitement, senora, and I hope you will not object to my joining you on the jaunt?"

"I not only do not object but am delighted to have your company," she replied, happy to find that she was not deserted by every one.

Cabrenoza turned around with an angry frown on hearing Martin's request, but when Anita answered in the affirmative, his swarthy cheeks flamed red, his eyes narrowed and he called to his wife, who was walking away with the young man:

"Anita, come back!"

She paused, surprised, wondering what he wanted, half hoping he was going to plead with her not to make an attempt which might endanger her life.

"Did you call me?" she asked.

"Yes; I have changed my mind; I forbid you to go."

"What for?"

"That's none of your business. All you need to know is that I don't want you to land."

Smith and Martin stood looking, first from one to the other, wondering what was going to happen. They saw Anita's cheeks flash red, then, with the blood receding in violent flow back to her bounding heart, they became deadly pale. For a second she did not speak, anger, surprise, suffering, leaving her speechless. The next the worm turned, the woman's Spanish pride came to the rescue of her cowed and submissive love, which, until then, had stood everything from the beloved man. With a proud toss of the head and a dangerous flash of the eye, she answered:

"I am sorry to disobey your wishes, Senor Giberza, but I am going to Pacasmayo whether you wish it or not. Come, Mr. Martin."

Cabrenoza leaped forward with a Spanish oath and would have tried to use brutal force to enforce his command, had not Smith pulled him back, saying:

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Giberza! See, everybody is looking this way. A scene would be out of place. There is nothing out of the way in what she is doing."

Cabrenoza quieted suddenly, as he saw the eyes of several passengers fixed upon him, but his anger for being repressed was none the less violent.

"I'll show her!" he muttered beneath his breath; "I'll show her, to thus disobey me and go off with another man!"

Smith, overhearing the remark, smiled. He was carrying out Dioneza's instructions to the letter, and Martin was unconsciously helping him. Cabrenoza's jealousy was aroused. That he no longer cared for the woman was evident, but she was his wife, therefore he would be all the more watchful of her honor and his.

Meanwhile, Anita and Martin had entered the canoe of a native boatman and were being rowed to land, the frail bark seeming perfectly at home on the tossing waves, much to Anita's disappointment, who had hoped, in the despair of her heart, that a merciful death would spare her the return to the angry man she knew would make her cruelly suffer for her moment of rebellion. Martin, wishing to divert her thoughts from her troubles, pointed out to her the curious sight of the millions of sea-birds sporting on the waters, flocks of pelicans dashing from the water like an inverted whirling pyramid and hanging over them like a cloud as they made their way to the landing.

For the next few days after her escapade, Anita did not appear on deck, Martin telling Smith that Cabrenoza had struck her unmercifully and that it had been all he, Martin, could do not to interfere and give the ruffian all that was coming to him. To which Smith had replied:

"Never interfere between husband and wife, Martin; it does not pay; you don't even get thanks for your trouble."

"I don't see why the woman should come in for all of Dioneza's vengeance; the man is as much if not more to blame."

"Have no fear; his turn will come later."

"Well, I hope I'm detailed on the job. I believe I would enjoy paying him back in his own coin, all that he is making the little woman endure."

"I shall tell Senora Dioneza," answered Smith. "Until then don't let your feelings get the better of your reason."

At Callao, Smith, wishing to give Dioneza as much time as possible to reach Valparaiso and arrange his plans, induced Cabrenoza to land for a few days and make a visit to Lima, the capital of Peru, using as an inducement that gambling was carried on on a high scale in the city. Cabrenoza, in whom the love of gambling had been fully aroused by his ceaseless winnings from Smith in their nightly poker games, was delighted with the prospect, and at once informed Anita of his intentions. She tried to object, but with one of his cruel looks he silenced her. The experience of the week before was too fresh in her mind for her to have courage to argue with the brutal man. Martin, pretending to have business in Lima, followed them to land, thereby increasing tenfold Cabrenoza's jealousy and hatred.

For the next week Anita saw very little of her husband, his habit being to leave her in the morning only to return late in the night, flushed with drink, irritable and nervous over his losses at cards and at roulette. As to Anita, she spent the greater part of her time in the churches, of which Lima boasts some thirty odd. There, prostrated for hours before the altars, she would raise her voice to heaven for pardon and for help, finding some consolation in her religious fervor. On Sunday, urged by Martin, she consented to attend with him a bull fight, but the spectacle of blood disgusted her and she returned to her churches and her praying as a surer means of consolation.

They did not leave Lima to resume their journey until Cabrenoza had lost all his ready money, being even forced to borrow of Smith the price of his passage and Anita's to Valparaiso, promising to return the amount on reaching that city, in which he would have a draft cashed. To Anita's many causes of worry another was now added, the recklessness with which Cabrenoza spent his money would soon leave them destitute in a strange country. This pushed her to make one desperate appeal to Smith, imploring him to cease leading her husband astray. One evening, a day or two before reaching Valparaiso, finding Smith alone on deck she went up to him, resolutely asking without a preamble of any sort:

"Mr. Smith, what have I done to you that you thus take pleasure in ruining my happiness?"

"What do you mean?" asked Smith in startled surprise, fearing for a second that she had guessed his real character and intentions.

"You know what I mean," she answered hurriedly. "You are taking my husband from me, leading him into evil ways, making of him a drunkard and a gambler." Then, with a sudden break in her voice, she added pleadingly: "Don't do it. Pity me: he is all I have on earth; I gave up everything for his sake; everything, do you hear? And now that I am alone and adrift in life, I need him more than ever. I cannot cope with the world alone. I therefore come to you, hoping that you were not realizing just what you were doing."

In spite of himself Smith was moved by

the young woman's piteous appeal, but the next minute remembrance of his duty to the man who was paying him so liberally came to him, and he called Cabrenoza, who was coming toward them, saying with the assumed indignation of hurt feelings of a misjudged man:

"Giberza, pl[illegible]re the senora that she has misjudged m[illegible]"

While her husband was advancing, Anita cast on Smith such a look of misery and despair that he felt abashed and ashamed. But he had gone too far to retreat, and when Cabrenoza came to them he repeated word for word the reproaches addressed to him by the young wife. Cabrenoza fell into a rage, calling Anita the vilest [illegible] think of until she had to retreat to the cabin in tears and despair, feeling herself more alone, more abandoned than ever.

In this abandon and this despair the kindness and tenderness of Dioneza, during her marriage to him, returned ceaselessly to haunt her memory, showing in the comparison between the past and the present [illegible]d by happiness without [illegible] she had [illegible] up the [illegible] ignoble, [illegible]ty for shame. In this condition of [illegible]nd of soul, the one weakened by misery, the other crushed by despair, Anita Cabrenoza landed with her husband in Valparaiso, "Vale of Paradise," as it is called in Spanish, but which to her was to be a modern Mount of Calvary.

The friendship between Cabrenoza and Smith continued stronger than ever, and after the draft had been cashed the two men spent the greater part of their time in gambling halls. Anita was left alone in the hotel, Martin having supposedly continued the journey to Buenos Aires, though he had only gone as far as Lota, then returned in disguise to Valparaiso, where he was still occupied in shadowing Anita and reporting every one of her movements to Harkless, who, with Dioneza, was stopping in a private home, leased by the latter for two months.

When the Cabrenozas had been in Valparaiso about two weeks, Dioneza said one morning to Harkless:

"I think it is time for the truce to cease. I must let my former wife and her new husband know of my presence. Arrange with Smith that I dine with them in a private room of some cafe some evening this week."

Harkless did as he was bid, and that very afternoon Smith, having received his instructions, said to Cabrenoza:

"I would like you and the senora to join me at dinner to-morrow night. I met a former friend and would like you to meet him."

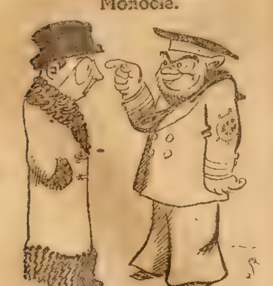
"Why bother with the senora?" suggested Cabrenoza, who wanted to spare himself as much as possible the sight of the young woman's sad, wistful face. "We could have a nicer time if there were only men."

"That may be true," replied Smith, "but I want to make my peace with the senora and this is a splendid opportunity. Please see to it that she comes, as I would be greatly disappointed if she did not."

Thus urged, Cabrenoza would not hear of his wife refusing, and in spite of her protests he insisted on her coming, almost making a scene as he scolded her for not liking his friends and trying to make herself disagreeable to those he liked. She gave in, and at the appointed time they were shown into a private room of a fashionable cafe, where Smith was already waiting for them. Another man was there, also, but his back was turned to them, and while the waiter was taking Anita's wraps, his face remained hidden from them. It was only when the waiter had left that he turned, rising as he did so. Two cries of nameless terror greeted him, Anita, half fainting, clinging to her husband's arm, while he, livid and trembling, stared wild-eyed at the sardonically grinning man who faced them.

This extraordinary story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Strange things happen, read it. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

Monocle.



Cholly Glim—Beg pardon, my good man, but how can I find the customs office?

Jack Tar—I'll tell ye, mate; shift yer lantern from starboard to port and foller the twist in yer face.

Gypsy Fortune Telling.

The fortune telling of the gypsies, or "dukkering," as they themselves call it, is a wonderful thing, [illegible] undeniably supernormal which reads "past, present and future, yer wish an' all ye want to know." But, though the Romany's gifts are marvellous, they cannot strictly be said to be related to psychical phenomena. Yet they are as interesting, being delightfully human and as mysteriously baffling as East Indian jugglery.

The Romany's usual method of divining the future is by the palm, though it is sometimes by cards, sometimes by dropping coins into clear water, and again by certain charms, varied by trifling sleight of hand performances. In the gypsy's palmistry there is no book learning and little "science," although she professes to attach some importance to the lines of the heart and life. For the lines and mounts gypsies have their own explanations, which sometimes happen to coincide with those of the ordinary gorgia palmist, but which for the most part are not to be found in any written book.

It is almost entirely upon face reading and a cultivated, keen, ready perception of general characteristics that the gypsy depends. Nothing escapes her quick eye and brain. The bearing of a stranger, the dress, speech and manner, the expression and type of feature and a thousand details which would be overlooked as unimportant trifles by a gorgio, count with the Romany. She refuses to "dukker" before more than one person at a time, possibly on the plea that she belongs to a "secret order" which forbids it, or that a fortune told in such manner would not come true. These statements, though deliciously appetizing, are lacking in truth, for the fact is only that she needs the undivided attention of the one who consults her in order to get the best results of concentration of mind. In justice to the gypsy, it should be taken into consideration that [illegible] of curiosity [illegible] is not conducive to success in the exercise of any profession.

The Romany fortune teller is an adept in the art of flattery, for there are few exceptions to the rule that nothing is so interesting as one's self. The gypsy knows how to draw out unconscious admissions or confessions by her oft-repeated, "Do ye on'stand' me?" and "Can ye look me in the eyes an' say it is not the truth I'm a-tellin' you." She forces the acknowledgment of truths at which she has already shrewdly guessed, and such admissions are the stepping stones by which her knowledge grows from more to more." She can, for instance, recognize at a glance the tokens of sadness to which the casual observer is blind, and whether the unmistakable stamp is from sorrow by visitation of death or the result of bitter earthly disappointment, the odds are that the gypsy will make the sitter tell her without being aware of having done so.

As a rule, as I have said, she flatters with brave promises of fair future, but if displeased she may so threaten with the vigorous compelling, dramatic art of which she is complete mistress that the horrors conjured from imagination stand out before the "doomed" hearer with the real effect of a curse.—Century Magazine.

A WINTER WOOING.

In the chill of gray Decem[illegible]
I was bent on doing
What I wanted most—remember,
'Twas a winter wooing!
She was pretty, chic and s[illegible]tly
As a playful kitten;
I her hand requested [illegible],
And I got the [illegible]
Yet I do not sit in sor[illegible]
Sighing like a bellows;
For I need not much to bo[illegible]
[illegible] the other fellows
[illegible] keen regret I'm bi[illegible]
[illegible] a single minute—
It [illegible] I got the mitten
But [illegible] hand was in it!

Insult to Injury.

"Well, Richboy is married at last. He was an excellent catch."

"Yes; and all his former flames are dead sore."

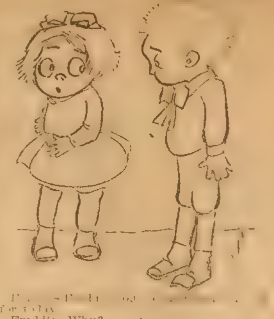
"Why should they be vexed? He couldn't marry them all."

"No; but it seems his bride took their various locks of hair and had them made into a set of puffs."

Easy.

"How the dickens am I to open my oysters? Ah! Happy thought! I'll yawn, they say it's catching."

Too Busy.



[illegible]

Freddie—Why?

F[illegible]—'Cause I got a bag of candy here [illegible] 'spect will last me until to[illegible]

Father of the Man.

Miss Amelia Austin listened with breathless attention to Mrs. Amasa Hunting's radiant account of the doings of James Hunting, her husband's younger brother, who had left Wobrook-in-the-Hills in his youth and had become a millionaire.

"Where is Jim this summer?" Miss Amelia inquired, at the end of the recital.

"He has gone abroad for baths," replied Mrs. Hunting.

"I ain't one mite surprised to hear that," Miss Amelia said. "His mother never could make him wash his neck."

I Know FLORIDA Like a Book

Senator Mann of Florida Says—Buy 5 or 10 Acres At Celery Farms Colony $1 Down—$1 Per Week No Interest, Taxes or Commission

JACKSONVILLE
FLORIDA
CELERY CITY
SANFORD
MAYTOWN

NOTE—No man in the State of Florida is better known than Senator A. S. Mann, President of the Florida Homeland Co., who, by reason of his labors in behalf of the agri[illegible] of the State [illegible] "Farmer" Mann, and throughout the Nation as "Good Road[s]" Mann. [illegible] one of the State's leading citizens. He was one of the earliest to develop the orange business, and for many years was manager of the Florida Home Market, which handled through the Jacksonville gateway practically all of the citrus fruit shipments out of the State. He was for many years President of the Florida State Agricultural Association. He has occupied many official positions of trust, and is a man of wealth whose word is relied upon [illegible] all matters in the development of Flor[illegible]

"My Advice Should Make You Rich In Florida, The Land of Big Money Crops"

For the man who is willing to listen, I have a wonderful message of good fortune regarding which I sincerely believe to be the greatest land investment offer ever submitted to the American people. I know whereof I speak. For over 35 years as a Citizen and Senator of the great State of Florida, I have been in close touch with its amazing agricultural development. I have seen fortunes made from the cultivation of Florida soil, and the rise in value of its acreage. I, myself, have acquired a competence through my faith in just such investments as that in which I now, as President, invite you to join me. The fact that my money, time and practical experience are back of this splendid enterprise, should convince any fair minded reader of this publication that I have absolute faith in

The Florida Homeland Company's Celery Farms Colony

Note the location of the Celery Farms Colony Tract, seven miles east of Sanford, the famous Florida Celery Center, which has wrested the celery crown from Michigan; then consider these significant facts: Land not under cultivation immediately adjoining our CELERY FARMS COLONY TRACT is being sold for from $50 to $120 per acre, and land near Sanford—not cultivated—for $250 per acre. Yet we ask only $35 per acre for our land!

Sanford Land, 7 Miles West of us, Worth $3.00 An Acre 16 Years Ago, Now Sells for $1000

Lands now under cultivation near Sanford, naturally possessing no better soil properties than the land I now offer you at $35, are selling today as high as $1000 per acre, yet sixteen years ago this $1000 per acre Celery Land sold as low as $3 per acre! In view of these facts, is it not entirely reasonable to assume that the Celery Farms Colony Lands which you can now buy for $35 per acre on easy terms, will sell at from five to ten times the present prices within the next two or three years? Can we not duplicate at Celery City the splendid success that has become a matter of history at Sanford?

The Success of Celery Farms Colony Assured Beyond All Doubt

This wonderful undertaking is prospering beyond my highest expectations. The absolute success of CELERY FARMS COLONY is now assured beyond any reasonable doubt. Very substantial progress has been made since I recently moved on to the land and made this my home.

You Will Not Be Alone Here

Many Settlers have arrived. Improvements are going forward by leaps and bounds. During the past 90 days between 50 and 60 farm houses have been built. A hotel has been erected, and portable houses provided to accommodate the overflow of visitors to CELERY FARMS COLONY.

School and Church Building

We now have on the land a sufficient number of children of school age to present a petition to the School Commissioners for the establishment of a school and a movement for building a church is under way. Remember, I live right here on the ground and know personally from day to day [illegible]

Knowing what I do of the actual conditions surrounding the CELERY FARMS COLONY, I tell you that you will never regret owning five or ten acres of this amazingly fertile Celery Farms Colony Land, the richest in all Florida.

On Easy Payment Plan

Our credit payment plan makes it so easy to pay for the land that you will not miss the $1.00 per week saved in this way. Our offer is not only a good thing for Farmers and Actual Homeseekers, but it is a splendid opportunity for anyone who can put aside a few dollars each month.

Only $1 Down—$1 Per Week

Put your surplus money in a Celery Farms Colony Farm, the only form of security that cannot be lost by fire, theft or speculation.

These fertile lands are now selling at the especially low price of $35 per acre [illegible] $1 down—$1 per week until paid. [illegible] for 10 acres $2 down—$2 per week until paid, etc. Title guaranteed absolutely clear—contract for Warranty [illegible]

The World's Richest Celery Region

Fortunes from Celery have already been made at Sanford, only a few miles West of the CELERY FARMS COLONY, and we should do even better on our land. Celery and Lettuce can be made to yield enormous profits. Less than $500 per acre is not considered a success from Celery; and Lettuce yields $300 to $850. Irish Potatoes planted about January 1st produce a crop in 90 days—75 barrels per acre—selling at $4 to $6 per barrel. Sugar Cane, Cucumbers, Beets, Velvet Beans, Tomatoes, Rice, Corn, Cabbage, Peppers, Okra, Spinach and Onions, also bring fancy prices.

Senator Mann Says, "Mail The $1.00 Reservation Coupon Today"

Just trust to my judgment and mail the reservation Coupon with $1.00 cash payment on a 5-acre tract. If not satisfied with the selection made for you, I personally guarantee that your money will be promptly returned. But I am confident that when you receive a map showing location and our full description of your tract, you will thank me later for giving you this chance to join us in making a glorious success of the CELERY FARMS COLONY. If you feel that you need further information before deciding, fill out and mail INFORMATION COUPON, and we will send you free booklet with full detailed information, etc. *But do not delay! Act at once!*

REFERENCES: F. W. R. H[illegible] [illegible] Atlantic [illegible] 1st Nat'l Bank, Sanford; Hal Gaylord, Pub. [illegible] Hon. I. N. Stevens, Publisher, Pueblo Chieftain, [illegible]

A. S. Mann, President,
Florida Homeland Co., Dept. BW, Sanford, Fla.

Cut Out and Mail One of These Prosperity Coupons Today

Information Coupon
A. S. MANN, Pres't
The Florida Homeland Co.
Dept. BW, Sanford, Florida
I want more facts and figures before I decide. Please send me Free Book, Maps and full details of your Celery Farms Colony farm offer.
Name
Street
City State

$1.00 Reservation Coupon
A. S. MANN, President,
The Florida Homeland Co., Dept. BW, Sanford, Fla.
Enclosed find $1.00 as temporary depos[illegible]

Breaks a Cold in a Day.

And Cures Any Cough That Is Curable. Noted Physician's Formula.

Get from any druggist "Two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Mix these with half a pint of good whiskey. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age." Any one can prepare this at home. This is the best formula known to science. There are many cheaper preparations of large quantity, but it don't pay to experiment with a bad cold. Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a sealed tin screw-top case. If the druggist does not have it in stock he will get it quickly from his wholesale house.

The Crank and the Dealer.

Wild-eyed Crank—Gimme some dynamite.

Dealer—Yes, sir. How much, sir?

Crank—Enough ter blow up a big building and kill everybody in it.

Dealer—Yes, sir. You'll need about ten pounds, sir. Here you are, sir. One dollar, sir.

Crank—Ain't got no dollar.

Dealer—Then you can't have the dynamite.

Crank—I've got the dynamite, an' ef you don't shut up I'll throw it at you. See? Good mornin'.

Dealer (to himself)—That fellow ought to be in the [illegible]. He's a barefaced swindler!

SENATOR MANN'S LATEST AND BEST FLORIDA FARM COLONIZATION PROJECT.

[illegible] land selling and colonization pro[illegible] possesses more than ordinary merit [illegible] is [illegible] desirable [illegible] of unquestionable [illegible] is now being advertised [illegible] Florida Homeland Company.

The president of the company is Senator [illegible] S. Mann, a resident of [illegible] for forty years and one of that State's best known citizens. He has had many years practical experience in the development of the State's agricultural resources, was president of the Florida State Agricultural [illegible] and came into national prominence a few years ago as one of [illegible] Good Roads [illegible] knowledge of [illegible] opinion [illegible] and values is [illegible] respected.

[illegible] by the Florida [illegible] of some 60,000 acres, [illegible] situated near the [illegible] about [illegible] south of [illegible] Sanford which at present [illegible] being the greatest [illegible] in the United States. The [illegible] of the soil in the [illegible] has been shown to be fully as good as that near Sanford, only seven miles distant, where land under cultivation is now being sold for as much as $1000 per acre.

It is the intention of Senator Mann and his associates in the Florida Homeland Company to duplicate the phenomenal success of the Sanford celery truck and fruit growers and they assert this will be a comparatively easy thing to do since [illegible] land possesses the identical soil elements as the land near Sanford and is subject to the same climatic conditions. Instead, [illegible] of holding the land at a fancy figure they are disposing of it in five, ten and twenty acre tracts at only $15 per acre on [illegible] the idea being to bring in at once a large number of settlers who will co-operate with them in the development of the tract.

From what is known of the honesty, integrity and practical land knowledge of Senator Mann and the other officers of the Florida Homeland Company and the generally accepted beliefs regarding the fertility of Florida land and that State's wonderful climate, this seems to be a splendid opportunity for the man or woman who is "land hungry," and we unhesitatingly suggest that all such get into communication with the Florida Homeland Company [illegible] are located at Sanford, Florida.

A Little Temperance Tragedy.

"Don't drink any more, John. You've got too much already."

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have; and you'll be drunk again."

"And what do you want to worry about that for? It's me that has the headache the next morning."

"I know, John; but it's [illegible] that has the headache all the time."

A Rich Husband Needed.

Maud—Jack said when he proposed that he could give me only the necessities of life.

Ethel—And what did you say?

Maud—I told him that one of the necessities of my life was a husband who could supply me with the luxuries.

Dangers of Realism.

Critic—I have not seen Strutstage this season.

Actor—My goodness! Haven't you heard? Poor Strutstage! You know he went out with the "Villain Still Pursued Her" Company, and in the last act there is a lynching scene.

Critic—Yes. Strutstage played the villain. Gets strung up in the last act.

Actor—That's it. Poor fellow! He played it so well that one night, in a Western town, the audience got so excited that when the lynching scene came on they jumped up in their seats and shot him full of [illegible]

Got No Invitation.

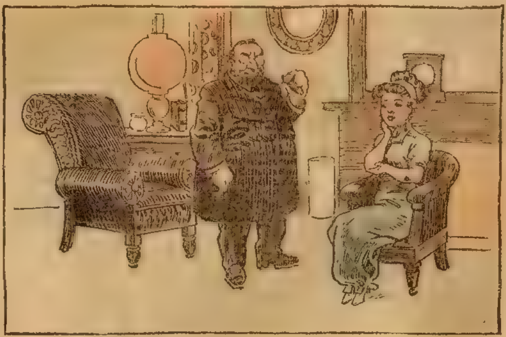
Tramp—Please, mum, me feet [illegible] ground; an' if ye could spare me [illegible] pair o' shoes I'd——

Mrs. Spinks—There's a wedding going on in the big house across the street. Just you go over there and wait. When the couple comes out the family will throw a lot of the bride's old shoes after her.

Tramp—But, mum, they'd be too small.

Mrs. Spinks—Huh! Wait till you see her feet.

SIZED UP.



Evelyn—Papa, don't you think that young fellow who has been calling so much lately has the making of a man?

Pa Wacker—No! All that guy has is the makings of a cigarette.

The "Home Beautiful"

Fair Countess—I wish to get some rugs, something really artistic and distinct, you know, but I can't afford to pay a very high price.

Honest Dealer—Right this way. Here, madam, are some antique Turkish rugs just in from the factory. Take them home, smear 'em with grease and tobacco juice, then wash them a little, dry them in an oven, lay them for three days in the sun, and they'll look as faded and antique as the genuine imported article costing ten times as much.

A Permanent Job.

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young [illegible] "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."

Why Smith Retires.

A.—I am surprised to hear that young Smith, who has just married old Richman's daughter, has given up his profession. Does he intend to live upon love?

B.—Not at all, my dear fellow, [illegible] but—upon the father of his love.

About the Size of It.

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," said the professor, trying to be sociable.

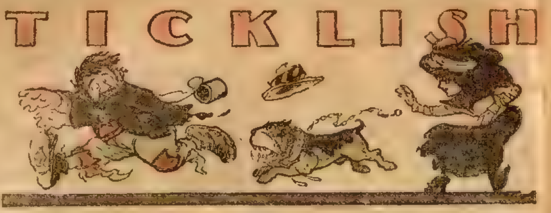
"Yes," put in the grouch, "and what's more, it's too busy to care."

It Never Will.

Mr. Styles—They are now making buttons of sour milk.

Mrs. Styles—But, even so, I don't suppose that will make the man who has to button up his wife's waist behind look any sweeter

TICKLISH



An Economist.

"Of course," said Mr. Sudas Baker. "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"

"Art spoils canvas and paint, and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

An Affectionate Daughter.

Sweet Girl (affectionately)—Papa, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you?

Papa (fondly) Indeed, I would not, my darling

Sweet Girl—Well, then, I'll marry Mr. Poorchap. He's willing to live here.

A Neighborly Mistake.

Amateur Soprano—It's just too mean for anything! That dog of yours howls every time I sing.

Neighbor—I'm very sorry, mum.

Amateur Soprano—Why don't you stop him?

Neighbor—You see, mum, we didn't know it was that way.

Amateur Soprano—What way?

Neighbor—We thought, mum, that you was trying to spite us by singin' every time he howled.

What He Wanted.

Small Boy (applying for a situation)—What kind of a boy do you want?

Merchant—A nice, quiet boy that doesn't use bad words, smoke cigarettes, whistle round the office, play tricks or get into mischief.

Small Boy—You don't want no boy; you want a girl.

An Interesting Antique.

"Fine old inn, sir," commented the host. "Everything in this house has its story."

"I don't doubt it," remarked the grouchy tourist. "And is there any legend connected with this old piece of cheese?"

The Latest Dodge.

Mrs. Flint (severely)—No, I never give anything to tramps!

Soiled Spooner (with dignity)—Maddim, I'm no tramp! I'm one o' dem boy scouts, growed up.—Puck.

Insulted.

"Have you any of my works in your house?" asked the proud author.

"I don't know," replied the man who had just met him; "what clock do you manufacture?"

Tit for Tat.

City Cousin—Tell me, sir, how's the milkmaid?

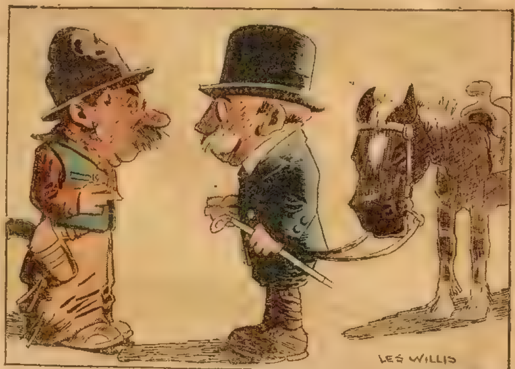
Country One—It ain't made, you poor mutt! The cow gives it

Feminine Financiering.

He—I've won our bet on the football game and you owe me ten kisses.

She (a commercial school graduate)—Very well, I'll give you a draft on mamma.

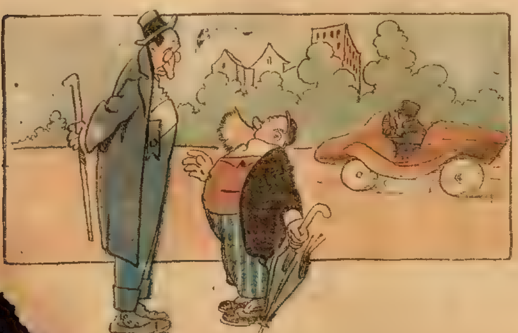
NOT WORRYING.



Buyer—Here, what do you mean? When I bought this plug yesterday you said 'satisfaction guaranteed!'

Seller Well, you hain't heard no kick from me, have you? I'm perfectly satisfied

SHOCK.



[illegible]hat can you do with [illegible]

[illegible]y home a mouse in one of 'em once yet already.

How It Felt.

An Irishman at a fair was poked in the eye with a stick and took proceedings against the offender.

Said the counsel for [illegible]: "Come, now, you don't really believe he meant to put your eye out?"

"Faith, you're right, this time," said Pat, "for I believe he tried to put it farther in."

How They Got Rich.

Mrs. Robinson—I could have married Brown or Jones if I'd wanted to, and both of them have got rich since I refused them, while you are [illegible] poor as a church mouse.

[illegible] of course [illegible] been supporting [illegible] they haven't.

Leaving Him Something.

"You wish to marry my only daughter?" murmured the [illegible]. "Would you take [illegible] at I [illegible] to solace me in old age?"

"Oh, no," said the [illegible] keep at least $50,000."

What Did He Mean?

[illegible]nd you [illegible]y think [illegible] perform the operation [illegible]

"Oh, yes. There may be no [illegible] it [illegible]

Helping Her Out.

"Have you a young chicken? I am rather [illegible] cooking."

"Such being the case, madam, don't you think you'd better have an old, experienced fowl."

Different Ideals.

"I never judge a woman by her clothes," observed Bilkins.

"No," put in Mrs. B., sarcastically, "a man who goes to as many burlesque shows as you do wouldn't."

The Gossiper.

Mrs. Stubb—There goes Mrs. Tallwood. Everything she says goes.

Mr. Stubb—Yes, goes around the neighborhood.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not [illegible] Blairsville, Pa.

CHEATED FOR YEARS

Prejudice Will Cheat Us Often if We Let It.

You will be astonished to find how largely you are influenced in every way by unreasoning prejudice. In many cases you will also find that the prejudice has swindled you, or rather, made you swindle yourself. A case in illustration.

"I have been a constant user of Grape-Nuts for nearly three years," says a correspondent, "and I am happy to say that I am well pleased with the result of the experiment, for such it has been.

"Seeing your advertisement in almost all of the periodicals, for a long time I looked upon it as a hoax. But after years of suffering with gaseous and bitter eructations from my stomach, together with more or less loss of appetite and flesh, I concluded to try Grape-Nuts food for a little time and note the result.

"I found it delicious, and it was not long till I began to experience the beneficial effects. My stomach resumed its normal state, the eructations and bitterness ceased and I have gained all my lost weight back.

"I am so well satisfied with the result that so long as I may live and retain my reason Grape-Nuts shall constitute quite a portion of my daily food."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

It s Kind.

"Miss [illegible] ball gown is a perfect wreck."

"How did that happen?"

"Young [illegible] stepped on it while they were dancing [illegible] so awkward, you know, and literally tore it to rags."

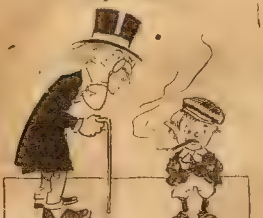
"I see. A regular train wreck."

No Still, Small Voice.

Crawford—Does your conscience trouble you for losing that money?

Crabshaw—No; but my wife does. You see, it was her money.

Impossible.



Bystander—My boy, some day you'll bring sorrow to your father's gray hairs.

The Bad Boy—No danger, sir. Worrying about me has made him bald.

Ye Careful Editor.

Business Manager—What on earth is the matter? We are losing all our subscribers. What have you been printing lately?

Editor—Nothing that could offend the most fastidious, not a thing. I've even left out the great London divorce cases.

Business Manager—Hm! That's what's the matter!

A Significant Selection.

"That was a mighty inconsiderate brass band that serenaded me on election night," remarked the defeated member of Congress.

"What was the trouble?"

"It didn't play anything but 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

The Exact Figures.

"Did you know that the hairs of our heads were numbered, Willie?"

"Sure! I was with sis when she bought hers, and they were numbered a nineteen-fifty, was twenty-two-seventy-five."—Puck.

"The Newly Weds."

Sometimes we interpret too literally.

"I want to learn to make jelly," said the newly installed housewife. "Is it hard?"

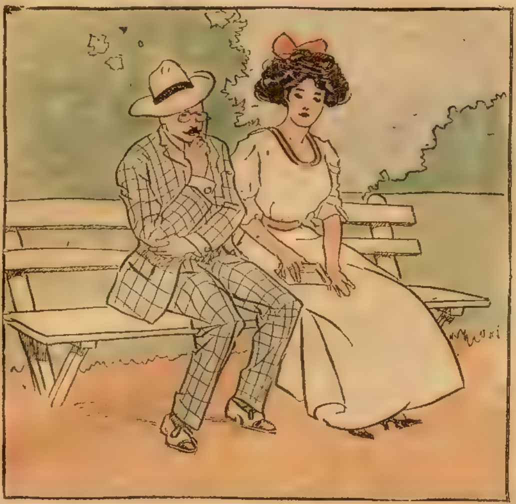
"Oh, Lord, no, mum!" replied the cook, with supreme pity. "It's soft."—Judge.

Appearances Often Deceive.

Mrs. Gobbs—I think it very strange that your friend Dobbs never married.

Mr. Gobbs—Oh, you don't know Dobbs. He isn't half such a fool as he looks.

REMINISCENCES.



He—Wasn't it on this bench that I kissed you for the first time, Anna?
She—O, Earl. It wasn't here at all!
He—You're right! Her name was Pauline!

Commendable Care.

Uncle Ezra—How's your daughter doing in business college?

Uncle Eben—Fine. She can't spell very good, and she ain't very fast on the typewriter, but I tell you she's keerful. When she gets through writing a letter on that machine every "i" is dotted and every "t" is crossed.—Puck.

A Bit Mixed.

Gaggs—New hat, eh? It makes you look like a clergyman.

Buggs—Don't you think it is becoming?

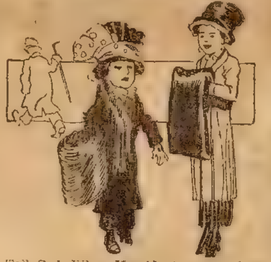
Gaggs—No; you look like the devil in it.

Marital Troubles.

Mrs. Askit—Do you think marriage is a failure?

Mrs. de Vorsay—No, only a temporary embarrassment.

Misconstrued.



Tall Girl—When Harold ate some of my fudge he was just carried away.

Short Maiden—Mercy! Couldn't you get the doctor to the house in time?

A Plausible Reason.

Teacher—Can any little girl tell me why our heads are covered with hair?

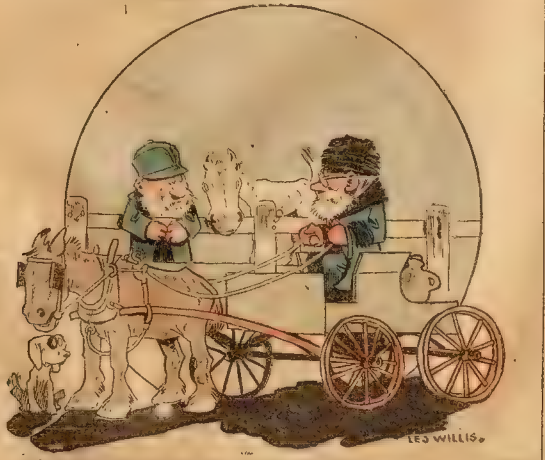
Little Girl—To have something to pin more hair to.

Not Even by Telephone.

Madge—Would you call Miss Caustik an old maid?

Tom—Only by wireless.

RURAL DIPLOMACY.



Si Low—[illegible] election for [illegible] pretty bad. [illegible] to git vote.
Mr. [illegible]—[illegible] friends?
Si Low—[illegible] his plume bar'l.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." Hundreds of agents coining money—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Write at once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free.
THOMAS MFG. CO., 2117 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

AGENTS The Light That Never Fails

will produce better light than any other artificial lighting devices. Special inducements and territory to right party. We want a good man in every city and village in the world. For full particulars address Dept. 10.
NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS,
216-220 S. Jefferson Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride an exhibit sample 1911 bicycle. Write for special offer.
Finest Guaranteed 1911 Models $10 to $27
with Coaster Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1909 & 1910 Models all of best makes.... $7 to $12
100 Second-Hand Wheels All makes and models, good as new.... $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow 10 DAY'S FREE TRIAL.
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogues and offer. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. F-58 CHICAGO

200% AGENTS' PROFIT SELF-THREADING Sewing Machine and Hand Needles. Outfit 10c. Horner Mfg., Pittsburg, Pa.

AGENTS make big money selling our goods. Every article guaranteed. Write for catalog and prices. The Electric Cleanser Co., Canton, O.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. [illegible] AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta. L, New York

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O.Box A

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. [illegible] Thirty Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4151, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

DON'T ACCEPT an agency, until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKING [illegible] Address SAYMAN, [illegible]

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary. [illegible] Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx B14, [illegible]

Strainer Spoon. [illegible] seller. [illegible] $3 to $5 a day. [illegible] Mfg. Co., Dept. 7, [illegible]

SALESMEN [illegible] outfit free. Charlton Nursery Co., Rochester, N.Y. [illegible]

OH! MY! Big profits for men and women selling AGENTS Dr. Foote's "old reliable" remedies and books. Write for our proposition. It's worth investigating. Dr. Foote's Sons, 134 E. 28th St., New York

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X418, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

AGENTS HANDKERCHIEFS, DRESS GOODS, [illegible] $10 A DAY [illegible] $5.00 in 2 days. No experience needed. FREE SAMPLES. Credit. Easy work. FREEPORT MFG. CO. 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED
[illegible] $1.00 [illegible] for 30 cents.
200 Per Cent Profit
Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms.
F. R. GREENE, 22 Lake St., Chicago

$3 a Day Sure [illegible] furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully [illegible] ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO. Box 1646 Detroit, Mich.

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff, stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE. Never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF LONG, 914 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

Agents wanted in every county to sell Novelty Knives, with name, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Guaranteed razor steel blades. Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. You should be independent. Let us show you how. Write quick for terms.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

BEACON LAMP BURNER FREE
Incandescent. 100 Candle Power. Burns [illegible] oil. Gives better light than gas, electricity or six ordinary lamps at [illegible] one-tenth the cost. Fits your old lamp. Unequaled for fine sewing or reading.
COSTS ONLY ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS
We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our special offer to secure a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. Agents Wanted. HOME SUPPLY CO.
[illegible] Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BIG MAIL FREE!
POST OFFICE
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and [illegible] for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good [illegible] and are [illegible] expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious [illegible] send advertising [illegible] be sure to give street number and town also [illegible] written so that any [illegible] dressed to you w[illegible] out fail. We ha[illegible] the Agent's D[illegible] editor of this paper [illegible] All we ask is that you send [illegible] enter your name in our Age[illegible] above stated. Write today.
AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST [illegible]

ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG;

Or, THE ARCTIC WARRIORS

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 2, Jan. 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

STRUGGLE FOR THE STORES.

RUEL had met with a period of deep depression, a sinking at at heart that was not personal fear, but something far more to the point. The ship was a treasure-house for somebody, a means of preserving life in the wild Arctic land, and it took hold of his heart-strings to imagine Tom Minker and his tough crew wresting that treasure away from the men of the Dancing Peggy. He wavered the briefest time, and then knowledge of responsibility upon him was backed by stubborn courage.

With a quick movement he laid hold of convenient axe and, swinging it aloft, faced the rival whalemen defiantly.

"Stop where you are!" he ordered, his voice ringing sharply and steadily. "Keep back, or I'll hit to kill!"

Minker uttered a snort of pretended disdain, though he wisely halted short of the swing of the axe.

"Why," he scoffed, "you really act as if [illegible] it."

"Try it, and see!" retorted Ruel.

"Oh! you make me tired with that fool talk. What can you do alone against six [illegible]"

"I can hold this deck, and I'll do it."

"Oh! and you are willing to fight six men to hold it, eh?"

"I am."

"Then there must be something below mighty well worth tryin' for. Thank you for giving that fact [illegible] Peggy! Well, listen to me now! Whatever is here, we claim, and we will have it. We need it. Now, my gamey ox, back out of your stall and so save your life. Pretty sight you would be with your brains scattered all over creation. The cargo of this vessel will not help after you are dead. Drop that axe!"

"Perhaps I shall, on your head. Keep off!"

"Oh come now, don't be an idiot. I always knew you were a soft cake of soap, but never did I suspect you carried so small a cargo in your head as you are now broaching. Drop that axe!"

Minker was making himself as ominous and tantalizing as possible, but he now took on new force. The last words were almost bellowed, and he took a short step forward. There he stuck. The man at the companion head, with the gleaming weapon swung up for work, daunted the Sea Pilot a trifle.

"Here, my beef-eating bulldogs," he cried to his men, "help me to wind this ruction up quickly. Shadow Ike, Andy Small—all of you, get to moving. Surround this croupy infant! Take him on all quarters. Forward!"

The tough-looking sailors moved to carry out this order.

"Now, then, Ike, make a jump for him!"

"If Ike jumps he dies!" coolly exclaimed Ruel, eying all hands as well as possible.

"I don't prezactly like the glint o' that there axe!" grumbled Ike, shaking his shaggy head solemnly.

"Wise man!" Ruel put in.

"Why don't you jump forward?" yelled the leader of the gang.

"Why don't ye jump your own self?" retorted Ike. "Your chance is as good as mine. If that weapon don't split your skull, I'll ventur' mine, afterwards."

"You pack of wolves with hare's hearts!" thundered Minker. "Do you remember what this game means? We are a starving crew, and we've simply got to have something to eat or die. Here is an abandoned ship, and the way in which this pickerel tries to hold it against us is proof that it's packed to the hatch-bars with stores. Are [illegible] to have [illegible] or our rivals? Yes and are we to eat and live, or fast and die?"

He had used the strongest argument possible, and Ruel hastened to [illegible] diversion.

"Bring your captain to deal with me," he demanded. "I want to talk with Job Knight."

"I don't mind saying that Captain Knight is dead and buried. Had a fall from the icy rigging and died three hours after. His being dead left me boss of the Sea Pilot, and you are hearing headquarters now. Get out of my sight or I'll—"

"Listen. I was the discoverer of this wreck, and I claim it as my property. I'll not yield it to any man. It's mine, and he who tries to rob me of it shall fare hard. Keep that in mind, Tom Minker!"

Thus far Ruel had carried his plan of delaying the boarders, hoping that help would come from the crew of his own ship, but matters were getting more intense. It really looked as if the first swing of the axe was bound to bring death to somebody, but Minker was alive to the hazards of delay. Come what might, the risk must be taken or the prize was lost to his party.

"Ready, all!" he cried sharply. "We've got to do it. Will you turn white-livered and lose this treasure? Will you give up and then starve by inches? Ike, Andy, Bill—all of you—wake up! Now, my heroes, jump!"

The men had been plucking up courage, and the attack could be postponed no longer, but Ruel upset all calculations with a touch of the unexpected. Leaping to one side he flung himself upon Shadow Ike so suddenly that that astonished tar forgot to strike with the sheath-knife he held in his big fist, and, an instant after, Ruel's bulk took the Sea Pilot full amidships and Ike was bowled over as if by a cannon-ball.

A moment more and the Dancing Peggy mate had his back to the main-mast.

"Try the axe!" he cried defiantly.

It certainly would have been tried, for Tom Minker was enraged by the new turn of events, but there was a sudden check to his enterprise. A cheer sounded at the bows, and a dozen of the Peggy's crew came bounding over the rail with Captain Drake and Davy Weed at their head. The reinforcement was at hand, and it was a warlike array. Rifles and pistols gleamed in the hands of the new-comers.

Now, though Minker had a state's prison record back of him, and certain of his crew were as bad as himself, they were not pirates. Passing for hard-working, though rival whalers, they had to be dealt with accordingly. No volley was sent from the Dancing Peggy's, and Drake came into the struggle coolly.

"Cover them!" he ordered. "Hold your fire unless I give the word, but show no mercy when you hear me shout. Tom Minker, throw up the sponge!"

The Sea Pilot leader looked glumly at the superior force and seemed to shrink many pounds.

"What do you want?" he growled.

"We want you to get out. We claim this ship by priority of discovery, and, by thunder! we are going to hold it. Finding's, keepings! Take your men away!"

"We've just as good a right here as you," blustered Tom, "and we stay."

"[illegible] of yours. You won't stay because we won't tolerate it, and you have no right because we were here first. Mr. Taylor discovered this ship, and as it's a wreck, it's now ours. That's good enough law for me."

"We claim half of what's here."

"You won't get enough to fill a snuff-box."

"Now, lookee here, Irad Drake, you are inhuman. The Sea Pilots are in a bad way. Job Knight is dead, killed by a fall from aloft, and the Sea Pilot, herself, is in splinters, totally wrecked by the gale last night. She drove on this iceberg and stove herself to bits. [illegible] and her [illegible] in desperate condition, half-clothed, only food enough for a few days, and—why, good heavens, man, you are inhuman to deny us our half."

Mr. Minker had dismounted from his high horse and was playing a different part, though Ruel was sagacious enough to suspect that he would bear watching as much as ever.

"Why," asked Drake coldly, "did you stick to your ship until it was wrecked? If you lack food, why is it? Why didn't you land your stuff before your vessel was stove up?"

"That was the evil one's own gale, an' it's a wonder we have a life left among us."

"Well, well, you had your pick and took it. It's nothing to me if you don't like what [illegible]. Frank and plain, Tom Minker, I don't like you nor your ways. I've never been on the whaling grounds with so mean a fellow as you have shown yourself. I'm not your guardian, and I won't be. You can go as soon as you please. Away with you!"

Minker did not go just then, for he had more to say. He said it, and a lot of it. He threatened, pleaded, argued and took various other shifts, but Drake was inexorable. Concentrated, his word was "Go!" and he held to it. Being in the minority, Minker had to obey, and he finally gave orders to his stout followers and they made for the beam. All dropped over but their leader, and he had one leg athwart the rail when he paused, looked back at Drake and snapped:

"Brute force wins this time, but we will see later. I want food and clothing. You have possession of them now, but I'll have them later. Mark my words, sir, I'll beat you yet!"

And then he dropped to the ice.

"Watch and make sure that all go, Davy!" directed the skipper, who then turned to Ruel and held out his hand. "Mr. Taylor," he pursued, "you and the carpenter are worth your weight in gold, though I believe it's you who deserves the most praise. You were the man who discovered the black spots in this ravine. I thank you for my daughters, myself and the crew. Now I want to see these treasurers below for myself."

He saw them, though not with precision. Being content with the report already had, he merely made a casual verification. Presently he halted in the cabin and surveyed the placard affixed to the bulkhead.

"Exploring ship General Washington," he murmured. "I've heard of it, though I don't even recall the name of her captain. Pity he was not wise enough to hang his letter up as safe as his sign. Seems the rats did not climb this wall, or else they didn't like that brand of paper. Well, do you know what next?"

"I should say, carry all the stores to our camp at Castle Columbus, unless you think it best to make our quarters aboard this wreck."

"Too cold here."

"The place would soon grow unendurable, I think."

"Everything goes to Castle Columbus. Timber enough here for a sledge, and I'll have the carpenter and assistants at work to make a couple. The sort that we need can be knocked together quickly, and it will be easier dragging than carrying them by armfuls. While we work we must protect ourselves against possible attack from Minker. Go back to the Castle, Mr. Taylor, and remain there to see our treasures freshly stored. Send Mr. Wing here to get orders. Wait a bit!"

Ruel was starting, but the captain caught him by the arm and then poked a finger sharply into his ribs. A chuckle broke from his lips.

"Was it dark when you left our camp, this morning?"

"No break in the night, sir."

"So Davy says. Didn't look about you much, did you?"

"Not until we had climbed the dome."

"I should say not, for if you had—but it was very dark. Now go ahead. Lively, if you please, Mr. Taylor!"

Ruel went, wondering at his captain's manner. Gaining the deck he sent an inquisitive glance around for signs of Tom Minker and his men, but saw nobody. Then he walked briskly until Castle Columbus was reached, rounded its southern side and had view of the camp of the night. He had begun a natural, reconnoitering glance to see what his shipmates were doing, but abruptly checked his general survey and, making a great start, gazed with dumfounded surprise.

Something was in the gulch by the camp that had not been there the night before. It was a ship, and the ship was the Dancing Peggy.

Sweet and Mellow Toned

SCHMOLLER & MUELLER PIANO

READ AND SECURE OUR 1911 PROPOSITION

You've waited, perhaps, for our 1911 Proposition to piano buyers. Here it is:

Yes, here is a proposition, friend, that is destined to crowd the battle all along the line still harder, as we have waged this fight in the past, against dealers', agents' and middlemen's methods and high prices.

This has been waged in the interest of every music-lover, man or woman, who objected to paying dealers' or agents' profits, selling expenses and the like, which in no possible way could add to the quality of a piano sold through middlemen.

This fight, friend, has been waged in your behalf and in the behalf of your neighbors, your friends, your acquaintances, whom we have been awakening to the justice of our **Direct-to-the-Purchaser Plan** of selling the **Sweet Toned Schmoller & Mueller Piano,** as compared with the unjust methods used by middlemen.

During the last year, especially, was the contest waged to a bitter end.

Thousands of Schmoller & Mueller Pianos were sold in communities where they had not up to that time been known.

The result is additional thousands of pleased customers, proud possessors now of the piano—the **Sweet** and **Mellow Toned Schmoller & Mueller**—which is sold direct to the purchaser.

This piano, which under our Factory-to-the-Purchaser Plan is sold at a Saving of from $100 to $150, and oftentimes more, as compared with the price you would be obliged to pay to the agent or dealer for a piano of such quality which might give anywhere near as great satisfaction as the Schmoller & Mueller Piano is guaranteed to give.

Dealers, agents, middlemen, have been on the retreat. Business here and there in this community and that has been hard to secure during the year past.

Our Direct-to-the-Purchaser Plan has been too hard for them, they could not keep music lovers from buying direct when they knew that money was to be saved, quality secured, and that lasting satisfaction was to be the result.

Dealers and agents failed, although they often used dastardly efforts to stem the tide of buyers who purchased in constantly increasing numbers **Schmoller & Mueller Pianos** as the year 1910 fast waned.

Now, then, our 1911 Proposition to piano buyers is intended to carry forward to nearer completion this fight in your behalf, and in the behalf of every music-lover who wants to save money and be assured that a quality piano will be secured.

Final victory for you and for every music-lover will be brought one step nearer under our 1911 Proposition. This 1911 Proposition is to be known as our

Resident Factory Representative Offer

An offer, friend and prospective piano buyer, which will answer now and for all time in its fairness all the arguments that each and every dealer or agent might give as to why you should buy from them instead of buying direct.

Under this offer, which can only be roughly hinted at in this announcement, each purchaser, in buying a **Schmoller & Mueller Piano,** now finds it very much worth his or her while to assist this Company, this established concern entering now its 52d year of business' history, in winning the purchaser' battle of buying direct instead of the dealers' battle of buying through middlemen.

This is an offer that brings to each man or woman accepting the conditions attached thereto a **Schmoller and Mueller Piano,** which we Guarantee for 25 Years at a Close Price.

On Convenient Payment Terms, when

Fifteen Cents a Day Payments

Brings to the homes of each purchaser a piano, in the Schmoller & Mueller Piano, which has demonstrated its superior quality in the homes of thousands of music-lovers the country over.

The **Resident Factory Representative Offer** gives to each purchaser certain advantages that a purchaser who is not a **Resident Representative** of this Company may not secure.

These advantages make the purchase of a **Schmoller & Mueller** Piano the easiest and most convenient of purchases, making of this piano purchase an investment made under ideal conditions which cannot result in hardship to any man or woman.

In other words, no matter how humble may be the surroundings of any man or woman, our **Resident Factory Representative Offer** is one that they may easily accept.

Interested certainly you must be; then we want you before you turn this page to hasten to us the coupon, and to become right now thoroughly posted on this offer, which will carry forward to ultimate victory our fight against dealers' and agents' methods of selling pianos.

Think, if you will, of the piano we offer under this direct-to-the-purchaser-plan, the **Sweet Toned Schmoller & Mueller.**

Built of the best of choicest of selected materials. Built thoroughly well in every part of its construction.

Built under the guidance of experts, trained piano builders. Built to satisfy the critical music lover to-day, to-morrow, next year and for life.

There is where you have the reason for our **Twenty-five Year Guarantee.**

In design, in materials used, in satisfaction continually received from the **Schmoller & Mueller Piano,** you have a piano that stands up under the longest of protective guarantees.

In every state, in every territory, in foreign countries as well, **Sweet Toned Schmoller & Mueller Pianos** are demonstrating in day by day satisfaction that they are worthy a place in any home—the home of the humble cottager or the home of the very well-to-do.

Rich and poor alike find here the Ideal Home Piano.

Sweet in tone, durable in construction, handsome in design and finish.

Send the coupon now for all details of our **Resident Factory Representative Offer.**

With this we'll send our Handsome Illustrated Descriptive Catalog by return mail.

Hasten the coupon to us now for complete particulars.

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.

(Established 1859.)

Dept. J. B. W. 2, OMAHA, NEB., U.S.A.

Capital and Surplus, $750,000.00.

Art Style 40

The most popular Piano ever offered to the American Music Loving Public.

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.

Dept. J. B. W. 2, Omaha, Neb.,

Send full particulars of your **Resident Factory Representative Offer** on the Schmoller & Mueller Piano, also copy of your **Handsome, Illustrated, Descriptive Catalog.** I am interested in the [illegible]e of a Piano

Name

U. S. ARMY Blanket Sale

Genuine high grade U. S. Army Blankets, Olive Drab Color; weight, five full pounds each. Pure Wool, three-eighths of which is Blood Wool. No better article of the kind on the market and none mor[illegible]le and durable. Each blanket will stand the following tests: Boiling ten minutes in s[illegible]; boiling ten min[illegible] ng 24 hours [illegible]; steeping 24 hours in solution of citric acid; e[illegible]sure to the weather for 30 days. Every one of these blankets

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT. [illegible] important that the army blankets [illegible] n the best that blankets can give. You [illegible] il equal these at anywhere near this price; in fact, you cannot [illegible] this same kind of a blanket elsewhere, as [illegible] especially for army use. Every one [illegible] new and perfect. Sent on receipt of [illegible] $4.95 each.

ENGLISH SWORD, 50 Cents Each Worth $4.00

Made of finest Sheffield English steel, blade 12 inches long, hard wood handle, cost the [illegible] [illegible] thing tool, [illegible] and dwa where they will do excellent [illegible] They make the most beautiful kind of den decoration and very appropriate, because they have seen army service. Sent on receipt of only 50 cents each.

CATALOGUE showing thousands of wonderful money-saving government goods bargains sent Free Address

Cal. Hirsch & Sons, U. S. Dept. 24, St Louis, Mo.

10c [illegible] Jones." Words, Music Com- [illegible] King, 416-134 Monroe, Chicago.

LATE SONG FREE Words, Music. Bargain list 2c. ART CO., 2, Frederick, Md.

10 [illegible] ed Postcards with your name in gold 10c Bloomington Co., Bloomington, Ill.

W[illegible] detective [illegible] particulars. [illegible]

150 Gold Back Post Cards FREE

Send 10c today for postage, etc., on our special samples and big Holiday Bargain Offer. IDEAL POST CARD CLUB, Dept 182 CHICAGO

DRUNKENNESS CURED AT HOME. Inexpensive treatment. Free trial. Secrecy guaranteed. Addr. Acme Method, 40 Dearborn St., R.105, Chicago, Ill.

Extra Fine Post Cards Free

Send 2 cts. for five sa[illegible] of our very best Gold and Silk [illegible] p, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 610 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan

Boys-Girls! Printing P[illegible] FREE

a few hours' work af[illegible]

P. Steiner Supply [illegible]

Be an ACTOR an ACTRESS or ORATOR.

Learn a profession that PAYS $25 to $500 WEEKLY. W[illegible] for FREE booklet on Dramatic Art by correspondence. Chicago School of Elocution, 135 Grand Opera House, Chicago

48 BREEDS Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. N[illegible] Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4c. for fine 100 page 17th Annual Poultry Book. R. F. Neubert, Box 8[illegible]5, Mankato, Minn

ALL THE NEW SONGS & MUSIC 10c

Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet, I've Got Rings on My [illegible]

[illegible] Samuel Cooper Co. Bx. 28 Horton, N. Y.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's [illegible] Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 82 St. Paul, Minn.

WHISKEY FREE!

How to get a whole gallon free, by express, prepaid. [illegible] Soda Water for 1c a bottle. Beer about 1c a quart. No experience required. Everything guaranteed. Recommended by thousands. Don't be dry, when I open the way for you to always have something on hand. Write for free particulars today. Send stamp. Address

A. C. Liepe, 610 Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, [illegible] at 10c a package. [illegible] when sold, send [illegible] WILLARD WATCH CO., Dept. 113 CHICAGO

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE

Gets the Poison Without the Poison [illegible]

H. MENGES [illegible]

40c Three For $1.00 Sent Prepaid Anywhere Money Back If Not Satisfactory

RAILROAD MEN WANTED

$80 to $185 a Month

No matter where you live we can quickly fit you for a big paying position as brakeman or fireman, at home in spare time. Learn from practical railroad men with a

Position Positively Guaranteed

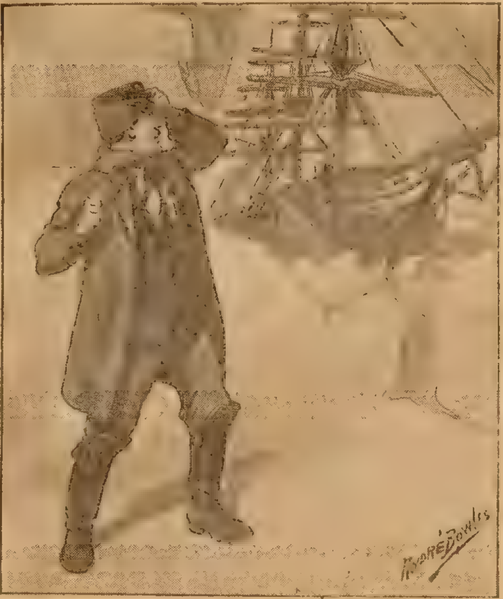
[illegible] physically O. K. This is the Official School endorsed by R. R. managers [illegible] giving age and weight. OFFICIAL RY. SCHOOL, Gen'l Office 249 Freeport, Ill.

I TREAT CATARRH FREE

For fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I am treating catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, and Ear troubles, with a remarkable new treatment. I want to send a course of this treatment with two instruments to every sufferer, by mail, all charges prepaid, to try 15 days.

Send no money. Write for my my free trial treatment [illegible] a full description of your case.

Dr. [illegible] O. COFFEE, Dept. 664 Des Moines, Iowa.



It was the Dancing Peggy.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LIVELY PEGGY.

It was a sight so strange and unbelievable that Ruel stared in blankest wonder, while through and through his brain crossed and recrossed and rioted the impression that he had gone crazy. Challenged by his mind, his eyes told him that, [illegible] Castle Columbus and two hundreds yards from the water, the Dancing Peggy lay like a duck sitting on its eggs.

Reason told him that this was impossible. Boats could be carried or d[illegible] tance, but not a great wha[illegible] was impossible. Something [illegible] ter with Ruel's mind. [illegible] like one seeking the pre[illegible] ghost. Nearer, nearer yet! Then he was under the tall overhang of the craft, and he reached out and touched—not a phanton ship, but the real and only Dancing Peggy.

At that moment there was a chorus of laughter close at hand, and Dorothy and Mary appeared, their eyes bright and their faces full of amusement.

"You couldn't believe it, could you, Mr. Taylor?" cried the former.

"I don't believe it now," he muttered.

"How about that other vessel—the General Washington?"

"A very different case. The General [illegible] other ship. Being there, ice formed about [illegible] with it. An exceedingly odd case, every- [illegible] ulous, and wholly unlike this affair. Icebergs rarely go to sea without taking wood, including trees, along with them. That's nature. Is it so very strange that it took the General Washington? But this case is different—yes, and unbelievable."

"Can you study it out, Mr. Taylor?" asked Dorothy.

[illegible] I now notice that this camp of ours is farther from the water th[illegible] it was yesterday. That means that a large floe has attached itself to the berg like an ell to a house. That does not explain how the Peggy came here, practically uninjured."

"Persevere!" Dorothy suggested.

"If caught between two such masses of ice the ship would have been utterly crushed. What remains? The gale was fierce and masterful. It is conceivable that yonder floe was depressed under water by two larger floes, or bergs, and that, when liberated, it rose directly under the [illegible] lifting her to its top."

"And then?"

"Then the floe united with this berg, still bearing the ship on its top. If we admit that, the rest is easier. From this point to the sea we have a ravine that is like a [illegible] With a tremendous wind astern, and waves driving at her hull with titanic force, as well as running what is commonly called mountains high, the Peggy had to go somewhere. And she could go nowhere but up through the slipp[illegible] runway, which brought it to the side of Castle Columbus."

"You reason just as father did."

Ruel suddenly threw off deep meditation and grew exhilirated.

"[illegible]sn't so much how it happened as th[illegible] what you will— something has sent the old hooker back to us. She is not crushed in Arctic ice, but lies at our very door. Hurrah, hurrah!"

Both Mary and Dorothy joined in the [illegible]

"Isn't it just delightful To think that the Peggy [illegible] is sentiment. Also, her furnishings and the oil are saved, which is practical and glorious gain. Oh! I tell you we had a great time when we rose and found the dear old hooker snugged down at our door. Did we get delirious, Mary?"

"If I recollect rightly, you and I were too delirious to qualify for an insane asylum. They would never admit such violent lunatics.

"And then we commanded our worthy father, the captain, not to let any man tell you what had happened; we were resolved that you should have [illegible] unbelieving wonder, as we [illegible]

"I've had it," replied Rue[illegible] it's still on me. Yes, I don't believe even yet, that what is so is so. If I'm awake I see aslant. This is not the Pegg[illegible]

"Look at the name on the hull!" said Dorothy,

"Only a vision—but it's a dandy vision, all the same. However, this is not business, and we've a world of work to do. Old [illegible]

Business was soon afloat. Captain Drake's orders were carried out, and then the transporting of the General Washington stores went forward briskly. It required only a short [illegible] for Davy Weed and his [illegible] to [illegible] Then the wr[illegible] s loaded, hauled to Castle Columbus and piled near the chambers in the ice Until permanent rooms were hollowed out within the castle, this pile was the best way of disposing of them.

For hours the work went on, the sledgemen vying with each other in celerity [illegible] the result was heartenin[illegible] Food [illegible] furniture, mathematical instruments, ship tools, canvas, spars—a total that comprised these things and many others. The General Washington was scientifically stripped, and what she lost was piled in the ravine between the [illegible] chambers and the Dancing Peggy.

All this while men went armed and [illegible] his [illegible] fromerly of the Sea Pilot. Nobody ex- [illegible] not a fight. That fight was looked for at [illegible] ing of the sort had come. Neither had the keenest watch detected anybody spying upon them from cover of the many pinnacles that rose above the berg.

After it was too dark for scouting it was regretted that an effort had not been made to look the rival party up. It was not pleasasnt to know they were there and have [illegible]

After supper the Dancing Peggys gather- [illegible] paradise of tobacco smoke, they discussed the strange coming of their ship to the castle. Mixed in with the wonder of the majority were contemptuous arguments from a few others.

"What if she did slide up on the lower level of the berg?" snapped Miah Long. "Nothin' new about that."

"Ever hear of a similar case?" asked Peter Barnes.

"Yes, sirree! Remember the case of the [illegible]

"Never heard of it."

"Better subscribe for the papers, after this. She got froze in up North, slid up on a berg just as we've done, stayed there until spring, when a bolt of lightnin' split the berg right open in halves and she dropped safe into the water, so they took [illegible] go of oil to [illegible] good as ever."

"Gammon!"

"I said oil."

"Th[illegible]" added Stephen Rand, "there was the Eliza Smith, three-masted bark, New York to Montevideo. Down in the Bah[illegible] they got mixed up in a bad gale, and all hands took to the boats and rowed ashore. Appalling wind, but next mornin' their ship was hearty as a pine knot, driftin' about in [illegible] the storm where no land had been before."

"Yes," said Abram Wills, "and there was the old hooker Unicorn—"

He told his tale, and others [illegible] and all backed them up with stout claims. It [illegible] where truth [illegible] ended, but if these tales were false there [illegible] She was there.

When it was time to turn in Captain Drake set a watch of two men to stand guard over the piled-up stores, each watch to be relieved at the end of two hours. Tom Minker must not lead a successful raid that night.

No work wa[illegible] he slept it thro[illegible] peacefully and re[illegible] He was up before daybreak and, going, out, saw a light on the Peggy's deck. It was

Velvet THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

From the first puff of the first pipeful of Velvet, you realize the delightfully fragrant, mellow qualities that brand it as a distinct improvement upon anything else you have smoked.

It's the kind that tobacco experts smoke because it's one real tobacco, through and through — genuine Burley, made from selected middle leaves and matured for two years.

[illegible] coolest and most satisfying smoke. You're bound to like it.

[illegible] the U. S.

SPAULDING & MERRICK

Chicago, Ill.

FUTURE, past, present [illegible] div[illegible] Madam Irene. 115 [illegible]

FREE NOVELS 6 GREAT BOOKS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS. 1 Blue Corner 2 Craig's Life in New York, by Mary J Holmes, 3 My Mother a[illegible] 4 Cora[illegible], by Charlotte M. Braeme 5 A Little Irish Girl by [illegible] Duchess," 6. Two Men and a Question, by Anna Katharine Green These are 6 corking stories by four great authors. They are six separate books and are offered to introduce our great illustrated [illegible] Send 25c for a year subscription [illegible] pay postage, etc., or 30c, and we will send you all six above books & our paper for a year Everyday Life, Dept. [illegible] Chicago

Ladies & Gents Watches FREE

We give all grades of Watches for selling our fine Art Post Cards at 10c per pkg. Order 2 [illegible] and we will send you an elegant 5 YEAR GUARANTEED WATCH, also a FINE SIGNET RING and a [illegible] postpaid, as per our pre[illegible] [illegible] COSTS YOU NOTHING [illegible]

BELMONT MFG CO., Dept [illegible] CHICAGO

125 [illegible] Mankato Incubator $7 [illegible]

High-grade hatcher, direct from factory to user, under bond Guarantee and long term trial. No m[illegible] [illegible] lamp, egg-tester, thermometer, etc. None better at any price. 16 years' experience. Write for big free catalogue. Brooders for 120 Chicks $2 25 For 240 Chicks $3.50 and up

245-EGG. ONLY $9.50

MANKATO INCUBATOR CO., BOX 856 MANKATO, MINN.

FORTUNES IN CHEWING GUM

A Steady Stream of Profits Rolls Into Your Pockets; ZULU PENNY GUM MACHINES pay 100% profit ALL THE TIME. $5.00 buys a machine and a supply of gum. A few machines bought from profits of first one will pay you a good, steady income. Requires only your spare time, ZULU is the best gum made. STORE KEEPERS add greatly to profits. AGENTS make big m[illegible] chines and gum For full particulars [illegible] VALUABLE INFORMATION, [illegible]

ZULU M'F'G COMPANY 505 115 ADAMS ST CHICAGO ILL.

Sent on Approval Send no Money. $2.00 WE WILL TRUST YOU 10 DAYS HAIR SWITCH

Choice of natural wavy or straight h[illegible] and we will mail a [illegible] hair switch to ma[illegible] get your switch free. [illegible] switch [illegible]

Anna Ayers, Dept. 548 19 Quincy St., Chicago

WATCH RING TELESCOPE EVERYBODY'S SAFETY RAZOR CAMERA AND OUTFIT

EASY TO EARN—Your choice of 150 premiums for selling our Keystone Easy-to-Thread Best Quality GOLD EYE NEEDLES at 5c a package With every two packages we give FREE a Silver Aluminum Thimble. Send name and address. We send, postpaid, 24 needle packages and 12 thimbles with LARGE PREMIUM BOOK. When sold send us the $1.20 and receive premium entitled to, selected from premium list. Extra present FREE if ordered today. A post card will do. Address

Keystone Novelty Co., Box 625 Greenville, Pa.

LIQUOR HABIT CONQUERED

No more misery. Get rid of the drink habit in 3 days.

[illegible] I was cured [illegible] tially came into possession of the [illegible] Any drinker who wants to quit forever, getting rid of the awful craving, can easily do so, losing no time and enjoying life better than ever before. Marvelous success. Safe, reliable, medically [illegible] dorsed. Inexpensive home treatment

Drinkers Secretly Saved

If a person is addicted so strongly he (or she) has lost desire to be rescued, he can be treated secretly; will become disgusted with odor and taste of liquor. Legions of testimonials verifying genuineness of my Method. Joyous news for drinkers and for mothers, wives, etc., contained in my Book. Mailed, plain wrapper free. Keep this adv. or pass it on. Address EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Av., 350 N New York, N[illegible]

Please your wife! Stop growing old so fast! Make your mustache a rich brown or black. Use BUCKINGHAM'S If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to [illegible]

I can Cure You FREE of Rheumatism

This photograph truthfully shows the ter[illegible] effect of Rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devo[illegible] my life to curing oth[illegible]

A[illegible] ding $20,000 and suffering untold ag[illegible] s I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will se[illegible] you a pack[illegible] lutely free.

Don't s[illegible] it's free. A[illegible] bring it promptly.

Your absolute satisfaction a[illegible] all times is positively guaranteed.

[illegible] y lost mean one more day of needless pain, so write now to

S. T. DELANO, Dept. 96, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men T. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

MAIL ORDER Start your own Mail Order business on a $10.00 investment. Your name on a postal brings full information. Address S. S. ADAMS CO., Plainfield, N. J.

FOR ROOFING OR SIDING [illegible] have complete [illegible] es are low. Illinois Metal Ceiling & Supply Co., 2[illegible] Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

$2 A DAY can be secured by active ladies in forming Grocery and Soap Clubs. Write for catalog and Special Offer. Papworth Co., 552 St. Marks Av., Syracuse, N.Y.

PIMPLES DISAPPEAR in 3 to 5 days never to return. Send stamp—address *Aura Rulos*, Box 112, Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned. Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

GIVEN for selling 8 Sheets NEW MUSIC at 15c each. All different (regular price is 50c), return $1.20 when sold [illegible] solid gold shell Rings Free [illegible] Sun Co., Frederick, Md.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on **POULTRY** and Almanac for 1911 has [illegible] colored plates of fowls [illegible] All about poultry [illegible] It's an encyclo[illegible] chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 690, Freeport, Ill.

SUGAR Fine Gran. lb. 2½c

We SAVE you about one HALF on Groceries and general Merchandise and pay freight. Send no money but write at once for Free Catalogue to CENTRAL MERCANTILE COMPANY, 400 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

WANTED—BRANCH MANAGERS

for Mail order business at your own home, male or female. No canvassing. Mail the ten catalogues and make from $1 to $[illegible] married couple made over $100 in two months; you can do the same. We furnish everything. Outfit [illegible] es, full particulars, etc., for 10 cents in st[illegible] etc. Address The BRAD CO., [illegible] Building, New York City

MAKE MONEY writing Song Poems and musical compositions. Success means fame and cash. No experience necessary. $10,000 recently paid for a popular song. Send us your work, or write for FREE PARTICULARS. We want original song poems, with or without music.

H. KIRKUS DUGDALE CO. Desk 220, Washington, D. C.

DOLLARS AND SONGS — THIS BOOK SENT FREE

$3.50 $20.00 for $3.50

[illegible] your name [illegible] office [illegible] you by express for [illegible] year guaranteed watch [illegible] American full seven ruby jeweled works. With each watch we send [illegible] certificates [illegible] can be used in [illegible] our catalogue (total value of watch and certificates $20.00) all for $3.50. To examine the watch at your express office and if [illegible] pay express agent $3.50 and express charges and [illegible] Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. State whether you want a [illegible] watch or a ladies' watch. Order today. Address

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 360 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

from a lantern, and he saw D[illegible] Weed in the starboard bow.

"What's the word, carpenter?" he demanded.

"Oh! so it's you, sir? Well, I've been going over the ship, as fully as her cargo will let me, an', sir, do you know it amazes me. She ain't hurt a bit, that I can see. No broken timbers, no opened seams, no sprung masts, an'—why, it seems that if she was in water she would be as tight as she ever was."

"It doesn't seem possible. It would be a chance in a hundred thousand, and nothing better."

"Well, sir, we've been blessed with that one chance. Will ye come aboard, sir?"

Ruel found the rope-ladder that had been [illegible] the day before and soon drew himself over the rail. Then Davy escorted him to look for himself. He lacked the ability of a carpenter, but when it was finished he had seen nothing upon which to challenge his man.

Again the seeming impossible had occurred: the Peggy looked right and tight.

"Pity," the mate remarked, as he decided this point, "that we are not a few hundred miles farther south and under sail for home."

"We will go in the spring."

Ruel turned and saw Captain Drake. That person had appeared unheard by him, and had been listening to the exchange of views between his men.

"Hardly in the Dancing Peggy," replied [illegible], laughing.

"On the contrary, in the Peggy, Mr. [illegible]"

"S[illegible] is on the top of an iceberg, sir."

"We will get her down."

[illegible]

"[illegible] problem we must work out. If nature can slide her up here without opening a seam, we should be able to get her down. Why not lower her on the same principle that a boat is lowered from the davits?"

"Think of the weight, sir."

"Precisely what we will think of. It's an engineering problem, I say, and we have some months in which to work it out."

"It may be," suggested the carpenter slowly, "that we could scoop out the ice beneath her and let her settle, bit by bit, until she floated."

"What about starting butts all over the ship?" asked the mate. "We think the Peggy came up here without springing a leak, but, if so, that was the luck of the millionth chance. Once we try to handle her and we shall—beg you pardon, Captain Drake, for I don't want to be a croaker. It is for you to study on the problem."

"I'll do it, too, knowing that you will coöperate heartily with me when I get the idea. To lower her—that's the question. I'll find a way. Now, Mr. Taylor, day is upon us. Will you go aloft on this dome and see what you can discover with a glass. Frankly, I'm worried about Tom Minker [illegible] fellows. Try to learn what they are doing."

"If I may be so bold, sir," exclaimed the carpenter, "them [illegible] are just as sure to [illegible] breath.

"Just [illegible] they [illegible] [illegible] is just [illegible] now a [illegible] [illegible] An equa[illegible] the world would be almost as bad as they [illegible] this time. What won't a man do to save his life? I know what Tom Minker will do—fight us like the tiger he is. There is going to be bloodshed on this berg before the thing ends."

"They need food and clothing," remarked Ruel thoughtfully.

"They must have it or die. Lacking it, they will have it from us or die, anyhow. Here is the glass. Now go to the loftiest point and see if you can locate the gang."

The skipper turned hastily away and dropped to the ice, seeming to be unwilling to talk further. Presently Ruel was climbing Castle Columbus, but moving in deep thought. A few hours before Tom Minker had been eager to murder him, and his shipmates had backed him up to the best of their ability, yet there was now a depression [illegible] the mate's spirits that engrossed all his attention.

Tom Minker had served time in prison for some offense against law, but, having served, he and the law were quits. He and his followers were not buccaneers, but whalemen in hard luck. It seemed tough, in spite of their moral shortcomings, that [illegible] should starve in the Arctic land. Since the acquisition of the General Washington stores the Dancing Peggys had food enough to supply both parties entirely through the time of stress, and yet—Ruel shook his head in an uneasy mood and tried to for[illegible]

Meanwhile, he knew that Minker would murder him off-hand if he had the chance.

The mate reached the summit and was about to pause and beat his half-frozen fingers gainst his side when he made a discovery. He was not first at the lookout. Dorothy and Mary were there, and the former was using a glass to scan the outlying country.

"Oh!" Mary exclaimed, "here is a sleepyhead from the warm nook below. Really, the men should not venture out so early."

"Has to be done," retorted Ruel, rallying. "Reckless ladies would otherwise come to grief."

"On the contrary, we have come to a point of discovery. See yonder smoke, sir?"

"Yes, even without a telescope."

"The crew of the Sea Pilot still alive. Fact is, we are bound to have neighbors, this winter, that we could much better do without."

CHAPTER IX.

A NEAT TRICK.

The smoke was rising above an uplift of ice that was much like Castle Columbus, and it undoubtedly marked the spot where Tom Minker and his party were in camp. Further than that, nothing was to be told. The great mass of ice shut off all view, and no human being was to be seen. The smoke indicated that firewood was plentiful with them, but there was no certainty as to food.

It was a miserable state of affairs when two whaling crews were on the same be[illegible] but in such bitter enmity. An ordinary rivalry might have been ended with a little [illegible]ct, but not the hostility of Minker. War had begun, and it would continue.

Ruel carried his survey further. The shift of the wind had changed the trend of the sea wholly, and the drift was no longer as before. The great berg was now moving slowly south, or nearly in that direction, and behind her, in the still unfrozen sea, the smaller bodies of ice, floes, sconce pieces and brush ice were floating after, like small dogs tagging a big one.

He looked in vain for signs of the wreck of the Sea Pilot. At some point that luckless vessel had driven ashore, but her hull was not visible.

When the mate had completed his survey Dorothy spoke again.

"Mary and I have been doing more geographical work, Mr. Taylor. We find that Mount Washington is the tallest peak here, and that yonder uplift with a dozen ragged heads is probably next in height. We have named that giant Westminster Abbey. Over south of it is what it pleases us to call Mount Hope. You will see that it is well south, and that's nearer home. On the opposite side are North Peak and, just beyond, Rear Guard. Pray commit all these to memory, for your reputation as a geographer may yet be tested."

"Unless mercy prevails," added Mary.

"I feel the responsibility of being asked to remember," returned Ruel gravely, "though I did not suppose you would need my help to remember your own names."

"Oh! we didn't mean that. You

More was said, for the girls were in a light-hearted mood, and so they lingered for some time longer. Ruel, however, did not forget that it was the plan to rush work on permanent chambers in the ice, and that all hands would be needed, so he cut their stay short, descending in season for breakfast.

Captain Drake was still astir, and had looked over the adjacent territory and analyzed the situation. The result was that he had a temporary return of irritability.

"[illegible] the situation we are in!" he growled, after Ruel reported. "Adrift on an iceberg! It is like matching a wagon against a steam railroad. We move, and the drift is south, but a snail could beat us in the race."

"Something is better than nothing," replied the mate encouragingly.

"Some somethings are nothin'. When the weather turns a bit colder we shall freeze in solid, and there will be no more moving until spring. Did it ever occur to you that an Arctic winter is long? Or that a night that lasts the best part of a year is a mighty long night? Still, why do I complain? We are alive, and so is the Dancing Peggy."

He slapped the hull of the ship affectionately and a smile broke out on his face. Even with his daughters hard by his elbow, his heart was with the ship that he had filled so full of whale-oil. A small fortune was under her decks, and he thirsted to carry it back to New Bedford. Just now, there was much to delight him in having the craft at his door.

After breakfast work was begun on permanent chambers in the great side of Castle Columbus. They planned to have three: one for the girls, another for the men, and a third for the stores, and all connected by means of pas[illegible]. The time would come when the r[illegible] and even the Peggy below her masts, would be buried in snow; but those ice-chambers, heated by the stoves secured from the General Washington, and properly ventilated, would make them comfortable in a way.

[illegible] they labored, and it was "all hands" from the start, and as ice is not a hard substance to quarry, they had progressed well when night fell. They had their supper after dark, building a big fire in the depression, and there was no lack of appetite. Afterwards, lingering over their tobacco and sending out puffs of smoke freighted with contentment, they fell into conversation.

"I'm goin' on record," said Miah Long, "as predictin' that we may possibly drift right south afore winter fully closes on us. It may be so. Our drift is that way, an' we only need time. If we can get far enough to fall in with a steamer bound from England to America, or, as they say in Latin, vicious versa—which means, the opposite, or something like it—we shall be picked up and took back home."

"Did you dream that, last night?" scoffed Jerry Foss.

"No, old hoss, I didn't. Jest reasoned it out."

"Give ye a headache?" inquired Peter Barnes sarcastically.

"Better try cracked ice for your brain!" advised Abram Wills.

"Why not suggest fittin' the berg out with sails an' flyin' home?" added Peter.

Miah did not take these retorts kindly, and was prepared to defend him prediction, but Jerry shook his head and soberly remarked:

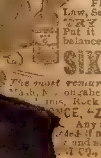
"It behooves us to keep our head-tanks full o' pluck, an' never say cave in, but we may as well face the inevitable. We are far, far too much to the north to escape from the bergs. We are bound to freeze in and stay here all winter. The weather has moderated a bit, just now, but it will soon make a rush for fifty below zero, an' then—well, it will nip the shins o' the man that [illegible] his head outside them rooms we are [illegible]"

"[illegible]tter cold all through," added Davy W[illegible]

The argument would not have ended there, but an exclamation from the outskirts of the group caused all hands to shift their attention.

"Somebody comin'!" said Jerry, wonderingly.

Sure enough, a man was picking his way



MAKE YOUR OWN LIQUORS AT HOME

You can make, in your own home, in a few minutes, any *Whiskey, Liquor, or Cordial, saving 50% of dealer's price, with "ZANOL."*

No Distilling! No Boiling! No Trouble! No Apparatus!

Strictly Legitimate. No Government or State License required. Thousands of satisfied customers. Liquors made with "ZANOL". Flavors deliciously and pure—We guarantee under the U. S. Pure Food Law, Serial No. 2215A. Liquors awarded Gold Medals Columbian Exposition. TRY ONE QUART OF WHISKEY at OUR EXPENSE. Put it to any test you want and if not the best you ever tasted, return balance at our expense, your money will be immediately refunded. Flavors for

SIX FULL QUARTS WHISKEY-$1.00

The most remarkable offer ever made. What do you use? Rye, Bourbon, Corn, Mash, Monongahela Whiskeys, Irish or Scotch, Gins, Cognac, Peach, Apple or Apricot [illegible]ms, Rock & Rye, Cocktails, Blackberry Cordial, Bitters, Creme de Menthe, etc. [illegible]CE, "ZANOL" for SIX FULL QUARTS $1.00, ALL CHARGES PREPAID. Any assortment you desire. Twelve full qts., $1.60. Twenty-four full qts., $2.80. [illegible]ded if not just as represented. We are perfectly reliable. Capital $100,000.00. [illegible] and ask for "*Free Booklet*" giving history and secrets of liquors. [illegible] CO., Sole Agents, (Western Branch), 540 UNIVERSAL BUILDING, CINCINNATI, O.

Try This Treatment Free.

THE TRUE REMEDY FOR **Kidneys, Bladder Rheumatism**

Not a Sample, Not a Test, Not a Trial or Proof Treatment, but a Regular Full Complete Course of Remedies.

TO TRY FREE

I will send, charges paid, TO TRY FREE, a Full, Complete, Three-Fold Combined Lexoid Course of Treatment to any suffering man or woman who needs the right kind of help. I do not ask for a penny in advance, not even a postage stamp. I will stand the entire expense myself and send the Treatment charges paid. There are no promises to make, no papers to sign, no references to give, no C. O. D.s to pay, and [illegible] a penny. [illegible] of pain and [illegible] and despair can be [illegible]

[illegible] TO TRY FREE—take it, use it, and see for yourself.

If you have [illegible] Kidney, Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism, Dizziness, Puffy Swellings Under the Eyes, or in the Feet and Ankles, Nervousness, Tired, Worn-Out Feeling. If your urine is light and pale, dark color or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns while you pass it, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, write for this Treatment without out a minutes delay.

STOPS BACKACHE

Don't spend another needless day of suffering. My new Three-Fold LEXOID Treatment is now saving thousands from that Back-Breaking, Digging, Twisting, Terrible Torturing Agony, Eases Stiff Joints, Quiets those Heart-Wringing Rheumatic Pains, Soothes those unbearable Bladder Troubles and quickly stops the pain.

[illegible] would be practically impossible to take it within the human system without causing results. It drives away the poisonous impurities that clog the [illegible] the trouble. Cleanses, Purifies, [illegible], Invigorates and Encourages the Kidneys to Properly Filter the Blood. [illegible] the pain, gives strength to the nerves, [illegible] tion to the mind and body, and does it quickly, quietly, without loss of time.

I want every sufferer to know, to come, and try this Treatment, and see for themselves. I will send a full complete course, charges paid, ready to use, TO TRY FREE. Take it when it comes, USE HALF OF IT, and see just what it does. Then when you know it is helping you, when you know you are getting better, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach, an amount you can easily afford to spare. That's all I'll ask. If you are not satisfied when you have taken half of it, return what's left and pay nothing.

I am the only one today sending a full Treatment TO TRY FREE. I couldn't afford to do it if I wasn't sure it would help you, if I didn't know what the Treatment would do. But you are to be the judge. It must satisfy you, it must help you, and you are the one to say. I don't want a penny if it fails. I would not take a cent I am not entitled to. I will leave it right with you yourself. I know what my Treatment will do, that's why I am making you the broadest, most straightforward, fair, most liberal, one-sided offer ever made. When I have confidence enough in my Treatment to send it to you this way, I know you will be willing to try it FREE at my expense and that's all I ask. Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp, just your name and where to send the Treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this: Dr. H. Michell DeWerth, 52 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Send No Money; Just This Coupon

DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH,
52 LEXOID BLDG., CLEVELAND, OHIO

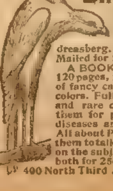
Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of Treatment as promised above, all charges paid, TO TRY FREE. Also your FREE BOOK about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My name is..

Post Office..

St. or R. F. D.....................State.....................

Please write name and address plainly



BIRD MANNA Makes Canaries Sing—restores their health and feathers. 'Tis the great secret of the Andreasberg. Sold by all druggists. Mailed for 15c. in coin or stamps.

A BOOK ON CAGE BIRDS. 120 pages, 150 illustrations, a plate of fancy canaries in their natural colors. Full information as to song and rare canaries. How to breed them for profit. Hints on their diseases and how to cure them. All about Parrots and how to teach them to talk. A most complete book on the subject. Mailed for 15c. or both for 25c. Phila. Bird Food Co. 400 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

along the ravine, and steadily nearing the fire.

"Must be one of Tom Minker's gang," said Davy.

"I know him," growled Peter. "That's Hiram Piper, cook for Minker's crowd. What's afoot?"

The person referred to was now so near that further remarks were not to be indulged in secretly. He was a slight man for a whale ship, though muscular in his way. Dark-skinned, and with ebon-black hair, he had an Indian-like look, but his face was intelligent and, as some there knew, he was of an outwardly mild manner.

The keen rivalry that had existed all the whaling season between the two crews had not been lessened in enmity by the trouble on the General Washington's deck, and Hiram had no friendly countenance into which to look, but he came on without hesitation. A few yards distant he paused, smiled, plucked off his cap and nodded rather genially.

"May I speak with Captain Drake?" he asked, and his voice was soft and melodious.

The skipper had been leaning against the side of his ship. Now, frowning darkly, he moved forward a pace.

"I'm here," he returned grimly. "What's your business?"

"I come," replied Piper, "on behalf of the seaman of the Sea Pilot."

"Why don't they come themselves?" snapped Drake. "[illegible] they [illegible] as much on the fight as they were [illegible] aboard the General Washington."

The visitor instantly grew sober of expression.

"Sir," he explained, and he dripped oil from his tongue as he spoke, "that was an affair greatly to be deplored. Our men found others trying to get the stores they so much needed, and for a little while they lost their heads. Everybody is sorry, now. What the Sea Pilots want is peace with the Dancing Peggy. We are in a bad way."

Drake [illegible] a vague something, minus words.

"The Sea Pilot," Hiram pursued, "went ashore, or rather, on the icebergs during that terrible squall. She was utterly stove, and was only saved from sinking because she settled down, crushing like a piece of chinaware. Two men were killed, several wounded and all hands shook up prodigious."

Drake waved his hand non-committally.

"Nigh about all we had was lost, sucked backward by the raging sea and swallowed up. To make it brief, all we did save was a little clothing, a little food, and our lives. We have eaten up the food, and have found no game, as yet, to fill our stomachs after today. In brief, as all, sir, we are a party of shipwrecked sailors adrift on an iceberg, and facing starvation and death from cold."

He paused, as if to let his words sink in, and glanced around the circle of faces in the firelight. If he hoped to see sympathy expressed there he was disappointed.

"Why," asked Drake curtly, "do you tell this to us?"

"To beseech your aid. Without that aid we are all dead men."

"You didn't think of that when you tried to murder Mr. Taylor on board the General Washington."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but even in that critical hour there was no intention of doing murder. Still, our hands were desperate, and I admit that they lost their heads. We all regret it now."

"You regret it because you lost the game."

"We regret it, sir, because we feel that we should entertain charity and good will to another gang of whalers."

"Gammon!"

"I will not press that claim upon you," pursued Piper, his words dripping as oil-like as ever, "but one thing is sure. Death faces us. Death from cold, death from hunger."

"Why do you tell us that?"

"Because, sir, we know that the explorers' ship yielded up ample stores to you—clothing and food. We implore you to give us a share, just enough to keep body and soul together, sir."

"Do you expect me to do it?"

"We know, sir, that unless you do, we are dead men," replied Hiram with gentle melancholy.

"Why," asked the captain with a bear-like growl, "has Tom Minker hung back and sent his cook as a messenger?"

"I act for the crew, sir. We held a meeting independent of Mr. Minker, but he has agreed to our decision."

"It's customary for the officers to do the ship's business. Your precious Minker sneaks in the background, I see," insisted Drake.

"Be that as it may, sir, the crew are well-meaning men, sailors like yourselves, caught in the Far North like yourselves, New Bedford lads—and near to starving!"

The cook had played his master-card, and he did it mildly and plaintively. No touch of hostility or resentment was visible, and it was plain that the envoy of the Sea Pilots had been chosen judiciously. It was the plan to hold the olive branch high, and Hiram did it without a flaw. Peace and good will—that was his watchword.

Ruel Taylor eyed Drake closely. What would the skipper answer? Long before the mate had seen that, unless help was extended to the other whalers, they must perish, and he knew that the stores from the General Washington, added to what little the Peggy had, would subsist both crews throughout the winter. To him it seemed that humanity imperiously demanded that this aid be given, but he was not sure of his captain. The season-long rivalry had been bitter, the tricks of the Minker party had been mean and many; and the affair in the explorers' vessel had added fuel to the old grudge.

He was not certain that Drake would extend the needed help. And now the captain spoke for himself.

"You can go back to your master," he shouted, "and tell him that the answer is No. No, no, no!"

Piper carried a brown hand to his eyes with a dig of the knuckles as if to brush away tears.

"Must we starve?" he asked pathetically.

"That isn't my business. Do as you please."

"Sir, let me show you more."

With this the cook turned and waved his hand, and then from the shoulder of a little pinnacle emerged eight men, two of whom carried big torches that lighted their vicinity well.

"Two of our wounded, sir," explained Hiram.

Two men were surely there who seemed to be in hard straits. Neither walked by himself, but had support from his fellows, and both plodded on feebly, wobbling of limb and with low-hanging heads. One had a splintered arm, and the other a cloth around his head that was stained with red.

"Our wounded!" repeated Piper. "New Bedford lads, and near to death from cold and hunger."

It certainly was a ghastly picture, with such surroundings, and all eyes were turned upon them as they plodded nearer. Drake started a bit and his expression changed, but he held his peace stubbornly.

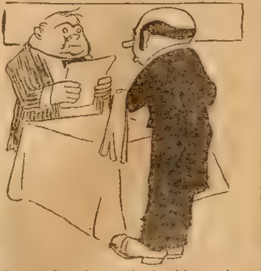
Just then, when all attention was centered at one spot, there was a scream at the rear of the Peggys. A woman's voice rose as if in terror, and Ruel, wheeling, saw Dorothy in the grasp of several strange men who had seized upon her. Helpless, she was being borne away from her friends.

"Ahoy!" cried the mate instantly. "There is a dirty trick! The girl is being abducted! Up with you, lads!—to the rescue!"

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very dramatic happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

All One Could Wish.



Patron—In what style is this steak on the menu?

Waiter (former tailor)—Ah, I haven't a style book handy, but I'll guarantee it will be cut in the latest style and fit perfectly.

* * *

A Dangerous Hat.

Paula had been to the milliner's and when the family had gathered about the fireplace after dinner, the result of her visit was in proper form submitted to their several judgments. There was no doubt that it was becoming; Paulina was never known to have a hat that was otherwise.

"Stunning hat!" cried Paula's sister.

"Dangerous, I'd call it," was the brotherly comment. "Watch the men try to flirt with you when you go down town."

Paula's eyes sparkled mischievously under the brown velvet brim. "Such nonsense, Fritz," she said.

Nevertheless, when she did go down town the next day, she remembered Fritz's words. There was no denying that the hat was extremely becoming—with its shades of soft brown, and the tall, gold-colored wings standing straight up in front—and two men on the street car had really stared outrageously. She was just then entering a large department store, and a mirrored glimpse of her own brunette face under the new hat emphasized the thought.

The result was that a very haughty young lady, with her chin well up, stopped a minute later at a basement counter to price bargains in silk hosiery. As she turned from there to the elevator she found herself confronted by a bold, inquiring smile from one of the floor-walkers. He even bent forward, as if he meant to speak to her, but Paula froze him with a glance, and stepped swiftly into the empty elevator, where, to her annoyance, the young fellow in charge kept stealing glances of open admiration in her direction and then grinning to himself in a sickly, sentimental way. She thought of threatening to report him, but decided that ignoring would be better, so she sailed loftily out of his car at last, only to encounter another would-be familiar stare from a fifth floor usher.

Her face flushed as she hurried on. In the silk department two or three girls behind the counter whispered together about her hat and stared at it enviously. Paula did not mind that, but she had scarcely turned away from them when her color flamed afresh. That impertinent floorwalker from the basement had actually followed her to the fifth floor, and was whispering—unmistakably about her—to one of the salesmen. Not only that, but they were both making eyes at her and smiling insufferably while they passed.

Paula's first thought was of Fritz. How he would crow when she told him of this! Still, there was nothing loud about the hat—nothing whatever to excuse such actions. A girl could not help being pretty! And quite unconsciously to herself there was a thrill of flattered vanity in the feeling which prompted her to toss her head proudly and turn her back on the two men.

At that instant a young woman from the silk department touched her on the arm. "Beg pardon, miss," she whispered, very confidentially, "but you have stockings on your hat!"

"Stockings!" As Paula gasped the word, something pink came dangling down before her startled eyes, and putting up both hands, she found the dangerous hat—spiky, gold-colored wings and all—thoroughly draped by a pair of vivid pink silk stockings. In a flash she remembered having seen a row of these giddy things dangling from a line over her head at the first counter she had visited.

* * *

The Boss Bossed.

"Your clerks seem to be in a good humor," remarked the friend of the great merchant.

"Yes," replied the great merchant. "My wife has just been in, and it tickles them to death to see somebody boss me around."

Attention, Horse Owners!
Send for Handsome Book
Absolutely FREE

You Can Train Your Colt in 8 Hours or Break Your Horses of Any Bad Habits by Prof. Beery's Simple Methods

Prof. Jesse Beery, king of horse tamers and trainers, has retired from his marvelous career in the arena and is now teaching his wonderful system by mail to thousands of interested horse owners.

Prof. Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His wonderful exhibition of taming fierce, man-killing horses and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences all over the world. He can teach you the same simple, yet marvelous, principles which have brought him such remarkable success, so that you can take the most vicious horse and subdue him in a few minutes. He can teach you to train a green colt, break any horse of bad habits, teach a horse to drive without reins, tell the disposition of any horse at a single glance, train him to do difficult tricks and, in fact, gain complete mastery over any horse, young or old.

You can take a useless and dangerous animal and double his value in a short time by these easy, simple methods. And these horses will be cured of shying, kicking, balking, biting, fear of automobiles and all other bad traits forever.

Prof. Beery's lessons are simple, thorough and practical.

$1,200 to $3,000 a Year At Home or Traveling!

Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay $15 to $25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of bad habits, to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses.

What Prof. Beery's Students Are Doing

Breaking horses of every conceivable habit, no matter how long standing it is. Training colts to be absolutely trustworthy and useful in 8 hours. Riding with perfect ease and control. Training horses to go all the saddle gaits and do fancy steps. Training horses to do the most difficult and interesting tricks. **Telling any horse's disposition at sight**—judging a horse right the first time. There is no limit to what a horse can be taught when you know how.

We receive hundreds of letters like the following:

J. O. Brown, Cameron, Mo., R. R. 4., writes, "Last month I made $00.00 training colts, besides my regular farm work."

A. W. Bower, Tipton, Ind., writes, "You have made me a professional trainer. I [illegible] all the work I can do and make more money than ever before."

S. M. Ryder, Mercersburg, Pa., writes, "I am making money buying 3-year-old kickers cheap, handling them a few days and selling them, perfectly broken, at a large profit."

Levi Smith, Admire, Kans., R. R. 2, writes, "I have used your methods on some very mean and vicious horses and had good success; broke a five year old from kicking in two hours. The owner offered to sell it for $75.00, but after I trained her he refused $175.00."

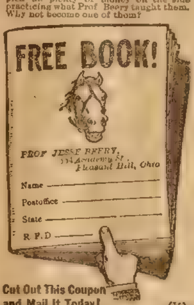
The Only Instruction of Its Kind in the World

Never before in the history of the world has there been offered such a wonderful opportunity as this—a chance to learn a money-making, fascinating profession right at home, under the instruction of the acknowledged master-horseman of the world.

If you love to travel, to give exhibitions, to train your own and neighbors' horses, write at once for handsome, free prospectus, also big FREE CIRCULAR of the Beery Exhibition.

7,000 Satisfied Graduates

There are now more than 7,000 satisfied and successful Beery graduates in all parts of the world. They are reaping the benefits of their foresight in taking Prof. Beery's wonderful course. They comprise Farmers, Professional Horse Trainers, Horse Breeders, Riding Masters, Teamsters, etc. They are also pick up plenty of money on the side practicing what Prof. Beery taught them. Why not become one of them?



FREE BOOK!

PROF JESSE BEERY,
334 Academy St.,
Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Name
Postoffice
State
R. F. D.

Cut Out This Coupon and Mail It Today! (15)

PROF. JESSE BEERY
334 Academy St Pleasant Hill, Ohio

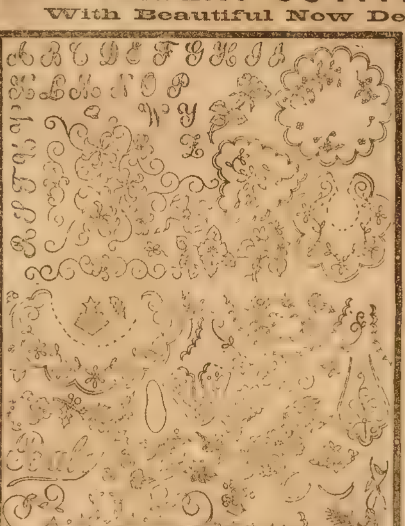
PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet, How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. Address PUTNAM DYE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated

FREE TRIAL. No pain or loss of time. Cases where other remedies have failed specially desired.
Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, Suite 53d No. 400 West 23d Street, New York

EMBROIDERY OUTFIT FREE
With Beautiful New Designs.



The outfit contains a cake of special stamping preparation, a distributing pad and full set of directions, so that any one can do it, and a large number of full-size perforated designs. The illustration shows some of them.

CONTENTS OF OUTFIT:
1 Baby's Bib.
1 Baby's Bootees.
1 Baby's Script Word "Baby."
1 Baby's Script Alphabet, 1¼ inch letters.
1 Shirt Waist Set.
1 Corset Cover.
1 Tie End. 1 Towel Border.
1 Dutch Collar.
1 Sleeve Ornament (Star and Bars).
1 12-inch Centerpiece.
2 Scallop Borders.
1 Butterfly. 1 Neckbow.
1 Jabot. 1 Pin Cushion.
1 Bow Knot. 1 Spray Pansy.
3 Sprays Carnations.
1 Spray Wheat.
1 Spray Poppies.
3 Sprays Violets.
3 Sprays Holly.
3 Sprays Maidenhair Ferns.
1 Spray Wild Rose.
1 Spray Dog Rose.
3 Sprays Lily of the Valley.
3 Sprays Forget-Me-Nots.
2 Sprays Daisies. Total 42.

For variety and beauty of design this outfit cannot be duplicated. They are all perforated on good quality of paper, so that they will last a lifetime.

This is a beautiful outfit that we have gotten together and we intend to give it free to any one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. You know what good value The Chicago Ledger is, and with the offer of the free Embroidery Outfit thousands of orders will pour into our office. This outfit will not be sold. To get it you must subscribe for the paper. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar any way, and we will extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

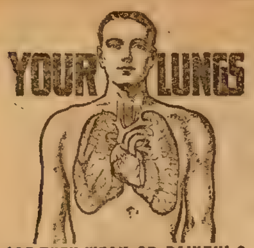
☞ Fill out the blank below and enclose it to us with one dollar.

TRIAL COUPON

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
Chicago, Ill.,
Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00 for one year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.
This coupon entitles me to one Embroidery Outfit free, with all charges prepaid.

NAME ....
Street No or Rural Route ....
Town .... State ....
This is a .... Subscription
New or Renewal

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These are Regarded Symptoms of Lung Trouble and

CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You absolutely, that Lung Germine, the German Treatment, has cured completely and permanently case after case of Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other lung troubles. Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung Germine. It is not only a cure for Consumption but a preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity. Lung Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over five years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.

Let Us Send You the Proof—Proof that will Convince any Judge or Jury on Earth

We will gladly send you the proof of many remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung Germine together with our new 40-page book (in colors) on the treatment and care of consumption and lung trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME
LUNG GERMINE CO. 800 Rae Block, JACKSON, MICH.

$1200 a year salary or commission. Man or woman in every county to manage our bus[illegible] with grocery stores. Permanent. No experience necessary. No investment. The Confecto Mfg. Co., Lima, Ohio

MINSTREL SHOW BOOK FULL of FUN, comic songs, end men's jokes, conundrums, dialogues, stump speeches, funny lectures, plantation sketches, negro songs, dances, banjo solos & marches. [illegible] Just to introduce we will send this book and a year's subscription to Everyday Life for 10c. EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. 40, CHICAGO

Spirit Mediums' OUTFIT FOR TABLE RAISING. The Table does all sorts of queer antics, appears bewitched. Wonderful illusion. Mystifies and astonishes. Send to-day and give your friends "that creepy feeling." Make them "sit up and take notice." Table Raising outfit with full directions for performing this and two other good Spirit Medium stunts, all by mail for only 25 cents. MAGICAL ILLUSION CO., Dept. D Frenchtown, N. J.

WATCH-RING and CHAIN WE POSITIVELY GIVE TO BOYS [illegible] AMERICAN MADE [illegible] stem-set watch with handsomely [illegible] case, proper size, GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Also dainty ring set with two sparkling stones, for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Order jewelry today. When sold send $2 and we will send watch ring and chain. Dale Watch Company, Dept. [illegible] Chicago

$7.50 FREIGHT PREPAID **FOR 120-EGG INCUBATOR** SAFE SURE. Biggest value of the year. Write for low prices on larg[illegible] Famous RELIANCE. Simplest—surest—safest. Metal-covered; metal legs and lamp. Delivered free east of Missouri River, and north of Tennessee. Prices quoted to points beyond. Write for Free Book. RELIANCE INCUBATOR CO., Box 588 Freeport, Ill.

WONDER LAMP The United Factories of 827 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a lamp free, to one person in each locality **FREE** to whom they can refer new customers and who will show and recommend this marvelous, new, incandescent 100 candle power oil lamp. Simply send name and nearest express office.

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE IT'S EASY! POSITIONS WAITING. The OLD MASTER now supplanted by the MOLER GRADUATE who is as [illegible] prepared as a Doctor. Good wages after few weeks. Our manual for home study. Established in 1893. 33 branches all leading cities. For information regarding any one, write Dept. 10. Moler System of Colleges CHICAGO

HIS COLLEGE GIRL.

"Make that girl your wife, Billy, and drag your mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the dust?" cried Mrs. Holton, throwing her apron over her head and giving way to her grief.

"I wouldn't do that for a hundred wives," Billy declared.

"And well you mightn't!" she sobbed. "You can have a hundred wives, but only one mother."

"Not now, since they shut down on polygamy in Utah," Billy laughed.

"O, yes, make light of your mother—which you never used to do before you took up with her!"

"O, come, mother," Billy coaxed. "You know I never mean to make light of you!"

"Well, then, take my advice and bring me a helpful daughter instead of that flighty—"

"Leora isn't flighty, mother," Billy interrupted earnestly.

"Her name shows the kind of a girl she is," Mrs. Holton asserted.

"She isn't responsible for her name, you know," Billy returned good-humoredly. "I wish you'd let me bring her to see you, mother, I'm sure you'd like her when—"

"I'm sure I wouldn't! And you'll never marry that finicky city girl with my consent!"

"All right, then. I'll die an old bachelor," Billy assented. "But Leora is neither finicky nor a city girl. She was raised—"

"I don't care where she was raised!" Mrs Holton bounced up. "She's a college miss that knows nothing of saving for a man—doing her own work and making soft soap and such things."

"That reminds me—but first—" Billy laid his hands on his mother's shoulders, looking at her affectionately. "Let us not quarrel or have hard feelings over this, mother. I can't help it that I care for Leora and that I never cared for any other girl. I can't say that I'll never marry her, but I'll wait till you feel differently about it."

"I never will, Billy boy." Mrs. Holton dropped her head on his breast. "I can't consent to it, but we needn't have hard feelings."

They kissed and made up. Then, with a grin of mischief, Billy imparted his news.

"Your speaking of soap made me think of it. I met Mrs. Jenkins this morning and she hinted that she had the cinch on the blue ribbon for soft soap this year."

"The idea," Mrs. Holton's head went up like a warhorse. "Much obliged to her for nothing."

"I suppose she thought she'd save you the disappointment of trying for it," said Billy. "She said there'd never been such superfine soft soap at our county fair as that she has just finished."

"Superfine fiddlesticks!" Mrs. Holton flared. "Martha Jenkins always was a boaster. She's never beat me in her life, and won't this year. Sarah Jane Pratt came near it last fall. I don't know but she could if she'd keep at it instead of teaching. There's a smart girl for some young man!" she sighed.

Billy squirmed. His mother's desires concerning the thrifty Sarah Jane had not been kept hidden.

"But I'll show Martha Jenkins and the whole county!" Mrs. Holton said. "I never have come out second best on soft soap yet and I never will!"

Billy doubted if the county was much interested in the matter of soft soap, but he sympathized with his mother's ambition to win in the annual competition.

Mrs. Holton was extremely saving in all her ways and had never "wasted" money on store soap. She considered it the limit of shiftlessness in a woman to buy instead of making the family supply, though she profited by it and turned many a penny from the sale of her own superior article. In her opinion to be a good soapmaker was the end of a girl's education.

Secure in her own supremacy Mrs. Holton laughed heartily as she told her friend, Mary Beach, of Martha Jenkins' presumption.

"Her soap is extra fine," Mary replied reluctantly. "She showed it to me. She came across some new wrinkle in soapmaking at her sister's this summer. It looks so much like your best that I couldn't see any difference; but looks isn't all with the judges, of course."

"Not if they know their business. Well, we'll see who comes out best." Mrs. Holton's eyes snapped.

She felt entirely satisfied with her production when it was finally ready. She knew it was the best she had ever made, and that was saying much. She had two entries and was certain that Martha Jenkins would not only miss the blue ribbon, but, as had happened before, would not even get second.

Mrs. Holton had always gone early on the day of awarding the premiums that she might the sooner enjoy her triumph, and Billy had always gone with her. Last year Sarah Jane had been with them, and they all laughed when Sarah came so near taking the blue ribbon. The red had been awarded her, and Martha Jenkins had received no prize whatever.

"I do wish Sarah Jane was here to go with us," Mrs. Holton remarked to Billy a few days before the fair.

"I guess we'll get along without her." Billy hesitated a moment, then bracing up added, quickly, "Leora will be with us."

"Wha-at!" shrieked Mrs. Holton. "That girl?"

Seeing a battle ahead, Billy admonished himself to firmness. "Yes, I've asked her to go with us, mother."

"Then you won't have me with you!"

"Oh, come mother, go—"

"I won't! I won't!" she interrupted. "I won't stick myself beside that college lady, and have her turning up her dainty nose at the old soapmaker. You can take her and go—but you can't take both of us!"

In vain Billy coaxed and urged. She was obstinate, and somewhat sadly he had taken "that girl" and gone. Mrs. Holton stayed at home and cried a little, feeling herself a martyr, as she pictured the blue ribbon, perhaps the red also, fluttering gayly over her jars of soap.

At last, unable to bear it, she got out her own driving rig and hurried to the fair grounds, arriving about noon.

"Did I get both ribbons?" she demanded of Mary Beach, chancing upon her almost immediately.

Mary hesitated, and Mrs. Holton went on: "I suppose Martha Jenkins got the red, the way you look."

"The one that got first took the red, too," Mary stammered.

"And I didn't get anything!" Mrs. Holton shrieked; then, struck with a harrowing thought, added, "Don't tell me that Martha Jenkins got both ribbons! If she did I'll leave the country!"

"No, she didn't get anything, either."

Mrs. Holton winced at being classed with Martha in the either, but demanded, "Who got them?"

"Some girl, I heard—a new exhibitor."

Mrs. Holton snorted defiantly and tore through the crowd, stopping not for friend or foe, until her unadorned jars of soap stared forlornly at her.

"Who got them?" she flung the ambiguous question at one of the judges, who was inside.

"It seems odd your missing it, Mrs. Holton. But I think if you will compare the exhibits you will agree with our decision," the woman said pacifically.

"I didn't ask you for an excuse. I want to know who's the fancy softsoap maker." She had a faint hope it might be Sarah after all.

"The winner is a young lady, Miss Leora Willis. Such skill in this line is remarkable in one so young," the judge theorized deprecatingly.

Before Mrs. Holton could more than gasp, a soft voice at her elbow murmured regretfully:

"I am sorry it happened so, Mrs. Holton, I didn't expect anything beside yours; I—I just wanted you to know I could make it."

Mrs. Holton glared at the pretty girl in fluffy white, with a bitter retort on her tongue, when Martha Jenkins cackled shrilly: "We're both in the same boat, Maria Holton, and it's once you didn't beat me, to have it to brag about!"

"Never mind her, mother," Billy comforted in her ear.

Mrs. Holton looked up at him, the sudden light of victory kindling in her eyes, and putting her arm around the girl, laughed back triumphantly.

"Leora is going to marry my Billy, so you're beaten by a Holton yet, Martha Jenkins!"

MILDRED'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"It is too provoking of aunty," complained Mildred to her cousin, Constance Hurlbert, as they sat on the vine-covered porch of the beautiful old house overlooking the river.

The speaker was a pretty, dark girl, though her face was marred by a discontented expression almost habitual to it. She was swinging lazily in a hammock and laid down a magazine she had been reading when her companion asked if Betty Martin was to dine with them that evening.

"Aunty would invite her," Mildred went on in an abused voice, "though I beseeched her not to. You see, Miss Gaylord knows she keeps a shop here and will be awfully surprised that we entertain her in such an intimate way."

"But why should you care if she is surprised?" asked the other. "The chances are she will not feel impelled to rise in her place and announce it. Besides Betty Martin is well bred, and certainly very attractive."

"I suppose so, if you like that mousey kind. I am not partial to the washed-out blonde type."

"Why, Milly, her coloring is lovely, and she is so bright and sweet," defended Constance. She was visiting at the summer home of Mrs. Dailey, who was her aunt as well as Mildred's.

"But there is another reason," continued the latter, ignoring her companion's loyalty to her pet aversion.

"Jack is going to bring Gerald Gaylord out, too, and if his sister will be surprised, I know he will be positively shocked, for he is no end of a swell. If he finds that shopkeepers are among our most familiar friends he will probably change his opinion regarding our social position and that will be the end of him!" and then she added, flushing a little, "I don't mind telling you, Constance, that he is quite the most fascinating man I've ever met—he has loads of money, too."

Constance laughed outright, her merry face dimpling. "What a goose you are, Milly. If he cares for you what difference on earth can it make to him who comes to aunty's party, as long as you are there? If he objects to your associating with a nice girl because she trims and sells hats for a living I should think he would hardly be worth worrying about."

But Mildred was still disconsolate. Suddenly she was struck by a new thought and her face brightened.

"Conny, you are to sit next to Mr. Gaylord tonight at dinner, and I wish you would manage to tell him, sort of casually, you know, that Betty's mother and auntie were at school together when they were girls, and that she comes from a fine old Virginia family. Then when his sister informs him in her supercilious way, that she is just a common little milliner, he will know that much at least. Her people were once very well off, but after Betty's father died, they found he had left her almost nothing. Aunty asked her here for an indefinite visit, but she wouldn't consent to stay on, like a sensible girl, and insisted on opening that ridiculous store in Main street. I'm sure I don't mind being dependent on aunty, and I don't see why she should."

"Well, I do," answered Constance, positively. She gazed at her cousin thoughtfully and mused. "How delightful she would be if her pretty mouth had not that dreadful droop at the corners and her outlook on life were less restricted."

She was a charitable little soul, but aloud she said seriously: "Milly, I am afraid you are a hopeless snob, and I cannot understand it. Besides, anybody whom aunty admires and invites here is surely equal to all the Gaylords under the sun."

Then the dimples, never long absent, broke out again. "Don't you think being poor is rather a distinction in itself, among your particular set, Milly?"

"But will you do that, Constance?" persisted Mildred, not to be diverted from the main issue.

"Yes, silly, if it matters so much to you I'll even tell the magnificent Gerald that Betty has miles and miles of ancestors, springing originally from a belted earl, and that her family escutcheon is one before which royalty itself bends the knee."

Mildred smiled faintly and said it was high time they were getting dressed for the evening. "Dinner is at 7, so come along. Jack said they would leave town at 5, and it's after that now. You ought to take an interest in matchmaking, Connie, now that you are safely engaged yourself," and Mildred slipped her arm through her cousin's and gave it a little squeeze, her good nature quite restored.

"I think you are fully capable of doing all that is necessary in that line yourself, my dear," replied Constance dryly, as they disappeared into the house.

A little later Mrs. Dailey's guests were assembled in the drawing room, all except Miss Martin, who had not yet arrived. Mildred was standing beside Gerald Gaylord, near one of the long windows opening onto the porch, and there were no discontented lines in her bright, animated face now.

Suddenly there was a rush of little feet, a breathless, bubbling laugh, and Gerald turned to see a whirl of white draperies flash across the porch, followed by a small fox terrier, barking wildly, and whose pursuit was brought to an abrupt end outside the screen door that was heard to open and close quickly.

A few moments later Betty Martin entered the room, her fair hair forming a halo above her violet eyes, her cheeks and firm, dainty chin touched with the rose color that fright had given them.

To Mildred's intense annoyance Gerald had left a sentence half finished when he first caught sight of the flying figure, and when Betty vanished into the house had immediately fixed his gaze on the door of the room.

When Betty appeared and approached her hostess, Jack Gaylord excused himself abruptly and crossed to her. What he said only Mrs. Dailey, who had her little friend's hand in both her own, overheard. But she leaned over and kissed Betty's cheek, and said she was so very glad he had found an old friend among her guests.

The rest of that evening was like a bad dream to Mildred. It seemed that the young man had met Betty several years ago in Virginia while there on a shooting trip, and that he had gone down again, not long afterward, but had been unable to find any trace of her.

But the bitterest drop in poor Mildred's cup came when she saw them go down toward the shining, moon-flooded river. As they passed the shadowed corner of the porch, where she had gone for a few moments to conquer the angry tears that threatened to overwhelm her, she heard Gerald say:

"Dear, brave little milliner. How lucky I shall be if I can win you away from those precious hats of yours."

A happy laugh floated back as Betty answered: "Perhaps you couldn't if the hats were not so utterly impossible this year."

Not So Slow.

A traveling salesman in a Southern town came to a small pond. An old negro was lolling contentedly in the sun with fishing rod in hand. The salesman paused and watched the fishing. After watching for half an hour without seeing the least sign of a bite he asked how the fish were biting. The fisher looked surprised. "Why, boss," he exclaimed, "dere ain't no fish in dis yere pond. Dere never was a fish in it." "Well, what do you fish for?" the salesman wanted to know. "So's my old woman can see dat I ain't got no time to chop wood for de fire," the negro answered.

2 Full Gal. Jugs Rich, Mellow, Old Straight Whiskey, Guaranteed Full 256 Ounces $2.84

2 FULL GALLON JUGS
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
$2.84

Write for Our Big Bargain Price List—We Sell Every Kind of Alcohol Whiskey

This is the same magnificent whiskey offer we made at the close of last year—the offer that swept the country like wildfire, scattered every form of competition like dead leaves before the gale and added 10,000 new customers to our books. Remember, this is cheaper than a saloon keeper can buy straight whiskey.

Think of it! **Two full gallon jugs of rich, rare, mellow old straight whiskey for only $2.84,** each jug guaranteed to contain full 128 ounces—256 full ounces in all—of superfine goods such as you have probably paid $3.00 to $3.50 per gallon for more than once in the past. Remember, this is **Straight Whiskey**—every drop pure—not a compound or a blend—but honest straight goods that will prove a genuine revelation of real whiskey quality.

Here's another big money-saving opportunity, if you happen to prefer our Celebrated Straight Whiskey in bottles.

12 Full Quart Bottles of Finest Old, Mellow Straight Whiskey . . $4.75

Just send us $4.75 by Express or P. O. Money Order, Registered Currency or St. Louis Exchange, and we will at once ship you **12 Full Quart Bottles (3 Full Gallons) of this World-Beating Straight Whiskey.** When it reaches you, open a bottle, drink as much as you like, and if you do not say right off that this is **the best whiskey you ever tasted at any price,** return the unopened bottles to us and get your money back at once!

Special Quantity Offers:

24 Full 16 oz. pint Bottles,	$6.00	5-gal. Keg,	$7.13
50 Full 16 oz. pint Bottles,	12.00	10-gal. Keg,	13.45
1 Full 16 oz. pint Bottles,	21.20	25-gal ½ Bbl.	33.10

PURE FOOD DISTILLING CO., Branch 10B, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Boy's and Girl's Corner

THE BOY RAIDERS;

Or, Schooldays' Adventures

By PAUL GRAY

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 3, Dec. 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

—

CHAPTER V.

A CROOKED GAME SPOTTED.

TEDDY JENKS was fast asleep on the couch in their room with a magazine under his cheek when Lange re-entered.

"Wake up, you sleepy head," exclaimed the latter, shaking his chum vigorously. "I've got something to say to you."

Teddy opened his eyes slowly, rubbed them lazily and then drawled:

"What did you wake me up in that part of my dream? An old codger was just giving me a million dollars."

"What for?" inquired Phil with face so serious it showed no appreciation of his roommate's pleasantry.

"Why, because I was so industrious," snorted Teddy who was not blind to the realization that industry was one of his weak points.

"[illegible]," snapped Lange without the [illegible] smile. "Sit up there and listen. [illegible] struck a real shocker tonight."

"[illegible]," grinned Jenks, "has some one run off [illegible] best girl?"

"[illegible] serious, kid," warned Phil, "or I'll [illegible] your ears and send you to bed." Then dropping into his easy chair at the [illegible] and looking his companion squarely in the [illegible], he continued: "Teddy, did you know that some of our academy boys were [illegible]?"

"[illegible]," was the reply without a shade of apprehension, "don't we all bet our little [illegible] when we play Allentown at baseball and [illegible]?"

"[illegible] mean a little thing like that. [illegible] to a regular gambling den, betting their money on a game of cards and [illegible] men who look as if they did nothing for a living but gamble."

Teddy had a joking response ready to slip [illegible], but he failed at sight of Phil's [illegible].

"I'm not fooling you, kid. It's only gospel truth. I've just come back from a peep [illegible] second-story back room of 'Bud' Hicks' cafe and what I saw there would give you a fit of apoplexy."

"[illegible] to us quick," exclaimed the [illegible] man with bulging eyes.

"Yes, I'll tell you because I must tell somebody. I just can't keep the secret [illegible] all alone. But not a word of it, son, to any soul," impressed Lange, shaking his forefinger warningly at his roommate.

"Sure I promise," agreed Teddy, awed out of his customary joviality by the sober countenance of his comrade. "Let's hear about it."

"Well, I saw Monnett and Williams and Dick Farson and Joe Gould and Harry Babcock and our poor little Bobby Lester gathered around two tables and flanked by a half-dozen men, all cards in hand and money and chips for the game in front of them."

Teddy's eyes widened until it seemed as is they would pop from their sockets.

"Jehosophat, what a surprise party," he blurted. "Were any of our boys winning?"

"Not one of them except Bobby. He seemed to be having a great run of luck, but it'll probably change before he comes home. Monnett was a heavy loser. Four times in half an hour I saw him dig into his pocket and pull out a five dollar bill——"

"Twenty dollars? Say, he must 'a' been mighty flush. He's generally broke."

"And all four of the bills were brand new——" went on Phil slowly and impressively.

"Brand new? What o' that?" ejaculated Teddy with a puzzled air. Then he burst out: "Oh, I know what you're hinting. Bobby Lester said the fifty he had stolen on him was all in fresh new bills and all fives."

"And every time Monnett drew out one of these bills," went on Phil, ignoring his friend's interruption, "he glanced across to the other table where Bobby sat playing to see if he was looking his way."

"Pshaw! you think Monnett was the man that robbed Bobby's room?"

"I'm not saying—yet. But I'm going to know pretty quick."

"He stole to play cards with, eh?"

"Now don't get ahead of the facts, Teddy."

"I never did think much of him anyway."

"Be careful, young man. You may be doing him an injustice. But it's a shame just the same," declared Lange bitterly, "that our boys must lose their money to a bunch of regular gamblers."

"Why? Was there any cheating?"

"Well, twice I saw one of the men pull a card he needed to win with out of his pocket and each time he raked in everything in sight."

"A crooked game, eh?"

"Yes, crooked as blazes," [illegible] Lange, "and it's got to stop. Our boys are not going to be led astray by any such nasty game and such a dirty crook as 'Bud' Hicks is."

"It 'ud ruin the academy, too, if it got out, wouldn't it?" put in the younger boy excitedly.

"Sure—that's the reason we've got to keep mum about it."

"But how did you find out all this?" asked Teddy with a glance of admiration at his friend.

Then Phil told at length of his evening's experience, beginning at the discovery of the knotted rope, while the other sat in wide-eyed surprise.

"And we're going to shut that crooked hole up—and in double quick time, too," concluded the senior.

"Jolly good," coincided Teddy, slapping his thigh in eager approbation. "I'm with you—every step of the way."

"And, by the way, kid, I want you to go down the corridor and borrow Joe Flynn's little electric night lamp," said Lange. "And tomorrow, when the boys are at dinner, I want you to borrow five dollars from me so that Monnett and the rest of our corridor bunch can see me pull out my roll of bills."

"What strategy is this?" ejaculated Jenks.

"We'll have to wait to see," responded his roommate. "Meanwhile let's get a night's rest."

But long after the two boys had buried themselves between the sheets, Phil lay wide awake and in deep consideration of the problem confronting him. He was sighing contentedly at what seemed like a possible solution when he heard low voices in the adjoining room.

"Monnett and the rest of that gambling bunch just sneaking in," he thought to himself as he rose quietly and studied the face of his watch. "Twelve o'clock, eh? Well, it won't be that hour when they get in for many more nights," and Lange crawled back to bed.

The next day was Sunday. Obedient to his elder's instructions, Teddy secured Joe Flynn's electric night lamp and at dinner made no secrecy of his request to his roommate for a loan of five dollars.

Phil who was never without an ample supply of money drew out a formidable roll of bills, spread it flat upon the table and carefully smoothed it out.

"Oh, look at the banker," shouted Dick Farson.

"Yes, lend me a V, will you?" cried Joe Flynn.

"Sorry, fellows," was the quiet reply of Lange, "but I've got use for every last [illegible] of it."

At the same instant with a sweeping glance, he saw the eyes of Monnett [illegible] as if fascinated upon the pile of cash. Inwardly satisfied that his little ruse had served its purpose, Phil tossed a five dollar note to Teddy and replaced the rest of the roll deliberately in a trousers pocket.

———

CHAPTER VI.

THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER.

Lange spent most of the Sabbath in his room. He was thoroughly upset by the evidence he had obtained of the violation of the academy's most stringent rules and deeply aroused by the laxity in the execution of laws in Hexter town whereby a gambling room was permitted to run openly and to include among its patrons young students who were evidently the prey of experienced gamesters.

At first he thought it his duty to expose the whole wretched affair to President [illegible], but when he considered that such action would surely put half a dozen of his comrades into prompt disgrace and implant a blot on the long unsullied reputation of the academy, he concluded it were better to keep a stiff upper lip for a few days at least.

Nor would the recollection of the theft from Bobby Lester's room give him any peace. The indications were plain that the thief was a student, yet even to himself Lange hardly dared entertain the suspicion which the occurrence he had seen during the preceding twenty-four hours was gradually framing in his active young brain.

Still, firm in his mental resolve to uncover the thief and to close up "Big Bud" Hicks' gambling place—which he firmly believed was responsible for the robbery—without bringing disgrace upon any individual student or upon the academy as a whole, Phil kept busy with the double problem. He was well satisfied with his plans when at ten o'clock Teddy Jenks came in.

"Phil, that's no joke about your saying our boys are being robbed at cards," he began soberly. "I overheard Dick Farson tell Lester so just now. And the whole bunch you saw are clean broke—all except Bobby who's got quite a roll that the rest of 'em are trying to borrow from."

"Well, Teddy, they'll not have that temptation before them much longer," replied the senior with a determined set of the jaw and a grip of the hands.

"How's that? How 're you going to stop it?"

"You'll have to wait a few days to find out," was the unsatisfying response.

Phil still kept his chair as Teddy disrobed and climbed yawningly into bed. He waited until his roommate's quiet and regular respiration assured him that the younger man was asleep. Then he removed his shoes and coat.

Turning down the gas he drew out the electric search light Teddy had borrowed for him, flashed it about the room to be sure it was working properly and then slipped it beneath his pillow.

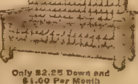
Next, contrary to custom, he stole quietly to the door and locked it. Then he went to the window. Looking out, he saw that the night was dark, the sputtering electric light in the street casting only a fitful and uncertain reflection against the dormitory wall.

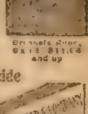
Reaching up to the window catch, he slid it toward him so that the lower sash would easily open from without as well as within. Then turning the light completely out, he crawled into bed without removing his trousers.

For a long time he lay wide awake while his roommate slumbered peacefully on beside him. The town bells had rung out midnight when, waiting with ears keenly set, he heard muffled footsteps just outside his door. His heart seemed almost to cease beating as the knob slowly turned. When the door failed to give, silence followed, succeeded in a moment by another attempt at the knob.

But Lange's precaution in locking the door prevented any intruder's entrance by that means. He sighed with satisfaction as he heard the footsteps retreat.

But the satisfaction was of short duration. In less than five minutes came the fumbling of fingers about the window and then the slow, covert raising of the sash.





SPEAR Will Trust You Wherever You Live—Write For His Free Catalog

A Personal Word

The rich and prosperous class can always command the luxuries of life, but the average home lover needs the Spear System of Credit to the Nation. I want 1,000,000 families to say of me:—"He helped us to furnish and beautify our homes." I ask for no higher tribute to my life's work. Write for my Free Catalog.

Spear of Pittsburg

NO matter where you live, you can buy everything needed for the home from us on credit and on easy payments to suit your convenience. All you need to do is to mail us your name and address and we will at once send you, free, our Mammoth Home Furnishing Catalog, containing illustrations from photographs and full descriptions of thousands of articles in Furniture, Rugs, Carpets and Home Furnishings sold by us on long time, open account, easy credit terms.

Credit Buying Made Easy

With the aid of this Big Bargain Catalog, you can select anything you want—**Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Go-Carts, Silverware, Dishes, Phonographs, Washing Machines, Clocks, etc.,**—to a greater advantage than if you were to visit personally even the largest city stores; because we offer you not only a vastly larger and better stock to choose from, but your selections are made at home after consulting your family and without suggestions from clerks who may seek to influence you.

Plymouth Range $3.75 Down

The range that has caused such a sensation and created so much talk.

Pay When Convenient

Your credit is good with us. Why not use it? Under our liberal, open account, easy payment plan you can have every possible advantage in buying for your home possessed by the most favored and well-to-do-shopper in the city stores. Our credit system is extended to honest people, everywhere, regardless of their income. You need not deny yourself any article of household comfort or luxury on account of a lack of ready cash. Select what you want from our Catalog, pay a little cash down and a little each month.

Only $2.25 Down and $1.00 Per Month

Our Prices Are The Lowest

While our credit terms are the most liberal in the country, yet our prices are the lowest. This is because of our immense purchasing power and enormous volume of sales. We buy goods in such vast quantities that we secure better prices than would be possible to smaller concerns, and by extending our business to tens of thousands of customers all over the country, we can afford to accept just one small added profit from each sale. We allow no store or factory on earth to undersell us. Get our prices and be your own judge of whether or not we save you from 20 to 50 per cent on your home furnishings.

Brussels Rug, 9x12 $11.48 and up

Take A Month To Decide

Anything you select from our Bargain Catalog will be shipped on approval. Keep the goods 30 days, then decide to buy or return at our expense. If you are not fully satisfied, the goods may be shipped back to us at our expense and your first payment and freight charges refunded you.

Big Rocker Bargain

A large, comfortable, solid oak Rocker with high, wide back, fully tufted and buttoned with heavy ruffled edge. Seat is [illegible] roomy, upholstered [illegible] Sylvan leather over full steel spring construction, and has a beautifully ruffled edge to match back. Construction is solid golden oak throughout, with high gloss golden finish. Arms are wide, front posts of handsome design. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Order No. C. W. 531

Price $4.95

Terms 75c Cash With Order

Balance 50c Payable Monthly

Write For Free Catalog Today

SPEAR & COMPANY, Department 21P Pittsburg, Pa.

Mary J. Holmes BOOKS GIVEN AWAY

The Gable Roofed House at Snowden
Glen's Creek
Ada Harcourt
The Old Red House Among the Mountains
Rice Corner
Tom and I
The Brown House in the Hollow
[illegible] Life in New York

WE will not send you merely your choice of one of these books, but **all eight** of them, just as listed opposite, for your trouble in sending your subscription, to Every Day Life at 25c a year and 5c extra to help pay postage or 30c in all. **You all know Mary J. Holmes.** She is one of the world's most fascinating writers. **Her name alone** is enough to guarantee a good strong story, interesting and entertainingly told. Here is a chance for you to read 8 of her best books free, without costing you a cent. Every Day Life is a charming, illustrated monthly paper of interest to all members of the family. You can get the paper **one year** and a whole season's great reading for only **30c.**

EVERY DAY LIFE, Novel Dept. 110, Chicago, Ill.

QUICK GROWTH OF HAIR

ONE DOLLAR BOX FREE

DISCOVERED AT LAST—THE TRUE METHOD!

Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of Hair Growing is the genuine and scientific one. We will send you a DOLLAR BOX out of the Koskott Treatment FREE. We guarantee to grow hair [illegible]

GROW HAIR

Our method is directed at [illegible] chance to grow. Ours is the treatment that MAKES GOOD. It is guaranteed [illegible] to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair & [illegible] growth of new hair.

$1. BOX FREE

LADIES, [illegible] & money [illegible] surprise & delight you. Send but 10 cents in stamps (or silver) to cover [illegible] $1.00 Box absolutely free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 556 J, New York, N. Y.

THIS 2-GALLON DEMIJOHN OF RICH, AGED DETRICK WHISKEY $4.50

For Years This Liquid Joy Has Been Within The Happy Staves of Oak, Longing to Touch The Lips of Man.

A rare old whiskey—the finest stock we have ever put out at these wonderfully low prices. It is double copper distilled whiskey—absolutely pure. It has the imprisoned sunshine of the ripe grain from which it was made and the flavor that only the highest art of the distiller can produce. Aged in Government Bonded Warehouse in charred oak casks to produce the smooth, mellow flavor and healthful tonic properties that none but the finest of pure whiskies possess. Excellent for medicinal purposes.

4 FULL QUARTS $2.50 2 GALLONS IN DEMIJOHNS $4.50

Detrick Pays the Express Charges

The age and quality are guaranteed by us and it is sold with the understanding that money will be refunded if on test you do not find it the best whiskey, everything considered, you ever drank. The name **Detrick** stands for good, honest, well made whiskey. Every one who has tasted Detrick's quality is our reference. Buy whiskey direct from the Detrick Distillery if you want cost prices and full value for your money.

Important: These prices are only on the first order. We make absolutely no profit and only sell at these figures to induce a trial order and prove to you what a splendid liquor this is. A handsome Toast Jug filled with fine old whiskey included FREE on first orders.

Detrick Distilling Co., Dept. 23, Dayton, O.

Orders for and west of the Rocky Mountain states must be at the rate of 4 full quarts for $4.00; 2-gallon demijohn $6.00. We pay the express.

YOU $5 to $10 A DAY

EVEN if you never sold a dollar's worth of goods in your life, make $5 to $10 a day—selling our made-to-order suits and pants.

This Is Your Chance To Make Money. We sell suits from $3 to $10 less than other houses, give better tailoring, make better fitting clothes, with absolute [illegible] others, no [illegible] for us. You can not [illegible] the only line where you can give satisfaction or money refunded. It is a snap to sell Regal Tailoring.

BIG MONEY—EASY WORK. We start you Free. Send for samples now. We will back you with our capital and experience—you do not need money—we will instruct you and you can commence making money at once. Send us your name and address now and an outfit larger than all others with newest samples, large fashion plate, tape measure and everything necessary will be sent you Free.

You Can Get Your Own Clothes At Inside Price to advertise us. Write today and receive exclusive territory. If not interested show it to your friends as this is too good a thing to miss. The biggest chance to make money.

We Prepay Express Charges

REGAL TAILORING CO., 191 Market St. Dept. 534, CHICAGO

We use the Union Label on all our garments.

Mothers Bed Wetting Cured. 25 cent package free. C H Rowan Drug Co., Dept 16, P. O. Drawer 791, Chicago, Illinois

LOVERS GUIDE, [illegible] Marriage

[illegible] BOOK CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest [illegible] Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a [illegible] and imitate birds and beasts [illegible] **LOADS OF FUN.** Wonderful [illegible] sold. Price only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 [illegible]

DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. D FRENCHTOWN, N J

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

OPIUM AND ALL DRUG HABITS. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the [illegible] trial treatment alone often cures. Write [illegible]

ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1291—48 Van Buren St., Chicago

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS; EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles **FREE**

DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 202 Kansas City, Mo.

JEFFRIES-JOHNSON FIGHT PICTURES 12c

[illegible] have stopped [illegible] all over country. Get this marvelous Kinetoscope and see actual genuine moving pictures of best blows and knockout. Thousand [illegible] Everyone delighted [illegible] twelve cents, stamps or coin [illegible] Company, Dept. 55, Chicago, Ill.

150 MAGIC TRICKS

With coins, cards, dice, ribbons, rings, etc., explained, so simple that you can do them at once. You can astonish and amuse friends and make money. Be a [illegible] in your town. [illegible] We give it free to introduce. Send 30c and we will send our paper Everyday Life one year and this great collection of Tricks free. EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. 201 Chicago

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS

[illegible] when sold send us $2 and we send Watch, Ring & Chain free.

BIEL CARD CO., DEPT. 120 DENVER, COLO.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

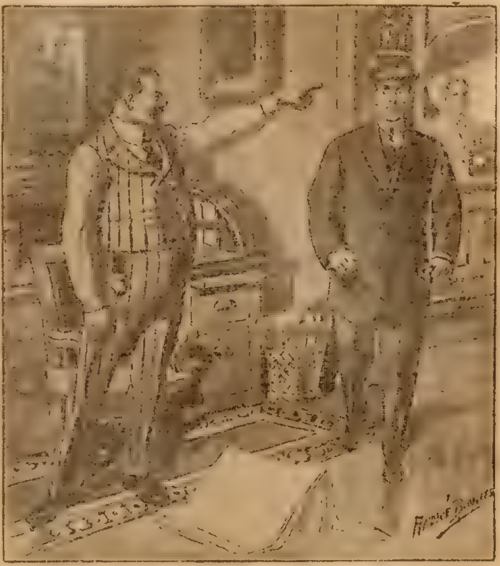
Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address

PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

Phil, lying with eyes closed but with heart thumping wildly, heard the steady climb of a body across the sill and the faint creak of the floor as the interloper's feet settled inside the room. Then with eyes looking out from the smallest slit in his lids, he beheld a dark figure lower itself to the rug and creep uncertainly across the room to the chair where both Lange and Jenks had tossed their garments on retiring.

Dimly he beheld a white hand slide toward his coat and deftly seek the pockets.

Stealthily drawing the flash light from beneath his pillow, Phil turned it on and then aimed its glare directly upon the unknown figure. At the same moment he leaped out of bed and with a bound pounced upon the back of the intruder and bore him to the floor.



"Say kid! There is only one place for you—that's outside."

"Oh," gasped Phil's captive as he sprawled helplessly upon the rug, pinioned in the strong grasp of the senior.

Turning his light directly into the face of the interloper Lange saw with a sigh that his theory as to the academy thief was correct. Tod Monnett was the student who lay panting beneath him.

"For mercy sake," whispered Lange into the ear of his captive, "what are you doing anything like this for, Tod?"

"None of your business," answered Monnett angrily but in a low voice. "Lemme get out of this."

"When you tell me why you have to turn thief," warned Lange. "It's that or I'll call 'Prexy' and let him see just how you were caught."

"You wouldn't do anything like that, would you?" whined Tod.

"I certainly ought to—for the name of the academy. But if you'll make a clean breast of this mess to me, I'll try to save you. If you don't, I'll rouse Teddy here and let him carry the news to 'Prexy' that we've caught a thief in our room."

Monnett winced as the other slowly whispered his threat. But he made no reply.

"Come, young man, I'll give you three minutes to make your choice—confession or exposure."

A minute slowly ticked away, then another and the third was well on its way when Monnett growled:

"What is it you want to know?"

"Why do you sneak into another man's room like this for?"

"Well," came hesitatingly, "you showed a roll of bills in the diningroom today and as I need some dough pretty bad, I thought I'd try to lift some of it."

"This isn't your first attempt in this direction, is it."

"How do you know?"

"You took Bobby Lester's fifty, didn't you?"

"How do you know?"

"Only too well."

"Well, I meant to pay it back in a few days," Monnett said with an injured air.

"When you'd won it back in 'Bud' Hicks' gambling hole, eh?" shot back Lange, ruffled by the other's attitude.

"Who told you I was gambling?" asked Tod in added alarm.

"Nobody; I saw you."

"You're a regular Sherlock Homes, it seems."

"It wasn't because I wanted to pry into anybody's business," whispered Lange decidedly, "but because I wanted to learn why little Bobby Lester needed so much money. You ought to be ashamed to lead a kid like him into such a place as Hicks'."

"I didn't lead him there. He went with Dick Farson."

"Well, you're all older than he and you know he can't afford to lose a cent. You should have kept him out of temptation."

The shame of his position was gradually wearing down Monnett's bravado. He showed it when he answered:

"I'm sorry I didn't now."

"And you'll pay back that fifty you took out of his drawer right away?"

"I would if I could, Lange, but I'm completely strapped. I couldn't raise [illegible] cents."

"Do you mean to say you've lost all that fifty dollars at cards?"

"I wish that was all I'd parted with down there."

"How much is it?"

"I've been going there for a month and in that time I've lost nearly two hundred dollars. I've borrowed from everybody I could and I've pawned my watch and chain. I was desperate from duns when I took Bobby's allowance. And I lost that in one night. Then when I saw your roll of bills today, I just couldn't resist the temptation to try and get it. And here I am," and Monnett sighed deeply.

CHAPTER VII

PHIL LEAVES A WARNING.

Phil was shocked into silence for a moment by the extent of the student's disclosures. Then he held his words [illegible] Teddy stirring uneasily in his [illegible] enough to want to save the boy whom he still held prisoner from the shame of others' knowledge. But Monnett was cautious for he whispered on:

"Phil, if you will only let me out of this awful scrape without squealing on me I'll promise anything you [illegible]

"I'd like to [illegible] Monnett, but [illegible] ling fever has got such [illegible] lows that you can't let go of it. Bobby promised faithfully Saturday night when he found he was robbed and I let him have some money that he wouldn't spend it foolishly and yet in less than an hour afterward he was sneaking out of the dormitory bound for the Bonton with you and [illegible] rest."

"So you're the fellow that Hicks stopped from going up into his place after us Saturday night, eh?"

"Yes, I'm the chap; [illegible] from finding out all that [illegible] hind the curtain in [illegible] [illegible] Phil.

"You saw us all up there?" asked Monnett [illegible]

"Yes, all of you."

"But how?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

[illegible] going to do?"

"I [illegible] up that place so the boys won't have that temptation before them constantly," Lange fairly hissed [illegible] the other's ear.

"But how can you? Hicks is in solid with the mayor and the police. They've tried—that is, the citizens of Hexter have, a dozen times to get the police to raid the place and fine or imprison Hicks for breaking the law but every time the police have tried to enter the place to get evidence, somebody on the force has always tipped him off about it and so the cops have never been able to find the room running. And besides Hicks is thick with both the mayor and the chief of police and nobody can get those officials to start any action against him."

"Well, there's a stronger [illegible] the mayor or the [illegible]

"What's that?"

"Might."

"What do you mean?"

"Again you'll have to wait and see."

"Say, Phil," croaked Monnett [illegible] "let me up, won't you? You're almost breaking my back."

"I'm letting you go, Tod, on these conditions: That you pay Lester back his fifty dollars out of the first money you [illegible] telling him that you're the man who stole his allowance."

"Oh, I'll pay him back the fifty quick," broke in Monnett, "but I can't tell him I stole it. I'll tell him I found it."

"We'll have no more deceit; you'll tell him you took it or [illegible]

"Oh, well, if you insist, I'll promise."

"Then you'll agree to use your influence in keeping the boys away from Hicks' room."

"I will," promised Monnett, fervently. "I wish I'd never seen the inside of the dirty place."

"And you'll agree to help me close up the crooked joint?"

"That's me," was the response with [illegible] trace of enthusiasm. "I'm just aching to get even with somebody for [illegible]

"Well, then, you can get up."

Both boys rose slowly to their feet.

"Must I get out the way I came in?" Monnett leaned over and whispered into Phil's ear. "I hope not, for I blamed near fell off the coping as I crawled along."

"No, sneak out the door," and Lange carefully turned the lock and drew the door wide.

Monnett paused to seize the senior's hand and press it.

"You're a brick, man," he muttered as he passed out into the dark corridor, "and I'll never forget this night."

"I shouldn't think you would," answered Phil. "Most of all, don't forget your promises."

Lange closed the door softly and then shut the window. A slight creak [illegible] Teddy who [illegible]

"Phil, what's that?" he [illegible] "Sounds to me like burglars."

"Oh, roll over and go to sleep," was the gruff rejoinder. "It's me just going to bed."

"But I just had a horrible dream about burglars being in here and lugging off all we've got," expostulated the younger man as he tried to pierce the gloom of the room.

"Which wouldn't be much as far as you're concerned since you returned that five you borrowed this noon," the roommate fired back.

"What'd you want to make that grand stand play for, anyway?" quizzed Teddy, stretching himself.

"Oh, just for fun," was the equivocal return. "You get those peepers of yours shut and go back to dreaming about your money."

And with that, Phil crawled into bed, thrust his head into the pillow and refused to say another word. He sank into slumber feeling satisfied that his night's work, temporarily at least, had prevented [illegible] scandal within the walls of Hexter Academy and might possibly check, if it did not altogether obliterate, the gambling habit. There was a secret satisfaction, too, over the manner in which he had anticipated Monnett's intrusion and with the prospect of a contest to shut up "Big Bud" Hicks' gaming quarters.

Phil's next move did not appear until after the close of recitations Monday after-

2 Full Gallons Straight Whiskey $2.87

Less Than Wholesale Price

For years we sold to the saloonkeeper, and built up a big trade, but expense of collecting, losses on collections, the tremendous cost of paying traveling salesmen their expenses, and the very stringent local option laws in some sections have compelled us to cut out the saloonkeeper and sell direct to the consumer for **less** than the saloonkeeper paid before. The whiskey we sold on credit to saloonkeepers for **$1.75** we can sell you on two gallon orders for **$1.43** per gallon cash. Here's our offer:

This special offer must call for two gallons at $2.87 or one gallon trial offer $1.64.

2 FULL GALS. Fine High Grade $5.00 Straight Whiskey $2.87

Our Gallons are full 128 ounces—the 2 gallons contain full 256 ounces. Don't let the 124 ounce fellow make you believe that anything less than 128 ounces makes a gallon.

Money Back Without question if not as represented. Try it to your heart's content before deciding to keep it—then if it isn't right send it back.

Our Liberal Offer: Send us **$2.87** and we will send you, same day order is received, **2 Full Gallons** of fine, pure, straight whiskey, rich, mellow and good. *Not a colored, raw, white spirit whiskey but a straight whiskey aged in wood and in bond.* Try it and test it in any way you wish and if you do not find it to be the best whiskey you ever bought, at twice the price, send it back and we will return your money. Send P. O. Order, Express Money Order or Bank Draft. Do not send personal checks. We cannot afford to pay exchange when we sell our goods so low. This is an unheard-of low price, but go to your saloon keeper and ask him what he pays for whiskey by the barrel in large quantities—the kind which he charges you 10c or 15c per drink. If he tells you the truth you will find he pays from **$1.50** to **$1.73** per gallon. Under our special offer you can buy 2-gallon lots at a smaller price than your dealer pays in large quantities by the barrel. Why pay more? Larger quantities as follows:

5 Gallon Keg, $7.15 10 Gallon Keg, $13.41 25 Gallon Half Bbl., $33.10 50 Gallon Bbl., $64.30

AMERICAN PURE FOOD COMPANY, Dept. D Kansas City, Mo.

soon. At lunch Bobby Lester had whispered to him that he knew how his fifty dollars had disappeared, whereupon Lange gave an approving nod to Monnett. But he said nothing to his fellows concerning the matter nearest his heart.

It was past four o'clock when he made his way boldly and openly into Hicks' cafe. The burly proprietor was found dozing over a newspaper in the room behind his bar.

"I've got to talk to you for a few minutes," was Phil's stern salutation as he touched the proprietor on the arm and dropped into a seat beside him.

"Who're you?" Hicks returned gruffly, glancing up from his paper.

"It doesn't make any difference who I am; it's what I've got to say that will interest you."

"Huh," grunted Hicks, "you're one o' them academy boys, the same chap as tried to break into my private rooms Saturday night, eh?"

"The same chap," answered Lange briskly, "but fortunately not one of the boys you've been allowing to gamble and be robbed in those same rooms of yours."

"What's that?" sputtered the man savagely, "who says my game is crooked?"

"So you admit you're running one, eh?" broke in Phil, quick to take advantage of the man's own admissions.

"An' what business is it of yours, if I do?"

"I'm making it my business, sir."

"An' you're sayin' it's crooked," blustered Hicks. "What do you know about it?"

"Your game is crooked because I've seen it."

"Seen it, you bloke? Why, you ain't never been up in the rooms."

"No, but I've seen it," affirmed Phil and bringing his clenched fist down on the table in front of the proprietor he continued determinedly, "and it's got to stop."

"What's that? Aw, you're crazy."

"Yes," answered Lange quietly but with a steely glitter in his keen eyes, "I'm crazy enough to block your dirty game and save the boys in the academy from disgrace."

"Huh, you're one o' them blamed reformers, be you?" the Bonton owner blurted, growing excited under the prodding of the younger man.

"No, but I'm going to block your game."

"You be, eh?" scoffed the cafe owner. "I don't think that's a safe bet as long as my name's 'Bud' Hicks."

"I don't care a snap of my finger what your name is," declared Lange contemptuously, "but your gambling room's got to close up."

"Haw—haw, kid, you're funny. Who's goin' to do the closing?"

"I guess there's plenty of law on that point."

"Law?" laughed Hicks, resting his huge arms on the table and looking derisively at the student, "say, boy, that's the least of my troubles. Anyway, I'm thinking the police and the mayor and most of the folks here ain't so dead set ag'in me as to help you in any such fool scheme as you're hatching."

"That won't stop me for a minute. I'm going to shut up your temptation to our academy boys and I'm going to do it quick. I only came down here today to see if I couldn't induce you to do the right thing in this matter of your own accord."

The only reply of Hicks was a snort of derision.

"You're not willing to agree to this peaceably, then, eh?" demanded Lange sternly.

"Say, kid,"—Hicks rose from his chair threateningly—"there's only one safe place for you—and that's on the outside of my place. Now git!"

Phil stood up and looked his opponent squarely in the eye.

"Very well, Hicks, I'll quit. But I want you to remember that I gave you the chance of peace and you chose war."

And Phil strode out of the place, leaving "Bud" Hicks standing with his mouth wide open in astonishment at the younger man's warning.

CHAPTER VIII.

PHIL BEARDS THE POLICE.

At eight o'clock that evening with cap drawn down over his eyes, Lange made his way alone downtown and took his stand in a shadowed doorway where he could watch unobserved the entrance of Hicks' place. For nearly an hour he kept his eyes sharply set for the appearance of any Hexter Academy boys. He was beginning to felicitate himself that his warning had effected its purpose in keeping students away from the gambling room when Bobby Lester and Dick Farson swept around a nearby corner and hurrying along the opposite side of the street disappeared behind the cafe door.

"Hang it," whispered Lange to himself as he shook his clenched hand in chagrin; "after all my effort, there's that kid Lester sneaking back into those backroom coils. Ain't it a shame?"

Phil stepped from his hiding place and made his way along the walk with his mind angered at Hicks and sorrowing over the continued plight of academy boys. In the end the plan he had been busy with to end the temptation was close to completion.

At the corner he accosted a stalwart patrolman who stood at the curb, idly swinging his night stick.

"Say, my friend, I've got a tip for you."

The bluecoat looked down in unresponsive fashion and replied:

"Well, g'wan with it."

"Come along with me and I'll show you."

Phil led the way to the alley from which on a previous night he had beheld the lighted windows of the Hicks gaming quarters. Pointing to them he declared:

"Behind those curtains there's a gambling game going on."

"Well, what of it?" was the unabashed response.

"And in addition, it's a crooked game. There are cheaters in it," insisted Lange, growing inwardly incensed at the unconcern displayed by the arm of the law.

"'Taint none o' your affair, is it?" was the provoking inquiry.

"I'm making it so," shot back Phil with flashing eye; "I want it to stop."

"Aw, run along, kid. You ain't bein' harmed, are you?"

"No, but some of my friends are."

"Well, let 'em take care o' themselves."

"Then you won't do anything about it?" exclaimed Phil, barely able to suppress his indignation.

"'Taint my business," was the nonchalant reply. "It's a quiet and decent game an' I ain't goin' to interfere as long as it's all that."

"Then I'll report you to headquarters," threatened the student who was shocked at his first experience in invoking the law.

"Report and be damned," the patrolman blurted. "The chief knows about it and if he's satisfied, me and you ought to be."

"But I'm not and I won't be till that place is closed for good."

"How much did yo' lose up there?" grinned the bluecoat, tossing his stick in the direction of the curtained windows.

"Not a cent. I've never been inside the place."

"Then you're a fine specimen to be making any such complaint," growled the officer; "you better run along about yer own business, kid; I've got to get back to my beat," and, calmly turning his back on Lange, he stalked airily out of the alley.

Phil was inwardly raging at the sudden balk in his plans. He went back to the main street and with wrinkled brow watched the policeman make his way slowly along, shaking the doors of closed business places as he went. Nor did he fail to note that the patrolman stopped longer than usual before the Bonton and held converse for some moments with a burly figure that in the dusk looked like the red-faced proprietor himself.

"The whelp," muttered Phil as he noted the sidewalk conference; "he's probably giving Hicks a tip about my complaint. Well, I'm not through with them yet, by any means," and, turning, he walked briskly a few blocks down the street turned east a square to a gloomy gray stone building, and running rapidly up the steps, entered and asked for the chief of police.

It was only after repeated insistence that he would state his mission to no one but the chief that he was conducted to that stern-visaged official's room.

"Well, young man, what is it?" he demanded brusquely, giving Lange a rapid inspection anl then turning back to his paper.

"I don't like to come to you with this complaint," began the student quietly, "but I've tried to do the job peaceably and fairly and I don't get any satisfaction."

"What's your complaint?" inquired the official without looking up.

"You know 'Big Bud' Hicks?"

"Sure, he's a friend of mine," was the confident reply, still with eyes set on the paper.

"Well, Hicks runs a crooked gambling game in a back room over his cafe," continued Phil deliberately, annoyed at the apparent lack of consideration being shown him, "and some of our boys at the academy are being robbed of their money and poisoned in their morals by it."

"How do you happen to know all this?" was the next query in a tone that struck Phil as both incredulous and inconsiderate.

"Because I've seen it," was the determined reply.

"You're a loser, then, I take it, young man?"

Phil ground his teeth in inward rage at the aggravating tone, but kept his temper as he returned:

"No, sir; I've never been inside the place."

"Then how can you make a complaint against something you've never even seen?"

"I have seen it," persisted Lange, "but not from the inside."

The chief of police looked up sharply and said brusquely:

"Been eavesdropping, eh?"

"Call it what you like, but I've seen enough to warrant you in stopping operations up there."

"What's your name?" asked the officer, picking up a pencil.

"Philip Lange."

The chief jotted it down and then inquired:

"You don't live here, do you?"

"Only as a student at the academy."

"And how old are you?"

"Past seventeen."

Phil had begun to take hope again that his quest was about to get some encouragement when the official lowered his spirits by remarking:

"Well, I don't think we could entertain a complaint from you, young man. You're both a non-resident and a minor. Better tell President Hastings what you know about the case and let him take what action he thinks necessary."

"Then you won't close up the place?" Phil demanded.

"I'll have to look into it. That'll take some time," replied the official guardedly. "And by the way, how do you know what's been going on inside of Hicks' place if you

STOP!

Stop that back-breaking, twisting, terrible, terrible, unbearable agony! Oh, that awful, awful, digging soreness—the back all bent, the joints stiff, the heart-wringing pain—stop that pain RIGHT NOW!

Yes, Write for the Free Treatment—

A Real Free Proof Treatment that will give you relief—relief at once—not next week, not tomorrow, but relief AT ONCE—immediately after starting the treatment. It is so simple, so mild, yet so scientific and so sure—this treatment for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble. Write now—TODAY.

See the Free Certificate below—sign it and send it today. No money—no obligation. At last you can get relief and, if you write at once, you get the treatment absolutely free. Just think—a genuine free treatment by America's and Europe's leading specialist—absolutely free—really and genuinely free to convince the public.

If you have Kidney or Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism (the cause of those pains), then it's your loss if you suffer any longer. When Dr. Lynott says free, he means free—not one cent to pay, and it's "up to you" whether you want the best medical advice and medicine all without a cent of cost. Don't miss this wonderful liberal offer. See the **Free Trial Certificate** at the bottom of this page.

LOOK at these poor sufferers all bent with nerve-racking pain—they are victims of kidney trouble; they think it is a rheumatic twitch. Friends say they grumble, but considering their awful pain, they bear up most bravely.

Oh, it is terrible that there should be such suffering, when you can be relieved so quickly, so surely, so simply, and RIGHT NOW, FREE OF CHARGE.

(From the Chicago Inter Ocean.)

All readers of the Ledger who have sick friends suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble will be interested.

FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, Discovers Remarkable Remedy.

At last a perfectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the New York Bellevue hospital, and now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very quick acting formula which has been approved by the best doctors.

The editor of the Ledger saw the above clipping from the Inter Ocean and wanted to know of this new formula for curing kidney trouble.

Arrangements were then made by which Dr. Lynott offers the Ledger readers **a free treatment.** Dr. Lynott, however, says that he proposes to give the free treatment only for a limited time to convince the public in every part of the United States of the positive wonderful efficacy of his treatment.

Furthermore, Dr. Lynott wants to make it clear that he has no "cureall." He is a specialist in kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, so please do not write to him unless you have one of these diseases. If you write at once both the medical advice and medicine are entirely free.

The editor of this paper, the Ledger, feels that with such a free offer anybody who stays sick with kidney trouble or rheumatism deserves to be sick.

I know that a good many free offers have been advertised where the public had to send money, **but this free offer really IS A FREE OFFER.** And remember, that instead of getting an ordinary physician, you get the medical advice free direct from America's greatest of all specialists on these diseases. See FREE treatment certificate at bottom of this page and get relief **RIGHT NOW.**

Dr. T. Frank Lynott

whose photo is printed here is, as you perhaps know, a great authority on kidney and bladder trouble and rheumatism. Rarely before has a physician of such high standing offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott wants the people to get the benefit of this free treatment. His cures have extended over America and Europe. In fact, Dr. Lynott received a special diploma on urinary diseases from the great New York University, of which the famous Bellevue hospital, N. Y., is now an honored part.

Watch These Symptoms

Trouble in the kidneys begins slowly, slowly. It creeps upon the unsuspecting patient like a thief in the night. Slowly, slowly, those stinging, racking pains foist themselves upon the sufferer; gradually, gradually the pains increase into a daily, nightly, constant, endless torture. Watch the symptoms, and cure yourself. Here are the principal symptoms of Uric Acid disease:

THE SYMPTOMS

1—Pain in the back.
2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5—Prostatic Trouble.
6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8—Constipation or liver trouble.
9—Pain or soreness under right rib.
10—Swelling in any part of the body.
11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
16—Pain or swelling of the muscles.
17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

NOW THEN, This Certificate is FREE!

You get the treatment, the medicine and Dr. Lynott's personal attention absolutely free if you write at once. Instant relief for those terrorizing pains.

Send no money—read the certificate, note that it puts you under no obligation. Dr. Lynott is glad to see a sufferer cured—write at once and get the free treatment.

JUST Your Name

and Address and the Symptoms

of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free treatment certificate; read how it puts you under no obligations whatever, how it says specifically and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

SEND NO MONEY. Just write for the FREE TREATMENT

REMEMBER.—This free treatment offer is limited. Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's personal care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are guaranteed the free treatment. So better send the free treatment certificate today, at once, and remember, you need instant, immediate relief from those awful pains.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott

4352 Occidental Building, Chicago, Ill.

☞ If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble or other Uric Acid disease, such as rheumatism, don't you feel you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

FREE CERTIFICATE

What is Your Name?..
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Your Address?..

What Symptoms Have You?..
Give numbers from table above—that is all.

What is Your Age?..............Married?..................

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. You are under no obligations whatever. The FREE Proof Treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and get INSTANT relief from those racking, rocking pains. Address personally

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT,

4352 Occidental Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

DOLLAR TREATMENT FREE TO MEN.

Proves the Cure, But Costs You Nothing

I want to prove to your own perfect satisfaction that you can be cured—not simply fixed up a bit or made to feel a little better—but cured—renewed in Vim and Vigor. This Proof of Cure—one full Dollar's Worth—I will gladly give to you FREE—Free of Cost, Charge or Obligation to you of any kind whatsoever.

If you suffer from any man-weakening ailment such as lack of power or nervous debility, or any kidney, bladder, stomach or liver complaint, or any form of blood poison, constitutional or organic disease, write me today, telling me in a few words what ails you, and at once, free of charge, I will send you One Full Dollar's Worth of a specially prescribed and personally prepared remedy for your particular ailment, which will Prove to you—without it costing you one penny—that you can be cured—quickly and completely.

When you write me, just state your name, address and ailment—that is all, and at the same time, also free, sealed and prepaid, I will send you a Book on Men's ailments which gives instructions on how men are successfully cured at home.

Write NOW—but send No Money. Simply address your letter to Wm. M. Sammis, K5, Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SPORTING GOODS, Dice, Cards, etc. New Catalogue Free. KNAUTH & Co., Janesville, Wis.

MARRIAGE PAPER free. Best and most reliable published. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Conn.

SECRETS on Dice, Cards, Slotmachines, etc., illustrated circular free. Hum. B. Co., Box N, Hammond, Ind.

SPORTING GOODS Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog free. G. LEE & CO., Salida, Colo.

There's A Fond Heart Waiting for You

40 Lovers Cards 10c

(No two alike. Floral, Mottoes, Friendship, Birthday, Pretty Girls, Love Letters, Lace Scenes, Flirtation, Bathing Girls, and other New Cards. Highly Colored. NO TRASH The whole lot with Big Bargain Catalog for only 10C or [illegible] Postpaid. Send coin or stamps to TEEL POST CARD CO., Harleysville, N. Y.

HOW to be HAPPY THO' MARRIED

A book every married couple and those about to be needs. Tells you the little things you ought to know, which few people will tell you before you are married. You'll be spared all the endless troubles that arise. Tells you what to do and what to expect; what not to do, what not to expect. Courting, engagements, proposals, quarrels, mother-in-laws, privileges of engaged. Just to introduce, we will send a copy of this book and our paper for a year for 30 cents. EVERYDAY LIFE, DEPT. 251 CHICAGO.

Do You Want to Know

1,001 curious (mostly untold) facts about human nature. Read Dr. Foote's "Wonder" book on the subjects of Love, Marriage, Parentage, Health, Disease and Freaks. Full of advice necessary to everyone. Contains more vital facts than your doctor would give you for ten dollars. In 8 sections, 240 pages and 40 ill's. PRICE 10c?

MURRAY HILL BOOK CO., 119 East 28th St., N. Y. City

FREE $1 BOX ON TRIAL

THE WEAK MADE STRONG

BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS act on the Vital Organs. Generate Vital Warmth and Nerve Force. Make you feel Strong, Vigorous, full of Natural VIM and equal to the Duties and Pleasures of Life. If you suffer with Lost Vitality, are Nervous, Weak, Worn out, Lack Strength, Energy, Ambition, Weakness or Pain in Heart, side or shoulder, Feel Despondent, Restless, have Dizzy Spells, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Pain in Kidneys or Liver, are Thin, Weak, Run Down; try BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS. Let us send you a full month's treatment on trial. When you are satisfied that they bring back Health and make life worth living, then pay us $1. Send name and address and we will mail you a DOLLAR BOX AT ONCE.

BIEL MFG. CO. Dept. 130 DENVER, COLO.

BLOOD POISON

Cured by the Marvel of the Century, the Obbac System

Drives out blood poison in any stage permanently, without deadly mercury, or iodide of potash, but with purely vegetable, safe ingredients. To prove it we will send you a

30 Day Treatment Free

Symptoms leave quick. Cure yourself at home now. Send for free treatment and remarkable book on Cure of Blood Poison.

THE OBBAC CO., 1060 Obbac Bldg. Chicago

A Guaranteed Self-Filling Fountain Pen FREE!

THE GREATEST OFFER BY THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER

You should not be without it. Strong, durable, and will last a lifetime. Can fill with ordinary ink, no need to have a special kind of fountain pen ink or a filler (which you will probably break or lose) and no more inky fingers. All you have to do to fill the pen is to dip the pen point in the ink and turn the scored ring on the end to the right until it stops. When it stops the pen is filled. All very simple, at the same time it works perfectly. Full directions with each pen. Made of best hard, black rubber with a high-grade pen point, made by one of the best fountain pen factories of Germany. They are guaranteed to write perfectly.

OUR GUARANTEE: If any of these fountain pens are defective in make, or will not write through fault of manufacturers, they can be returned and we will replace it by another.

How to get this Pen Free

These self-filling fountain pens will make friends for us and we want every reader of The Chicago Ledger to have one free. To every one who will send us $1.00 for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger, we will send one of these splendid self-filling fountain pens absolutely free, all charges prepaid.

We will treat old and new subscribers alike on this splendid offer. If you are now a subscriber and wish this pen fill out the coupon, state on bottom that this is a renewal subscription, enclose $1.00 with the coupon and send it to us and we will send you the pen absolutely free and extend your subscription one year from the time it is now paid up to.

THE WONDER (Actual size)

Fill out the Coupon below, enclose it with $1.00 and send it to us at once.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Chicago
Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1 for one year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. This Coupon entitles me to the self-filling pen advertised above.

FREE COUPON:

NAME..
....
Street or R. F. D ....
Box No................. Town ....
State ....
Is a .... subscription.
New or Renewal.

Get a Guaranteed Fountain Pen Free

CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.

haven't been there?" he quizzed sharply.

"Since you don't purpose to act on my evidence, I think I'll not tell you what I know."

"As you like," responded the chief, turning again to his paper.

"But the place will be closed, sir, whether you act or not," declared Phil.

"What's your scheme?" inquired the official without a trace of interest in either voice or face.

"That, too, I'll keep to myself," and Phil bowed himself out. But before he was fairly out of the room, the chief was busy at his telephone. Lange hoped it betokened an order to close the Hicks place. As he moved away, he thought he heard that name, but he could not be sure.

This extremely interesting story will be concluded in next week's Ledger. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

Housekeeping in Persia.

Housekeeping in Persia is a more difficult undertaking than in Western countries. The chief reasons for this are the lack of conveniences and the fact that many things which in other countries can be bought ready for use must be prepared by the Persian housekeeper.

Do you want flour? You must buy your wheat, clean and sift it, and send it to the miller, who lives perhaps a day's journey from you. You must send with the wheat the most trusty servant you have, who will watch the miller day and night to see that he does not take too much toll. You ought, of course, to send a second servant to watch the first, but if you begin that there would be no end to the number you would have to send.

Do you want sugar? Loaf sugar, granulated sugar, powdered sugar—you cannot buy them. What you can buy is a cone of sugar, about ten inches in diameter and eighteen inches in height, which comes from Russia or France. If you want lumps of sugar for your coffee and tea this cone of sugar must be placed on the solid floor and by means of a strong knife and hammer broken into pieces. If you want fine sugar these pieces must be then ground with a mortar and pestle. If you wish powdered sugar the fine sugar must be sifted several times. Even in the kitchen of a European, where a table will be found, the cutting and pounding of the sugar must be done on the solid earthen floor.

The Persian "range" is merely a row of hollow boxes made of sun-dried bricks in which is built a charcoal fire. Over these boxes are placed strips of iron on which the kettle rests. Native cookery does not include many things that are baked, but if you, an eccentric foreigner, demand a cake or pie your ingenious cook will be equal to the occasion. He will prepare beds of glowing coals in two of the boxes. Over one of these he will place the article to be baked. This he will cover with a copper pan and on top of the pan he will place hot coals. The object of the coals in the second box is that the cook may be able to renew the fire in the first box without putting on fresh coal, which might smoke.

Most Persian implements are very heavy and awkward to handle. For example, cooking utensils are of copper and bowls for washing clothes are of earthenware. The bowls are small and shallow. The washerwoman has no bench on which to place the bowl and no board on which to rub the clothes. Squatted on her heels, with the bowl on the floor, she wears out her hands and the clothes too at a marvelous rate. It looks rather primitive to see a woman sitting beside a watercourse pounding clothes with a stone, but I am not sure that this method, which is universally employed by the poorer people, is not to be preferred to the other.—Los Angeles Times.

Lassoing a Lion.

One of the most notable hunting expeditions of the past year was that of "Buffalo" Jones. Disdaining to use guns, he and his little band of cowboys lassoed and tied specimens of the largest and most ferocious beasts of the African wilderness. Their last capture was a lioness. The final thrilling incident of her conquest, as told by Guy H. Scull in Everybody's Magazine, is typical of many others.

Her next and last position was in the bed of a small gully about three feet deep in the bottom of the donga and thickly grown with grasses. Here the ropers held a brief consultation, and planned a final attempt.

Loveless made a throw, and the noose landed fairly above the beast's head, but the thick grasses held it up. Loveless passed the other end of his rope over the branch of a nearby tree and down to the horn of his saddle.

The rest of us, with cameras trained on the scene, had no knowledge of the plan. We had not the slightest idea what the colonel intended to do. Still wondering, we watched him procure a long pole and ride quietly along the edge of the ditch toward the place where the lioness crouched.

For a moment there was intense silence. The colonel stopped his horse. Then, leaning over from his saddle, he poked the noose down through the grass.

With a roar the beast sprang at him—sprang through the loop—and at the other end of the rope Loveless yanked quickly and caught her by the last hind leg going through. Putting spurs to his horse, Loveless galloped away, hauling the lioness back across the gully and up into the tree, where she swung to and fro, dangling by the one hind foot, and snapping upward at the rope she could not reach.

The beast was furious. She was still swinging, head down like a pendulum, from the limb of the tree, and was tossing her body about in a frantic endeavor to get loose. Means approached close, and deftly slipped a noose over one of the wildly gyrating fore legs. Leading his rope over the branch of another tree, he stretched her out in a helpless position parallel with the ground.

"Now lower away on both lines," said the colonel.

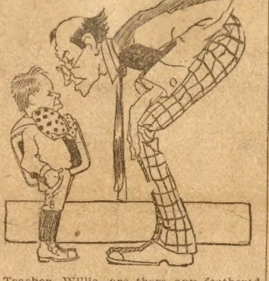
He dismounted, and stood beneath her, directing affairs as methodically as the foreman of a construction gang.

"Steady—Means—a little more, Loveless—now together—easy."

She came within his reach, and with a quick grab he caught and held her two hind legs with both hands, while Kearton bound them together with a piece of light line.

The rest was easy. In less than five minutes she was bound securely, and lowered all the way to the ground to rest in the shade.

Posted.



Teacher—Willie, are there any feathered quadrupeds?
Willie—Yes, sir.
Teacher—Name one.
Willie—A feather bed.

The Only Heraldic Monkey.

Most of the wild animals have a place in heraldry, and many strange and impossible creatures, such as griffins, dragons and unicorns, have been invented as emblems of daring and valor. But the donkey and the monkey have not been so used except in one instance where the monkey has been admitted to the ranks of titled nobility. The story of this adoption is told by Mr. Curtis in his book, "One Irish Summer."

On the Leinster coat of arms are three monkeys standing with plain collar, and chained; motto, "Crom-a-boo"—"To Victory." This is the only coat of arms, I am told, that has ever borne a monkey in the design. It was adopted by John Fitzthomas Fitzgerald in 1316 for romantic reasons.

While the Earl of Leinster was an infant he was in the castle of Woodstock, which is now owned by the Duke of Marlborough. The castle caught fire. In the confusion the child was forgotten, and when the family and servants remembered him, and started a search, they found the nursery in ruins. But on one of the towers was a gigantic ape, a pet of the family, carefully holding the young earl in its arms. The animal, with extraordinary intelligence, had crawled through the smoke, rescued the baby, and carried it to the top of the tower.

When the earl had grown to manhood, he discarded the family coat of arms and adopted the monkeys for his crest, and they have been retained to this day. Wherever you find the tomb of a Fitzgerald you will see the monkeys at the feet of the effigy or under the inscription.

Inexpensive Finish.

The Italian fruit-vender was most grateful to the customer who had bought grapes on the day he set up his stall, and had never failed to buy something from that day on. When he married a young and accomplished girl, he saw his way clear to show his gratitude more thoroughly than by an occasional extra banana or bunch of grapes.

"My wife, Lora, she havva de fine talents," he said confidentially to his old customer. "She learna de manicure, and she learna de pedicure perfectissimo, and she havva de little shop right by close. Ana day you havva de time, you bringa your hands and your feet to my wife, Lora, and she feenish them all for you, and charga nottings—notta one centa!"

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

SPORTING GOODS Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog Free M. HILL, Swanton, Ohio

PHOTOS from Life, Art Studies, Beautiful Women, 3 for 25c; 7 (all different) 50c. Money back if not satisfied. Art Photo Co., 1112 B. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SPORTING GOODS. Dice and Cards a specialty. Cat. Free. B. L. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

CARDS Send 2c Stamp for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Bean Catcher and list of 2000 Songs given Free. OHIO CARD CO., B 72 Cadiz, Ohio.

CROWN YOUR TEETH with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the teeth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C. B. FARGO, Dept. D FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents, three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO PARNASSUS, PA.

STEM WIND & SET **WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE** FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, [illegible] guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful [illegible] set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring & Chain. WELLS MFG. CO., DEPT. 108 CHICAGO

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.

W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

TRADE MARK BIG G REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CURES Men & Women

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion.

Sold by Druggists, or in plain wrapper, express prepaid, on receipt of $1. or three bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO.
CINCINNATI, O.
U. S. A.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

WHAT BEFELL HIM.

As young Tom Henderson was passing the house a brick fell from the chimney and hit him on the head. After that he could remember nothing for some time.

When he came to his senses he found himself in a strange bed with a man in a diver's suit sitting beside him. His head pained him. Investigating fingers told him that it was bandaged.

"Where am I?" he whispered weakly.

The man in the deep-sea armor made no reply. Instead, he went to the little table standing near and returned with a bottle of muddy looking medicine. He carefully poured several drops of the liquid into a spoon, which in turn was forced between the reluctant teeth of the youth. After that he slept again.

Henderson's slumber was disturbed by hideous dreams. It seemed to him that he did not go to sleep again after taking the medicine, but merely simulated slumber.

He peeped an eye to find the diver standing over him and about to impale him upon a terrible three-pronged fork. He shrieked and closed his horrified eyes, opening them later to find the monstrosity gone, and in its place the familiar figure of the girl.

Tom Henderson flushed slightly. So he was really in the house of mystery at last, and with—her!

For months the young man had striven unsuccessfully for this very end, and now there was more than a triumphant light in the handsome black eyes as he glanced toward the maid. She turned quickly and read the message in them.

"I hope," she began caustically—and Henderson's susceptible heart beat faster than ever at the rich depths to her voice. "I hope that you are satisfied now, Mr. Henderson. You have at last obtained entrance to our house."

"I—I—" stammered the flushed and embarrassed youth.

"O, don't attempt any explanation," interrupted the girl. "For months we have watched you—even as you have watched us. You are handicapped by an insatiable curiosity, my friend; you should learn to curb it."

"But how did I come here?" demanded Henderson.

"Always curious," sighed the maid, and Henderson had the grace to flush a deeper red as she continued.

"While you were—er—snooping about the house a brick fell from the chimney and knocked you senseless. Now, thanks to you and others in this small town who are not content to mind their own small affairs and allow others to attend to theirs, it would be unsafe for us to allow you to lie in front of our house, seemingly struck down by some weapon in the hands of a dangerous person.

"This would have given your townsmen the excuse they have long sought. Our home would have been forcibly entered, and certain things discovered that we wish, for purely personal but honest reasons, to remain our secret."

Henderson, fairly magnetized by the presence of this girl with her soft, caressing voice, found himself vaguely wondering if she were really queen of a dangerous band of counterfeiters, as local gossip would have him believe.

"You must remain here until you are well enough to be moved," she continued. "The doctor says you escaped death only by a miracle, and that removal now is liable to result in complications."

Tom Henderson sighed happily. He wanted nothing better than this opportunity to be near the young woman who had so unconsciously hypnotized him—even from the first.

That was it. This rare divinity that had come into the small town of Campton had captured the young bachelor without trying, while others of her sex who saw much in the broad-shouldered, handsome youth, and more in his ample income, had failed. Henderson wasn't really unduly inquisitive. He was hopelessly entangled in the mesh of the maid's beauty.

Of course, he naturally would be a trifle curious. Possibly if this girl, and whoever it was with her in the old Kruger house, had elected to select some other place than this for a residence, much of the mystery and town talk would have been eliminated.

To a great extent, it was the personality of the old pile that had to do with the rumors anent its occupants. Years before, the place had been a factor in the intrigue of a war; later it had furnished its quota of tragedy with the murder of a bride by a jealous husband behind its walls. For years it had been deserted and marked as a haunted house. The old place was a thing tabooed.

One morning the residents of the little burg awoke to find the house undergoing repairs. It had been sold. Its former agent refused to give the name of the purchaser.

One week later the new owner moved in. Months went by. Occasionally a strikingly handsome girl came from the place, bought necessary supplies and returned.

She vouchsafed no information to the more than hinting storekeeper as to the why and wherefore of her presence in the town, and when, after a number of visits, he was bold enough to inquire, the girl promptly took her trade to the institution of a less curious tradesman. Thereafter there was more rumor!

And now Tom Henderson found himself installed in the house of mystery. Henderson, although he was of the town, and lived in it for a part of the time, was a youth without relatives, and his comings and goings were matters of no comment at the hotel where he made his headquarters.

After several days, Henderson and his nurse became better acquainted. The sinister one in the diver's suit failed to materialize again. The youth often wondered about him, but did not question the girl. He was too earnestly in love to risk losing her by a prying tongue.

The maid seemed acutely conscious of the youth's unspoken devotion. Nor did she take it—if blushes and downcast eyes are true criterions—at all amiss. At times she swept him with a question in these eyes and a frown on her brow, but these were dissipated the instant that the youth glanced toward her.

Henderson was seriously hurt by the falling brick. At times he suffered terrible pain. It was then that the cool hand of the girl would be pressed to his feverish forehead, and—miracle! instantly the throbbing ache would flee.

One day Henderson told his love, his own hands holding fast to the girl's little one.

"O, no," she gasped, frightened, her fluttering fingers striving in vain to release themselves. "Why—why, you don't even know who I am. You—"

"I know you are the one woman in all the world for me," answered the youth. "I don't care who you are."

"But—I—I—may be queen of counterfeiters," suggested the girl covertly watching him.

"Don't," Henderson expostulated. "You know you love me, dear. I can see it in your eyes. Will you marry me? There is no reason why you cannot—I know it!"

"No reason," she echoed, in the voice of the woman who loves, "no reason at all, sweetheart. All this mystery in which the town has shrouded us amounts, in reality, to nothing.

"Father is an inventor of repute. We have reason to be afraid of spies and came here to be free while he perfects a submarine boat of which he expects great things.

"Naturally he was suspicious of you. Your interest in our affairs bothered him. He thought perhaps you were trying to steal his idea. This was why he appeared to you in a diving suit. If you did not already know him, he did not wish that you should."

The girl bent and kissed Henderson.

"And to think," she said, "even yet you do not know my name."

Like a Man.

"De doctor says dat ef I eat a whole possum it'll kill me."

"Well, what you gwine ter do 'bout it?"

"I'm gwine ter die game!"

Obedient to the Spirit.

New evidence that the great men are the true men—true to themselves, to their country and to their friends—appears in a story of our supreme soldier, told in Colonel Nicholas Smith's book, "Grant, the Man of Mystery."

While Grant was President, General G. E. Pickett, who led the fatal charge against the Union forces the last day at Gettysburg, called at the White House to pay his respects. Grant knew that his old comrade at West Point had been made a poor man by the war, and offered him the marshalship of Virginia. While solely needing help, General Pickett knew the heavy draft made upon the President by office-seekers.

"You can't afford to do this for me," he said, "and I can't afford to take it."

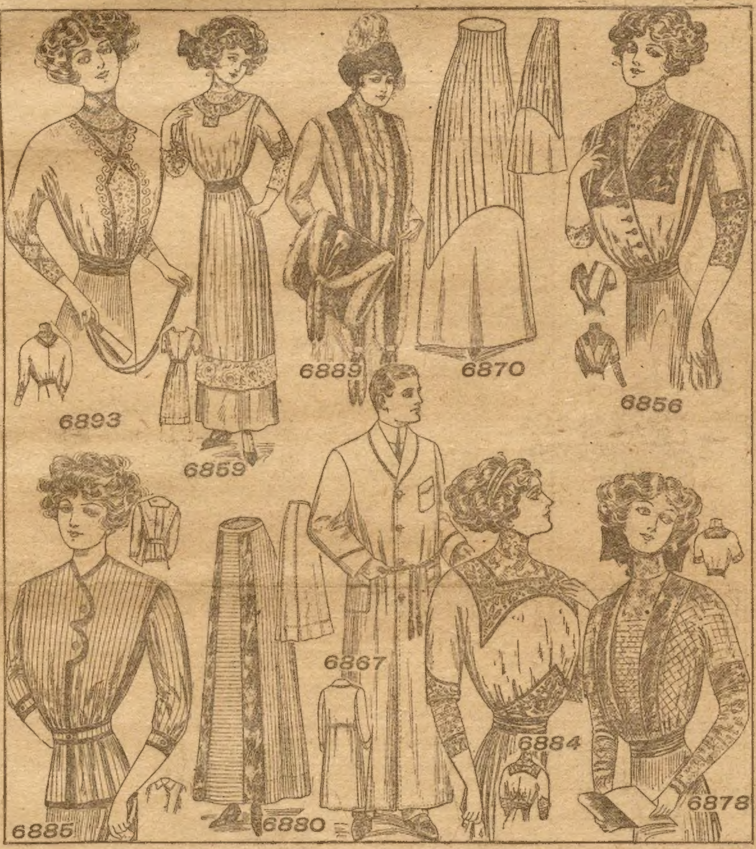
"I can afford to do anything I please that is right," Grant replied, quietly.

GET FIVE PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to select from and all the time you need to select them.

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. We think our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. To meet this need we have arranged to give our readers a pattern service that is unexcelled.

We have decided to make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and, what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. READ OUR SPLENDID OFFER BELOW.



6885—House Jacket, 34 to 44 bust. For the medium size will be required 4¼ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 3 yards 36 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of silk for bands.

6867—Men's Lounging or Bath Robe, 34 to 46 breast. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 7 yards 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards 44, or 3¾ yards 52 inches wide with 3 yards of cord to trim as illustrated.

6880—Misses' Six Gored Skirt, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16 year size will be required 4½ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 3¼ yards 36 or 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of contrasting material for the trimming.

6884—One-Piece Blouse with Yoke and Trimming Portions, 34 to 42 bust. For the medium size will be required 1¾ yards of material 24 or 27, or ⅞ yard 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1⅛ yards 20 inches wide for the trimming portions, 1¼ yards 18 for the yoke and tucked under sleeves, and for the bands of silk will be needed ½ yard.

6878—Fancy Waist for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16 year size will be required 1⅞ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 1 yard 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2¼ yards 18 inches wide for the center-front and under sleeves, ⅝ yard 27 inches wide for the collar and the sleeve trimming.

6893—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2¾ yards 27 or 36 or 1½ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅞ yard of all-over lace and ½ yard of silk for bands.

6859—Blouse with Straight Tunic for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. The quantity of material required for the 16 year size is 4 yards 24 or 27 or 2½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard 18 inches wide for the trimming portion of the blouse, 1½ yards of banding 4 inches wide, for band on the tunic.

6889—Muff and Scarf, One Size. To make both muff and scarf will require 3⅝ yards of material 20 inches wide or 2¾ yards either 44 or 52 inches wide, with 5 yards of fur banding.

6870—Skirt with Circular Flounce, 22 to 30 waist. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4½ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide for the upper portion, 2½ yards 24 or 27, 1⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide for the flounce. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅝ yards.

6856—Surplice Waist, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3¼ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2¼ yards 36 or 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of silk and 1⅛ yards of all-over lace to make as illustrated.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you will have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc. so that anyone can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are all up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons!

.... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US ....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,	
500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.:	NAME ....
Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.	Street No. or R. F. D. ....
This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons.	Town ....
Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.	Box. .... State ....

☞ If you wish any patterns from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number). **GOOD FOR ANY TIME.**

The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read About

A Camel Story.

Wonderful stories of animal sagacity are constantly being told and people never appear to tire of them. Dogs and horses seem to possess more sense than any other animals, but there is a little story of a camel that is very interesting.

A valuable and high-bred camel working at an oil well in Africa was severely beaten by its driver. The man noticed that the animal was sulky for some days after and so he kept a sharp watch upon him, feeling sure that the beating would not go unavenged. The camel, in his turn, knew his master was watching him, and so he was quiet and obedient and the driver soon forgot all about it. At night the man slept on a raised platform in the mill. The camel was stabled in a corner. After several weeks had passed the driver woke suddenly and by a bright moonlight was able to see quite clearly everything in the mill. He saw the camel get up, look cautiously around and steal softly to a bundle of old clothes that were thrown carelessly on the ground and looked exactly like a sleeping figure. The animal suddenly threw itself violently upon the clothes, rolled upon them with all its weight and began to tear and bite them with its strong teeth. Thinking itself avenged at last, the camel was quietly returning to the corner, when its master sat up and spoke to him. At the sound of the voice, instantly perceiving the mistake, the animal made a wild effort to dash its brains out against the wall, and would have done so had it not been for the interference of the driver.

A Long Wait.

A party of East Indian natives were found sitting in a row on the platform of a station after the train had left, and being asked the reason, one of the men replied: "Oh sahib, we are waiting till the tickets are cheaper."

Most excuses spell lies.

Story of THE RED and THE BLUE

CATARRH

The RED shows where Catarrh spreads.

The BLUE shows the limits of salves, sprays, liquids and other remedies.

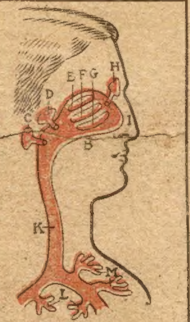


FIG. 1

Fig. 1—THE RED in the above cut shows the wide extent of catarrh ALL THROUGH THE HEAD, DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K), INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (C); into the frontal sinus (H); into the sphenoidal sinus (D), etc.

TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

The Blosser Medicated Treatment reaches everywhere the disease reaches. See Figure 5.

THE RED and THE BLUE, in the accompanying cuts, will show at a glance the one great fact about the treatment of Catarrh, viz.: that IT IS ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE to reach the disease with SPRAYS, DOUCHES and LIQUIDS of various kinds—much less with "BALMS," SALVES, SNUFFS, the ordinary "INHALERS," and all similar methods of treatment.

In the cuts, Figs. 1, 2, 3 and 4, THE RED shows the parts that are attacked by Catarrh, and THE BLUE shows the result of the attempt to reach it by methods of treatment above mentioned.

In Fig. 5 THE BLUE shows the extent of the application of DR. BLOSSER'S CATARRH REMEDY, which alone reaches every spot that the disease may possibly attack, just as THE BLUE displaces THE RED in Fig. 5.

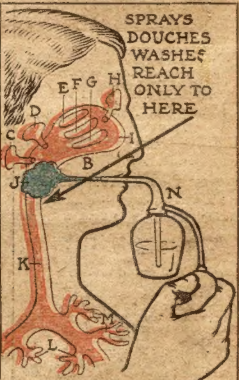


FIG. 4

Fig. 4—Shows how little of the mucous membrane is reached when the spray is directed into the mouth.

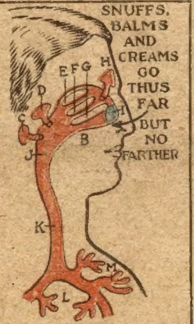


FIG. 2

Fig. 2—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much RED remains to show the parts unreached; how little of the BLUE to show the parts that are reached.

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

The problem of successfully treating Catarrh is the problem of applying directly to the inflamed and ulcerated membranes in the air passages a remedy that will disinfect the sores, destroy the germs, and set up a healing process.

It is the height of folly to try to heal inflammation and ulceration by medicines swallowed into the stomach, ALONE, when you can apply a healing remedy right to the disease.

It is equally foolish to try to heal a disease by a local application that does not reach half the diseased parts.

In these two things we have the explanation of the failure of the generality of Catarrh remedies and treatments.

One set of remedies is taken into the stomach, and they fail—every one of them.

Another set consists of sprays, douches, ointments, or balms, and they do not reach more than from one-tenth to one-half of the diseased parts, and whether the medicine itself has any healthy virtue or not, it cannot heal when it does not reach the disease. All remedies applied in those ways are a failure, and must be, no matter what they are composed of.

There is one more little class of applications which are, perhaps, the most useless of all. It is that class where you draw air through a little sponge or other porous substance in a tube, and get the odor—nothing more—the odor of a volatile, pungent, loud-smelling stuff, the inhalation of which impresses the nerves which give the sense of smell, but the fact is they accomplish nothing more than this. To call a remedy of that kind a medical inhalation is to practice a deception—it is not a medicine, it is only a smell.

In contrast with all these things is Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, doushe, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these.

It consists of a warm vapor which is heavily laden with the medical extract of the remedy, and this is carried to every affected spot.

When you draw the vapor into the mouth and then let it come out through the nose, and when you "hold the nose" and blow, as in blowing the nose, the medical vapor goes everywhere, through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ears, through the little tubes into the frontal sinus where Catarrh gives you so much pain (in the forehead), into every sinus, cell and antrum, into the lungs and bronchial tubes, everywhere. It removes the stench of disease, it runs out the putrid, rotten accumulations, it reduces the inflammation, it sets the ulcerated membranes and tissues to healing. In due time it stops the annoying, catarrhal discharge, and then you are rid of the disease. If you will use the little precautions that we advise, you will never have Catarrh again.

These are the simple facts about Catarrh, and I give them as the result of 36 years' experience in the successful treatment of this disease. I leave it to the reader if what I have said is not clear and full of common sense.

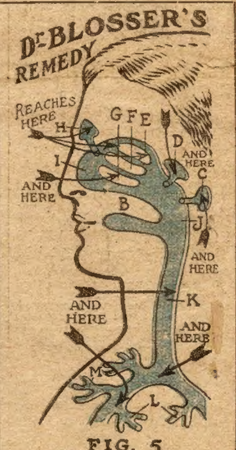


FIG. 5

Fig. 5—THE BLUE representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy, has entirely displaced the RED, very fitly illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D and H). It gets under the turbinates (E, F and G), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M); and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

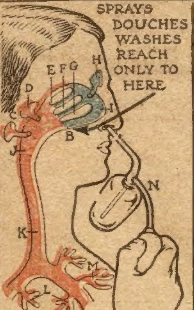


FIG. 3

Fig. 3—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, and all WASHES and LIQUIDS.

By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.

WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY. See Fig. 5.

Free Sample by Mail

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail A LIBERAL TRIAL TREATMENT ENTIRELY FREE. If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO NEGLECT THE USE OF THIS GRAND REMEDY. Catarrh, if neglected, may extend to the lungs, finally leading to consumption. This remedy has cured Catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant, medicated vapor GOES TO EVERY SPOT AND GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF, you will be convinced. The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package, containing enough to last one whole month, sent by mail, postpaid for $1. It is not on sale at the drug stores, as we wish our patients to get the medicine fresh from our laboratory.

Remember a postal card, addressed to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., or the coupon, with your name and address, will bring you this FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. It will also bring you free an illustrated book.

☞ CUT THIS OUT, FILL IN AND MAIL AT ONCE. ☜

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name..

Town..

Street or R. F. D.................................State..........

Spell out name with pencil very, very plainly.